1866

1922
59
1863

1862-1866

J. R. Wakefield

My dear Mr Deane:

I am delighted to have the picture which is so splendid a likeness of you, and so remarkable in the incident it portrays. I never heard of such a thing; and I can't see now how it was possible for the bird to be so tame or for a camera to be caught in time. It was very kind of you to think of giving me a copy and I appreciate it greatly.

It was good to see

SHOUT
SHARE
IT

you the other day. Drop in again when you have a chance. Just think! It's forty years ago these very days that I was starting in at "Happy's" — and getting acquainted with you. That's a good long friendship — and a very delightful and deeply appreciated one, too.

The picture is on my desk before me. A great many very sincere thanks for it!

Faithfully

Julius R. Wakefield

Dresden
October 20.
1922

G. L. WALTON, M. D.
199 MARLBOROUGH STREET,
BOSTON.

March 21, 1914.

Mr. Walter Deane,
29 Brewster Street,
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Mr. Dean:

I am delighted to receive your letter and to find you have taken such pains to see if my book is any good for the purpose for which it is intended. I have been over it a good many times myself in the same way and have experimented with others who know even less botany than I do, and have been rather surprised to see how many flowers they could find quickly. Up to this time I have made a list of about forty flowers, however, with which there is more or less delay and uncertainty, generally because of doubt as to color, but occasionally as to other characteristics. For example, I found a tendency to call the Podophyllum peltatum opposite-leaved; the same was true of the Erythronium americanum, when the blade of the leaves left their sheathes pretty high up. Again, one is apt to mistake the sepals of Caltha palustris and of Coptis trifolia for petals, overlooking my caution regarding this on pp. 60 and 112. I am preparing, however, an appendix, which contains reduced cuts of these forty flowers, with their various colors, their English names and the page on which they are to be found. I am taking at the same time the opportunity to put in about ten flowers which I had previously omitted, for example, Lysimachia thyrsifolia, Polygonella articulata, Radicula Armoracia, Hydrastis canadensis, Apocynum cannabium, Arisaemia Dracontium, Hottonia inflata, Sparganium simplex, Radicula Nasturtium-aquaticum and Sagittaria graminea. In accordance with your observation, I shall add Vitis labrusca.

Of course I am assuming a good deal to suppose that the demand for the book will be sufficient to require this appendix, but we have to be prepared for good fortune as well as bad.

The press notices are very favorable, but I suppose they are not always written by botanists, so that it is particularly pleasing to me to have a real botanist pass on it as an aid to the uninitiated and as an incitement to further study.

Yours very truly,

Geo. L. Walton

P.S. I neglected to state that in the Important Precautions at the beginning I shall add this one, in case the new edition ever materializes: "Failing to find a flower by the charts, look through the pictures in the appendix."

1464 R. I. Ave.
Washington, D.C.

July 11, 1884.

Mr. Walter Deane,
Brewster Place, Cambridge,
Mass.

Dear Sir:

I send you to-day by express the plants you desired, so far as I had them. Unless I make some mistake the number of species is 448, or 37 less than your list calls for. The deficit occurs in various ways.

exchange or otherwise.

Considering the low rate at which I let you have them I have thought that the express charges might properly fall on you, and I have not therefore prepaid them.

I presume I need not apologize for the delay in getting them out, as every botanist knows that it is next to impossible to find time for herbarium work during the summer season.

Very truly yours
Lester F. Ward.

I have kept my check-list up for 8 or 9 years, erasing the marks whenever a plant was exhausted, but errors will in time creep in from failure to erase and in other ways. A number of your wants could not be supplied because Mr. Bailey had a prior claim & I was obliged to give him all I had. You can probably obtain these from him. In a very few cases the plants were worm-eaten and unfit to send, and in some the specimens proved too poor to be worth sending.

Nos. 38, 43, 214-1+2, 217 var., 222 var. 2, and 2776, are the ones Mr. Bailey asked me to send him for you, and which I forgot to put into his package and so have put them in yours. The whole makes two large packages, with the cone of Pinus pungens in a box separate, but tied to one of the packages. I hope the plants may prove satisfactory. Some are not as good as I would have liked, and many have been collected a good while, but upon the whole I think they are as good as the average lots sent in

2. Solidago puberula (uliginosa)
I have it from Mr. Morong (Mass) and I thought I got it in the North Woods in '79. Probably I sent you my specimen. I puzzled over it long and compared it carefully at the Herb. Dept. Ag., but the collection there is meager and the labels often unreliable. I probably made the mistake.

3. Potamogeton lonchites (Claytonii).
Is your specimen from here or from the St. Lawrence? I have never found any good fruiting specimens here. Probably I sent you the Thousand Islands plant. The genus is a difficult one and no one here understands it. I had just received a good lot of Potamogetons from Mr. Morong and thought I had made mine all out correctly but may have missed it in this case. Our own Claytonii looks very different.

1464 R. I. Ave.
Washington D.C.

October 15. 1884.

Mr. Walter Deane,
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sir:

Your letter of the 4th inst. reched me as I was on the point of leaving home for a week, and on reading it in the cars I felt some little concern lest serious mistakes might have crept into our local flora, although I soon saw that most of the discrepancies you point out were in cases where plants had been sent me in exchange and furnished you under the names attached to to them by my correspondents. For such cases I can scarcely be held responsible, as I have no great herbarium like that of Harvard to compare them in. I have, however, compared many such at the Department of Agriculture where I had doubts, but that collection is poor in Eastern species.

Most of the cases you give that refer to Washington plants occur with Carices, and these I do not profess to be an expert in, and all my Carices have been submitted to Dr. Vasey (or Mr. Conant), with whom you will have to have your quarrel. There is only one way in which I may be at fault here and that is in sending you plants which I collected at the same place as those they had verified and thus supposed them to be the same when in fact they were not, but this I can not tell until I can get from you the date of collection of the particular specimen I sent you.

I will explain each of the cases you enumerate the best I can, but often I have more than one plant labeled with the same name by different collectors and have no means of knowing which I had a duplicate of to send you until you inform me by whom collected.

1. Reseda Luteola (lutea). I have two specimens so named, both from Martindale (ballast), one dated June 1878, the other Aug. 1880. They look different & one is probably R. Luteola. Which did I send you?

H. E. Jesup, Amherst. Mass. I presume you have the former, & I think Mr. Smith's plant is wrongly labeled.

15. Arundinaria tecta (= A. macrosperma). I am very glad to have this settled. Prof. J. W. Chickering and Mr. Morong were with me when this was collected in the Dismal Swamp and the chances for it to be A. macrosperma were thoroughly canvassed by us all. I analysed it and told them it would pass for that if far enough south but after we all got home and studied it we remained still in doubt + so called it A. tecta. It was in poor condition but the parts are all from the same spot + cannot belong to two different plants.

16. Lobelia leptostachys (= L. spicata)

4. Carex foenea var. ferruginea (= C. straminea). From Mr. A. P. Morgan, Dayton. O. I suppose. So labeled by him, as I supposed correctly.

5. Carex foenea, var sabulonum (= C. adusta). This I presume is from Mr. Morong (Kennebunkport, Me.). I always relied upon his determination of Carices.

6. Carex straminea var. tenera (= C. straminea). Your specimen is probably labeled Washington, June 8, 1879. If so it is a form differing from our typical plant which Dr. Vasey said was the variety tenera.

7. Carex riparia (= C. utriculata). Is your specimen dated May 11, 1878 or June 8, 1879? If the former it is vouched for by Dr. Vasey as C. riparia, who named it for me. If the latter, as is more probable, it

is one collected in the very same spot and rashly assumed to be the same thing. I have compared it with Utriculata from two different sources and do not doubt that it is that. It makes an x addition to our flora if the other is riparia,

8. Carex canescens (= C. canescens, var vitilis). Mr. Morong has sent me plants labeled both ways, all from the White Mountains, and I can not see much difference in them. I supposed he had both forms + have mounted them separately.

9. Carex Novae-Angliae (= C. Pennsylvanica)

Dr. Vasey was with me when I got this (May 23/77) and my original field label contains the words "Dr. Vasey says". Still, perhaps he should not be held to account for what he has only seen growing.

10. Carex Muhlenbergii (= C. vulpinoidea and C. cephaloidea). I can give no account of this until I know whether the specimens are from here or from Mr. Morong. In the former case the date will be essential as I have collected C. Muhlenbergia very often here, as we supposed. If we have C. cephaloidea from here it is something new to us.

11. Carex trichocarpa (= C. hirta).

Another of Mr. Morong's, but as you say a very pardonable mistake as the name does not occur in Carey + Boott's revision for the Manual.

13. Aristida gracilis (= A. dichotoma)

Is this labeled Washington Oct. 3, 1876, or is it from Dr. Gattinger?

14. Oryzopsis asperifolia (= O. melanocarpa). I have received this from Erwin F. Smith, Mich., also from some one bearing the label of Mr.

pointing out these corrections. When I find such in plants sent me, as I often do, I rarely do this, partly for want of time and partly to avoid giving offence. But I want you to feel that I appreciat it highly and only regret that I did not in all cases give you just the plant you asked for.

In most of the cases I had been treated in the same way, and while I have gained at least one addition to my stock I have lost several that I thought I had. I hope you will persevere and subject the whole to a searching criticism + give me the result.

You are quite right in saying that the pressure of other work has probably prevented me from the critical examination of plants that come to me well authenticated, and it is just this pressure that has driven me against all my inclinations to suspend such operations altogether in the future and dispose entirely of my duplicate collections. I am now giving away all my commoner plants to amateurs + beginners, but not without first labeling them so that they may be of some service. I still have many rare plants that I must dispose of in some way, but the coming winter must close it out.

Again thanking you for your information

I remain

Very truly yours

Lester F. Ward

I have specimens so named from Tennessee (Dr. Gattinger) and from Ohio (A. P. Morgan). The latter have no root leaves but are probably correctly labeled. The former are much too near our common L. spicata in general appearance and I presume these are what I sent you. Dr. G. is generally pretty careful.

17. Lobelia Canbyi (= L. Nuttallii)

I have L. Canbyi from Messrs. Commons, Martindale, and Hyams. I doubt not I sent you the North Carolina specimen. This correspondent is very unreliable + I generally verify all his plants. This case must have escaped my notice. The mounted specimen I have from him, though still labeled Canbyi is Nuttallii.

I am greatly obliged to you for

thing else and only happened upon it.

The Pycnanthemums here are very troublesome. I think that clinopodioides and Torreyi fairly run together, while incanum presents a number of forms. We may not have muticum at all. I once thought we had Tullia, but gave that up. I was badly puzzled over that diseased thing with exaggerated calyx.

I certainly thought we had Stachys aspera, at any rate I have carefully compared our two forms with the descriptions in the Syn. Fl. + so decided. I will send you the extremes.

I shall feel holden for everything that I supposed I had sent you and will make up the deficiencies as far as possible

Very truly yours

Lester F. Ward.

1464 R. I. Ave.

Washington D. C.

Dec. 12, 1884.

Mr. Walter Deane,

Cambridge, Mass.

My Dear Sir:-

So far from being "tired of it", I am deeply interested in and greatly obligated by your thorough analysis of the plants I sent you. I am not going to apologize for my carelessness for I see that some of it was wholly inexcusable, but I may be able to explain a few things. My herbarium is now ~~[illegible]~~ inaccessible, preparations having been commenced for moving it to the National Museum, so I can only talk from the books + from memory. I am perfectly familiar with all our Coniferae, and if I sent Pinus inops for P. mitis it was pure carelessness, ~~dow~~ due perhaps to the fact that I had to get out the plants in the evening and depended too much on the labels, + in that case they were probably written a good while ago before I had got them all fixed, for they were hardly ever called for. The same explanation applies to the blunder of sending Corylus for Betula. These things are easily rectified.

I do not wonder about the Sagina, for decumbens is not described in Gray's Manual and I would not now know where to find a description. Morong probably verified his at Cambridge after his return. I know we all agreed upon it at the time of collecting it

I also well remember the Gerardia quercifolia = G. laevigata, and how it eluded our efforts to make it agree with the books, for we had no Synopt. Fl. then. Of course I ought to have revised it before sending it to you.

That was a good joke about Osmanthus, for I am sure none of us knew we had it (the Dismal Swamp party consisted of Mr. Morong, Prof. Chickering, and myself). It is an addition to the flora of the northeastern section as covered by Gray's Manual and makes the third that we made on that trip. It was not in good condition for study, I remember. I have often compared it with Ilex Cassine and ~~shook~~ my head about it, but it was always when I was in a hurry about some-

1464 R. I. Ave.
Washington. D.C.
Dec. 31, 1884.

Mr. Walter Deane.
Cambridge, Mass.
My Dear Sir:-

I am almost sorry that I have received the last of your searchingly critical reports upon the plants received from me. I am glad you feel that you have yourself been benefited by it, and judging from labors of my own of a similar nature I doubt not you have been. But I prefer to regard it as a pure gratuity in my interest and I feel obligated accord-

both Galactia glabella and G. mollis. The old fruit I sent you (all I had of either) I thought might have lost its fuzz by age. Both are rare, and fruit especially.

The Lespedezas are another puzzling group. I had never made out L. reticulata to my satisfaction and shall add it to the local flora on your authority.

If my Juncus marginatus had 6-flowered heads it was, of course, the type. Dr. Engelmann gave me when at his house in 1878 a set of his Junci and a copy of his paper on them (Trans. Acad. St. Louis, 1868, Vol. II, pp. 424-498), and I studied up all my specimens with their aid. I have no doubt I found the var. biflorus among them, and remember that it was infy. I am still locked out of all access to my plants and waiting for an earthquake to sink New Orleans and frighten its present inhabitants back to ~~W~~ Washington to attend to pressing home duties. My comments on your last report must therefore be, like former ones, desultory and indefinite.

I presume you are right about Geum, but I found it impossible to depend upon the characters of the receptacle except in mature fruit, and had come to rely chiefly upon the flowers for flowering specimens. These are quite distinct, and I have found the colors (white + yellow) ~~g~~ sufficiently constant in all cases closely examined.

I had entirely failed to notice the change in Physalis viscosa. My specimen was correctly named as P. viscosa L., as given in the Manual, which appears not to have been Linnaeus' plant. We have not found the true P. viscosa, L.

Our Ruellia ciliosa and var. ambigua are troublesome. I have studied them much by the aid of the Syn. Fl. and am sure we have both if they really are worth separating, but my recollection of my investigations is that I concluded that they largely blend. Probably I sent you the variety. I hoped you might have your attention arrested by it.

I fully believe we have

extraordinary hybrid white oaks. We have at least three forms which from their resemblances to the putative parents I have designated as

1. Q. alba × stellata
2. Q. stellata × alba
3. Q. Prinus × alba

the species whose characteristics are most strongly marked being placed first. Of course we do not know that they are hybrids at all. I would gladly send you specimens of each if they would be acceptable to you. I want them to get into critical hands.

The 38 species more or less which you asked for and received something else instead will constitute a lien upon my herbarium until furnished or commuted to something else that you want. Your several reports will be preserved and as soon as possible carefully studied in connection with the plants and all corrections duly made.

With the compliments of the season

I remain

Very faithfully Yours

Lester F. Ward.

a small form. ~~In later~~ I will look the matter up.

In my remark upon Osmanthus I lost sight for the moment of the fact that it is the same as Olea Americana of the Manual.

The anomalous leaf of Quercus Leana is from the same tree collected at the same time from the lower branches. I took pains to put one such with every specimen. It is very remarkable. I have this last season found another large flourishing tree of it. I have also found a very remarkable form of Q. heterophylla, much nearer to Q. Phellos than any yet seen. I suppose I have told you about our

1464 R. I. Ave.
Washington D.C.

Jan 30, 1885.

Mr. Walter Deane, Cambridge, Mass.

My Dear Sir:-

All your critical notes will be systematically taken up at the earliest possible date after things are settled at the Museum, perhaps in the course of a month, and the corrections made. There will probably be a number of points to correspond about. The first steps were taken yesterday looking to the installation of the botanical specimens and the establishment of a department of botany.

Mr. Pilling referred your letter to me and I had a short list prepared. Such books are hard to get — much harder than those living at a distance suppose. I have had to ~~by~~ buy most of mine at second-hand book stores. I hope Mr. Pilling may have success in obtaining a few of them for you.

All you have said about Polygala Curtissii was the subject of a brief correspondence with Dr. Gray last summer when he expressed those views after examining my last specimens. He once called all my former sendings P. fastigiata, and this was my reason this time for insisting upon the difference.

Can you find the true name of a Hieracium that I once sent him from N. New York (adventive)? I never got satisfaction about it. Very truly yours

Lester F. Ward.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

UNITED STATES GEOLOGICAL SURVEY

WASHINGTON D. C., Nov. 11, 1887.

Mr. Walter Deane, 5 Brewster Place, Cambridge, Mass.

My dear Mr. Deane,

I was indeed glad to get your letter and assure you that Mrs. Ward and I remember and cherish as among the most pleasant things of our lives the Boston trip and your kind offices, without which it would have been a comparative failure. Please remember us to all the excellent people we met while there.

I got back from the National Park in September thoroughly renovated and made over. Prof. Knowlton was with me and we had a grand trip and a very successful one.

I have sent in an application to have the Proceedings of the National Museum sent to you, but am by no means sure that it will be done. I have backed up the application with a letter, setting forth the obligations the Institution is under to you, but they may require some more definite assurance that an exchange will be made.

I am sorry that it will be impossible to get you the other two books you desire. The Polar Expedition could only be got anyhow from the Signal office and I learn that it is very scarce and would require good backing. Perhaps Senator Hoar could get it for you. The Corwin report is out of print and if obtainable at all it would be through second hand book stores.

Very sincerely yours,

Lester F. Ward

Washington, D. C., March 31, 1888.

Dear Sir:

The Biological Society of Washington, invites the members of the other Scientific-Societies of the city, together with their friends, to attend a Memorial meeting in honor of

Dr. ASA GRAY,

on Thursday evening, April 5th, at eight o'clock in the lecture-room of the Columbian University, at the southeast corner of H and Fifteenth streets.

EXERCISES:

Prof. S. P. Langley, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, will preside.

Prof. J. W. Chickering, Jr.—Dr. Gray and his Life-work.

Dr. George Vasey.—Dr. Gray's Botanical Works, and their Influence on Botanical Science.

Prof L. F. Ward.—Dr. Gray and Darwinism.

Dr. C. V. Riley.—Personal Reminiscences of Dr. Gray.

GEORGE VASEY,
F. H. KNOWLTON,
A. A. CROZIER.
Committee.

UNITED STATES NATIONAL MUSEUM
UNDER DIRECTION OF
THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

WASHINGTON May 22. 1888.

Mr. Walter Deane
Cambridge, Mass.

My dear Sir:-

The copies of your splendid paper on Dr. Gray just came to hand. It is a delightful account of one to whom we all owe so much, and we thank you for kindly remembering us.

Very truly yours,
Lester F. Ward
F. H. Knowlton.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
UNITED STATES GEOLOGICAL SURVEY
WASHINGTON D. C., Oct.12,1888.

Mr.Walter Deane,Cambridge,Mass.

My dear Deane: —

I placed your letter among Knowlton's things for him to answer your queries about books. He has been back since Monday and to-day it came up. He says he thinks he told you all he knew about the Point Barrows Expedition Report before, that is was very rare and hard to get even for money. It certainly was not published in the Proc.Nat.Mus. Suppose you write to Mr.John Murdock,Librarian Sm.Inst.,who was long at Pt.Barrows and knows everything about the literature.

Besides the ''Sketch'' and ''Synopsis'' I have published nothing on Paleobotany except my ''Types of the Laramie Flora'' Bulletin No.37 U.S.Geological Survey. That you could not want, as it contains only descriptions of the same species enumerated and figured at the end of the ''Synopsis'' with the figures repeated. By act of Congress no one can get the Bulletins except by purchase. The price of this one is 25 cents and they are for sale at the Survey. I have had to buy a good many to send to paleobotanists who must have them, and I have not felt able to send them merely as mementos. In fact I have not half distributed them to the profession on account of the expense, and the law in this respect cannot be too severely condemned. It also applies to Monographs, two of which I shall publish before long. I hope it may be repealed or amended before they are out.

Mrs. Ward and I had a good time at Cleveland and the Thousand Islands. Please remember us to Mrs. Deane, Mr. and Mrs. Brewster, and your stanch friend Kennedy.

Most sincerely yours

Lester F. Ward

U.S. Geological Survey
Washington, D.C.

March 5, 1889.

My Dear Mr. Deane:-

I turn to you as the one whom I consider most likely to be able and willing to help me in time of need, and yet I fear you cannot. You are perhaps aware that when Mr. Watson gave up the botanical definitions for the Century Dictionary ~~it~~ they fell on my shoulders. I have struggled with ~~it~~ the work all winter and now have it well under control and lack nothing but the time to keep abreast of the work. Proofs in H, with which I began, are now coming rapidly and I find that to keep ahead I have to become a complete slave to this work, and as it is to last over two years, the prospect would be gloomy indeed if I could not get assistance. Prof. Knowlton is doing all he can for me, relieving me of the cryptogams and all the histology and physiology.

but still too much remains, as I must supervise and put in final shape the whole matter.

Now, one of the most time-consuming parts of my work is the definition of genera and orders. I take them direct from Bentham and Hooker's Genera Plantarum and give the briefest possible characterization which will distinguish each from everything else. This can partly be got from the *Conspectus ordinum and generum*, and partly from the regular descriptions. I send you a sample of my method, which may be regarded as a formula to follow in all cases *mutatis mutandis*. I must find some competent critical person who will do this part for me and send me such definitions in advance in such form that I shall not feel the necessity of revising them. I have thought of you first as one thoroughly competent, very careful and critical, and one whom I could trust. Are you willing to undertake it? I will furnish you with the *subjects* to be defined, as you know only a few of the genera comparatively can be introduced, which I select on various grounds.

You probably know that the Century Co. pays liberally for all its work.

I await your answer with fear and trembling

Your sincere friend
Lester F. Ward

U.S. Geological Survey
Washington, D.C.

March 11, 1889.

Mr. Walter Deane, Cambridge
Mass.

My Dear Sir:- I had not the least idea of your binding yourself, but simply thought that at odd hours you might do a little of this work. I should think that an average of one hour per day would be enough to do it all in, but if you cannot do it all and can do a part that will be so much clear gain. I do not want to seem to be forcing you, but will send you a few names far enough ahead of the printers to give you time to make an effort and if you find you have not time, why, let me know and I will either find some one else or do it myself.

I would suggest that you keep a record of your time, as payment will probably be by the hour.

Very cordially yours
Lester F. Ward

Helianthoideae
Helianthus
Helichrysum
Helicia
Heliectereae
Helicteres L. S. 6th ed. 1764
Heliopsis
Heliotropieae
Heliotropium L. 1st ed. 1753
Helleboreae
Helleborus look up Durand.
Helonias Sp. 1. [illegible] 2nd ed. [illegible]
Helosideae
Helosis 3 - 1
Hemerocalleae
Hemerocallis 5
Hemidesmus 2

U.S. Geological Survey
Washington, D.C.

March 15, 1889.

Mr. Walter Deane, 5 Brewster
Place, Cambridge, Mass.

My Dear Mr. Deane. I have received your definitions and am delighted with them. You have got hold of the exact idea, and your botanical instincts will guide you safely.

Not to criticise in the least, but as there will be plenty of time for their return before I shall reach them, I enclose them with a few suggestions and queries which may give you a better idea of my plan. Here I will explain. 1, In a dictionary where every kind of thing is defined I think it best to give the reader at the outset the idea that he is dealing with plants. So I generally say a tribe of plants, a genus of plants. We must remember how few know what "Compositae" means! 2. I try to give the date at which a genus, order, or tribe was founded. This is often difficult. I do not expect you to have the books at hand to settle such points and will not ask you to go to the library for the purpose, but wherever you do know it you may give it. I may ask you to make a specialty of settling some of the most difficult of such questions where I cannot, because I presume the library there contains all the editions of Linnaeus and many

Dr. Kennedy is here and his father seems to be slowly passing away.

many botanical works not to be found in Washington. 3. When I arrived at the number of genera of the Helianthoideae in Benth. & Hook. and found it to be 138 I hoped you had been using Durand's *Index Generum* (1888), which makes it 149, you making it 150. but when I came to Helichrysum I see you take the figure from B+H (260) instead of Durand (270). I always look in Durand and frequently find the nomenclature and classification somewhat changed. I assume Durand to be reliable and considerably later, but if you do not have it, you can take everything from B+H & I will consult Durand. 4. I infer from your definits that you may ~~tak~~ rely more on the general description than I do. I go to the synoptical part first because I cannot trust myself to pick out from the description the absolutely characteristic features. But for the last and more general part we have to go to the description. But, as you, of course, have seen, there is generally far too much even in the synoptical part, and what requires the most judgment is to find out what to take and what not to. I generally leave out all such things as *seeds 1-∞*, *leaves entire or dentate*, *opposite or alternate*, &c. because they mean so little that is definite.

This is absolutely all I could say about your work which is nice and critical, exactly as I knew it would be. ~~Yo~~ may please return your definitions just as they are.

I cannot tell you how grateful I am for this earnest of your good will. Please do not overwork yourself.

Most sincerely yours
Lester F. Ward

U.S. Geological Survey
Washington, D.C.

March 21, 1889.

Dear Mr. Deane:-

Your letters both came and the definitions. They are all right. Please send on others as fast as you get them done, as they are now on my heels. I send you another list. Keep an account of the postage and render it with the bill. Do not try to look up dates, nor to get in the additional data from Durand. I have a host of books right at my hand for such matters and can do it in less time than any one else.

There are some knotty problems that I would be glad to have you look after at times when it is convenient to go to the library and unless you object I will occasionally send them to you. If you can't attend to them never mind.

I am obliged to say here what I hoped I need not have to say, and you will understand that it is very confidential. Do not mind much that Mr. Watson says about what ought and what ought not to go into a dictionary. His notions on that point are in the main fundamentally wrong and the managers of the enterprise have known it all along and had a hard struggle with. As he wrote to me when I pointed out the defects of his method, he was simply putting the botanical department out of line with the rest of the dictionary. It is a great misfortune that he was given the work. I can scarcely find anything that ought to be in. He ruled out everything and cut matters down to a bare minimum. I have my regular system which has been approved and commended by the editorial staff, and I propose to carry it out. It is in harmony with the work of the remaining collaborators, and the whole is on the most liberal and advanced basis.

Regretting to have to say this and hoping that you may fully appreciate the situation,

I remain with redoubled thank

Yours very sincerely

Lester F. Ward

1464 R. I. Ave. Washington D. C.
March 28, 1889.

My Dear Mr. Deane: Your letters, notes, etc. have all come to hand and are very welcome indeed at this juncture. Every one of your definitions has been pinned to proofs and sent to New York and I am anxiously waiting for more. I send enclosed another list of subjects.

Please do not worry about your time or have an attack of conscience. We are working for a great wealthy company that is both able and willing to pay us what our services are worth. I am losing money every hour I work for them, as I have plenty of pleasanter and for me more profitable work that I am neglecting. Scientific work takes time and care and don't be afraid of giving it [illegible]

Certainly you should count the time spent in correspondence. It is essential to the work.

As to the queries: what I meant about Linnaeus was that when one knows the number of the genus, how can one tell the date? I suppose many genera were named in the *Systema naturae*, the first edition of which appeared in 1830. I will let the question stand as above (knowing the number to find the date) and if you ever get time to investigate the matter I shall be glad to hear what you find out. You are of course familiar with Pritzel's Thesaurus, with the supplements and Jackson's Guide to bot. lit. etc., but none of these gives just what we want.

Can I ask you to use the enclosed slips? They are more convenient to attach to the galleys. Let the matter go over on to as many slips as it requires. Longer sheets of nearly this width will do about as well. Will you express your idea of pronunciation and etymology in the form and order indicated on an enclosed slip, and greatly oblige Yours in great haste

Very sincerely

Lester F. Ward

We are very sorry Mrs. Deane is ill.

1464 R. I. Ave. Washington, D.C.

April 8, 1889

My Dear Deane;

I have received two lots of definitions from you since writing, and they are all right. Most of them have come too late to be attached to the proofs and I have sent them on afterwards, but they will be used just the same. Now, I guess you will be glad to learn that I have made arrangements so that it will not be necessary to trouble you further about them, but if it were not so difficult for you to visit the libraries, I should be very glad to have you continue your search for the origin and date of generic names and the older names of families. Especially would I like to have the query about the Linnaean genera answered.

I have been trying for a long time

to find some good systematic botanist to come here and devote his whole time to this work, and Prof. Goode has offered him the free use of the Museum library, collections and desk-room. Failing to get anyone Prof. Knowlton, who was already doing a good deal of the work, has decided to drop everything else, waive his salary for the time and take hold of it in earnest. The plan is working well and we hope now to keep up if we cannot catch up.

Will you please send me the exact title (copy the title-page) of *Wittstein*. We are going to order it at once. If you know of any other useful books that give etymology, please send us the titles

I send you one more query and will send more till you say halt.

I inclose a photo (poor thing!) and most heartily solicit yours in return.

Very sincerely yours
Lester F. Ward

1464 R. I. Ave., Washington D.C.

April 12, 1889.

My Dear Deane: That was a splendid picture of you and I can't tell you how much I prize it. Mrs. Ward simply raves over it. I wonder whether you ever got mine. I sent it in a great hurry and without a scratch, forgetting to change the letter after I found it would not go into the envelop. I am so sick of them that I get them out of my sight as quick as possible. If you got it and will return it I will write my name on it. If not I will send you another if there is one, of which I am not sure. Thanks for the title of Wittstein. We will order it at once. Here is another query. Hevea, what from?

Yours most sincerely
Lester F. Ward

1464 R. I. Ave. Washington D. C.

April 23, 1889.

My Dear Mr. Deane :- Your notes are very valuable and will all be used. Now about the Linnaean genera. I send you a list of them which have gone in but I shall see another proof. If you can possibly find just what work they were first proposed in I shall be very glad.

We have ordered Wettstein and a good many other books of that class but they are slow coming.

That photograph was taken on July 20, 1887. I send you a signature, or rather a suite of them and you can select the best. I enclose my fac simile card which you can use as a guide in picking it out. I wrote better then. Mrs. Ward sends kind regards. We hope Mrs. Deane is better.

Cordially

Lester F. Ward

1464 R. I. Ave., Washington, D.C.

June 2, 1889.

My Dear Mr. Deane:

Will you please render your account of time, so many hours at $1 per hour, to the Century Company who are ready to pay us all for work on H, now complete. You can address Dr. Benj. E. Smith, 33 East 17th street New York, direct and save considerable time. I have prepared him to expect it.

I enclose two more conundrums which may be got into the proof when it comes.

I presume you have seen Judge Churchill since his return and he has told you much better than I can write it what he accomplished here.

Yours most cordially

Lester F. Ward

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
UNITED STATES GEOLOGICAL SURVEY
WASHINGTON, D. C., July 2,1889.

Mr.Walter Deane,
Cambridge,Mass.

My dear Mr.Deane:

I was glad to get your letter which came to-day. You are very kind to offer to send Wittstein. As I told you, if you are going away and not going to want it I should be glad to borrow it till you return, by which time I presume ours will be here. I inquired the other day and the order has gone. It went in with a large number of other books.

On second looking I see that you go to-morrow, so that this will have to be forwarded. I ought to have written but have been driven to death since my return. Knowlton starts to-day for the west to stay all summer. Poor fellow, he is badly run down and it remains to be seen whether anything can save him.

As to the plants, I hope I may have some one by and by who can get them out for you. Just now there is no one but I am promised some help. I fear that there will be many that we cannot supply.

I suppose that you have seen Judge Churchill and learned what a grand time we had on Sunday. It exceeded all my expectations which were very great.

I hope your trip will do both you and Mrs. Deane much good and that you will return fully restored to health.

Yours most gratefully,

Lester F. Ward

1464 R. I. Ave.
Washington D.C.
Sept. 27, 1889.

My Dear Mr. Deane.

You have, I doubt not, long ere this voted me an unmitigated ingrate and decided to throw me overboard as bad rubbish. What *will* you think then, when you find me bobbing up again serenely with the cheek to ask still other favors of you? And yet such is my rôle at this moment. It is the old cry of dictionary, dictionary!

Are you all rested? And would you consent to go on with that same work of defining genera and families from Bentham and Hooker? If so please let me know and I will send you a list of subjects as before.

We are still behind and pinning our definitions to the printed galley slips. One man does nothing else but define botanical words of the more popular character, Coville is helping me revise his work and read page-proof. But we are all together unable to gain on the printers. We are just finishing up K, but most of L is in type. I only ask you to do what you can! I am going to send back your Willkomm anyhow, although ours is not yet on hand. The invoice was here more than a month ago, but it is in a large box from Brockhaus, Germany, and that is delayed in coming.

But I am ashamed to keep your book any longer. Fearing it might receive hard usage at the Museum I have brought it home and keep it in my own rack. It has been a godsend to us, and I am thankful accordingly, if I do not act it.

We want to hear from you and how you are and how Mrs. D. is and your father, and how you have spent the summer. We have all been on Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard a good share of the summer. I got back Aug. 15, and the family Sept. 10th. We are all well. Knowlton is still in the West and greatly improved!

Your incorrigible bore

Lester F. Ward

1464 R. I. Ave.
Washington D. C.
Oct. 2, 1889.

My Dear Mr. Deane:- I am heartily ashamed of myself for boring you so, but it is almost a case of a drowning man catching at straws. Well, I give it up and shoulder my pack again.

You were very good to bother about *Jacobinia*. It was shrewd of Wittstein to leave it out.

We sympathize deeply with you in your trouble, and shall continue to hope for the best.

Most cordially and thankfully
Yours
Lester F. Ward.

(over)

Thanks for permission to keep the book a little longer. It will be very useful until our copy comes and I will try to take good care of it

L. J. W.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
UNITED STATES GEOLOGICAL SURVEY
WASHINGTON, D. C., January 6,1890.

Mr.Walter Deane, 5 Brewster Place,Cambridge,Mass.

My dear Mr.Deane:

I send you by express some fruit of Ilex laevigata that I collected yesterday, but I doubt whether out of it all you will get a bit that you can use as an herbarium specimen, it shell's off so badly. It is all my fault in procrastinating so until it was too late. I collected it last year much earlier and in glorious condition and wish I had then known that you wanted it. It is one of our most ornamental winterberries and I am sorry I neglected to get it in its best condition. I am soon going to have two years' collections overhauled and mounted up,and in them I think there are some good specimens. If so I will surely send you some.

I found your beautiful Christmas gift on my return from New York where Mrs.Ward and I spent Christmas week. It was very kind of you to remember me. I do not deserve to be remembered by any one.

If you ever see Judge Churchill please give him my very kind regards.

Yours most sincerely,

Lester F. Ward

1464 R. I. Ave.
Washington D. C.
March 5, 1890.

My Dear Mr. Deane:-

It is due to you to say that after all this long delay our Wittstein has at last come. I am now having the work you once did for me done by Prof. Burgess of this city, and as he needs it more than I, I turned it over to him. I would probably occasionally use your copy if allowed to remain on my shelves for a few months, but could do without it now and if you are likely to have any use for it at all I will return it at once, otherwise

I will see that no harm
befalls it.

As spring approaches
I think more of our good
times botanizing and of
your excellent friend the
Judge and our trips to Chain
Bridge, Milton, and
Blue Hill. I hope other
similar good times are in
store for us. Pray remember
me kindly to all my
friends there. Mrs. Ward
joins in sending kind
regards. Prof. & Mrs.
Burgess have been making
her mile lately by re-

counting their visit to Concord last
summer where they met the same people
that we did and were received with the
same cordiality. She was pleased to learn
that they all seemed to remember our visit.

Yours most sincerely
Lester F. Ward

1464 R. I. Ave.
Washington D. C.
March 23, 1890.

My Dear Mr. Deane;

I had not forgotten your request for certain books for Mr. Morong. I put your letter into Mr. Knowlton's hands at once and he said he would look into the matter, but as you said they were not wanted till Mr. Morong's return I suppose he has not yet done anything about it. We will do all we can, and if the books

can be had we shall try
& get them.

Could you possibly
find out for us what
Owen Baron von Mueller
named Owenia after?
(See B + H. Gen. Pl., I, 337)
We have not vol IX of Hooker's
Kew Journal nor Mueller's
Fragmenta, and Bentham
in Fl. Austral. don't tell.

You must keep an
account and send in a
bill of these things. Very
sorry to trouble you.
Hope you are well

Mrs. W. sends kind regards

Yours most sincerely
Lester F. Ward

Coulter is here again

1464 R. I. Ave.
Washington D.C.
Dec. 28, 1890.

My Dear Mr. Deane.

Your gentle Christmas reminder certainly was pleasant. I sometimes think there isnt a bit of poetry or sentiment in my soul. At least I am the poorest hand in all the world to

think what any one
else would be pleased
with. When the idea is
suggested I always feel
that I should do just
the wrong thing and
be voted a fool, so
I generally do nothing.
Of course I do not
deserve or expect any-
thing from any one else.

When shall we
see you again? Can't
you come down here in the spring
for a good botanizing trip. Bring
Judge Churchill if you can and
come right here and stop with me.
We would have a grand time.

Mrs. Ward sends kind regards.
Please remember us to everybody.

Yours most faithfully
Lester F. Ward

1464 R.I. Ave.
Washington D.C.
Oct. 27, 1891.

My Dear Mr. Deane.

After keeping it so long I at last return your Wittstein, our dictionary work being now done. Let me renew the thanks I have already expressed for your kindness in letting me use it. Even after our Survey copy came I found it very useful to keep by me at the house.

We are all well and getting settled for the winter. I am just back from a long trip to Texas and Mexico. Mrs. Ward sends very kind regards.

Yours faithfully
Lester F. Ward

1464 R. I. Ave.
Washington D.C.

June 10, 1895.

My Dear Deane:

I am glad to be able at last to send you a copy of the photograph taken at Oxford of the botanists of the British Association. It has been a long time coming. I can name about half of them and am going to write to my friend Seward and get him to name the rest. When I know them all I will try and give you the names in such a way that you can place them. Among them are Hoffmeister, Strasburger, Vries, Zacharias, Vines, Thistleton-Dyer, Bayley Balfour, etc.

I hope you and Mrs. Deane are well. Mrs. Ward sends kind regards.

Sincerely
Lester F. Ward

1464 R. I. Ave.
Washington D.C.
June 16, 1895.

My Dear Dean:

I inclose two additional heads sent me by the artists at Oxford, who say that they "go one each side of the group on the legs of the other sitters".

I have written to Mr. Seward for a full list of the names with designation of their position in the group; will give you full particulars when I receive the

I start to-morrow for two weeks' geologizing in North Carolina.

Mrs. Ward sends kind regards. We hope Mrs. Deane is well.

Sincerely
Lester F. Ward

When I go to Cambridge again I shall be delighted to see the group of 1887.

1464 R. I. Ave.
Washington, D.C.
Oct. 26, 1896.

My Dear Deane:

I am booked for a lecture before the Home Congress at Cotillion Hall, Huntington Ave., Boston, on Friday next (Oct. 30) at 10-30 a.m. The lecture would not interest you, but I shall probably have to return Friday night, and shall not have time to go to Cambridge. I should be very sorry not to see you and Mrs. Deane. I shall stop at the Copley Square Hotel and expect to arrive on the Colonial Express Thursday night. If you should happen to be over in that part of Boston during my stay it would be a great pleasure to meet you.

I fear I am indebted to you for a number of unacknowledged favors, for which I wish now to express my tardy but not less heartfelt thanks. Mrs. Ward asks to be kindly remembered to you and all the kind people to whom through you we are both so deeply indebted.

Yours most sincerely
Lester F. Ward

January 26, 1916.

33 IVY STREET
BOSTON

Dear Mr. Deane,

Why I haven't written for so long is that since Thursday I've been in bed with the grip. Bow got it a week ago Monday, the 17th, & he gave it to me

---

3.

planned out to invite you, Mrs. Deane and Miss Brown to lunch of Sat., Jan. 22, when we all got sick, so we will have to try again.

I am very anxious for you to see my birdies. They're so cunning.

I've been asked to go ~~t~~ to see Chin-Chin

2.

on the 20th I've been in bed since Sunday morning but am up to-day for the first time, and I am going out for a walk, but the doctor says that I will not be able to go to school until Friday. Mother has the grip now. We had it all

4.

next Saturday. The doctor said I'd be able to go.

We see a lot of Pheasants in the park.

I have sent you a very funny poem out of Edward Lear's nonsense book. It is Ellen Greenough's & my favorite. We both know it by heart.

love from

33 Ivy Street
Boston

The Pobble who has no toes

by Edward Lear.

I.

The Pobble who has no Toes
Had once as many as we;
When they said, "Some day you may lose them all;"
He replied, "Fish fiddle de-dee,"
And his Aunt Jobiska made him drink
Lavender water tinged with pink;
For she said, "The world in general knows
There's nothing so good for a Pobble's toes!"

II.

The Pobble who has no toes,
Swam across the Bristol Channel;
But before he set out he wrapped his nose
In a piece of Scarlet flannel.
For his Aunt Jobiska said "no harm
Can come to his toes if his nose is warm;
And It's perfectly known that a Pobble's toes

Are safe – provided he minds
his nose."

III.

The Pobble swam fast and well,
And when boats or ships
came near him,
He tinkledy-binkledy-winkled
a bell
So that all the world could
hear him,
And all the Sailors and Admirals
cried,
When they saw him nearing
the further side, —
"He has gone to fish for his
Aunt Jobiska's
Runcible cat with crimson
whiskers.

IV.

But before he touched the shore,
The shore of the Bristol Channel,
A sea-green Porpoise carried away
His wrapper of scarlet flannel.
And when he came to observe his
feet,
Formerly garnished with Toes so

~~IV~~. continued

neat,
His face at once became forlorn
On perceiving that all his Toes were gone

IV STREET
BOSTON

V.

And nobody ever knew,
From that dark day to the present,
Whoso had taken the Pobble's toes
In a manner so far from pleasant.
Whether the shrimps or crawfish gray,
Or crafty mermaids stole them away,
Nobody knew; and nobody knows
How the Pobble was robbed of his twice five Toes!

VI.

The Pobble who has no toes,
Was placed in a friendy bark,
And they rowed him back, and carried him up
To his Aunt Jobiska's Park
And she made him a feast at his earnest wish
Of eggs and buttercups fried with fish;
And she said, "it's a fact the whole world knows,
That Pobbles are happier without their Toes,"

P.S. Our permanent address is
c/o Morgan, Harjes + Co.
14 Place Vendome
Paris, France

July 3. /24

(Rec'd Jy, 16/24.)

HOTEL LOUIS-LE-GRAND
PARIS
Télégr. OTELBLET-PARIS
3, RUE ROUGET DE L'ISLE
R C SEINE 207.451

Dear Mr. Deane,

Here are some post-cards. They were all I could find, so far, but perhaps I can find some different ones before long. The "ridges" seem difficult to obtain on cards, and they only had these few. But I'll try again, and hope these will be, some at least, new to you.

I suppose you are all settled in Shelburne by now. Any ducks?

We're having a fine trip. The ocean voyage was calm but unexciting, and for a week we traveled around Normandy, staying at different places for 2 or 3 days, and taking excursions from each. We have been in Paris nearly 3 weeks, doing much sight seeing, and poking around the shops, which fascinate me. Paris is so interesting, I loved it right away, with the fine gardens, the Louvre, where I nearly live, and all the historic interests. We went up the Eiffel tower, but my aunts didn't enjoy it as much as I did.

There are loads of Americans everywhere, and a great many English people. One English man, a well-informed person, told us that

Germany had offered Jack Dempsey $100,000. to come to Berlin for one fight! So you see Germany has money. We get more of the limit of things over here, and another person, French, told us that France was selling to Germany hundreds of tons of grain, and all sorts of acids and gases, etc, because France needs the money, + that Germany is preparing for another war just as fast as possible. It seems too frightful.

The Taxis here are appalling. There are thousands, it seems, and all go around at full speed (France has no speed limit) honking their funny, high pitched horns, and sounding just like a lot of seals barking.

I've seen so many birds all through the country when we were motoring, but they were all strange, except the crow and an occasional English Sparrow. I was interested to see the Magpie. They are such handsome creatures and seem fairly common.

We are leaving inside of a week for Tours, for a week, + taking trips to chateaux + Orleans on the way back to Paris for another week, before starting north to the battlefields, and Belgium for 2 weeks. Then we cross to England, and sail from there Sept. 20.

Please give my love to Miss Brown. Is she still engrossed in picking those luscious wild strawberries? Hoping you keep well.

Love,
[illegible]

As many days as in one year there be,
So many windows in this Church we see.
As many marble pillars here appear (8760)
As there are hours throughout the fleeting year;
As many gates as moons one year does view,
Strange tale to tell; yet not more strange than true.

PEACOCK BRAND
TRADE MARK

POST CARD

1½ POSTAGE REVENUE 1½
THREE HALFPENCE

This space may also be used for communication in the United Kingdom only

[illegible] 1.

Dear Mrs. Deane.

[illegible] 10th to have been while I [illegible] and [illegible] is when [illegible] from [illegible] weeks before [illegible] meeting the [illegible]! We were in [illegible] week, and return for 10 days, before sailing [illegible] 26th. [illegible] vacation at [illegible]. [illegible] Shelburne [illegible]

[illegible] Many [illegible]

FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

Mr. Walter Deane
Plainbrook Farm
Shelburne,
N. H.
U. S. A.

"AUTOCHROM" (COLOR PHOTO) POSTCARD "PICTORIAL STATIONERY CO. LTD., LONDON

6

~~The Warelands~~,
~~Norfolk, June 6, 1912~~

~~My dear Mr. Deane:-~~

" You asked me for some notes on Euphorbia Cyparissias L. in fruit. Since you called attention, a few years ago, to the infrenquency with which this plaht is reported in fruit, I have examined such colonies of it as I have chanced upon in Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts. In but one place have I found it in fruit, and that was in Greenfield, this state, on June 16, 1910. There I found two stations.

The first station was on one of the main residential streets when I was walking from my hotel -- the Welden -- to spend a half day on the near-by elevation known locally as the "Poets Seat". The plants were very numerous over an area of approximately thirty meters square, extending from the grassy street-side up a delapitaded bank-wall and over a part of a lot of grass land, in another part of which was a dwelling. The plants carried an abundance of well developed fruit in such an advanced stage of maturity that on drying there was a strong tendency for the fruit to become detached.

On my return by a different route, I found on the margin of the settled portion of the ~~town~~ city, two other patches close by each other, and distant from the first station a half or three-quarters of a mile. Though the area here was considerably less, the plants were numerous and bore abundant, well developed fruit.

This year, on May 11th, I revisited the first station. The plants appeared to be as numerous as on my first visit, but were only just coming into flower. The area covered by them was limited on two sides by as many streets, while in another direction it was marked by a line beyond which the grass is kept closely cut as a lawn about the dwelling above referred to. Evidently the grass between the lawn and the street is allowed to mature before it is cut, a period which allows also for the maturity of the spurge.

As to the persistency of the species in the face of a determined effort to eradicate it, I cannot speak from wide experience, but my belief is that it is not difficult to get rid of it if one wishes to do so. And for this reason:- when, some fifteen years ago we first took possession of this place, I found, on one part of the house grounds, a tangle of low blackberry vines, grass and this Euphorbia. It seemed to me then a discouraging task to get them out of the way. But by frequent cutting I soon found that the undesired plants were willing to give up the struggle, and I have had no trouble from them since. Just beyond the limits of my cutting however, they are holding their own with unabated vigor.

As the first house here was built by my ancestors in the latter part of the seventeenth century, it is likely that the plants ~~have~~ been long in possession of certain places where they still persist. Ever since we have been here I have looked for fruit, but have never seen it here."

~~Sincerely yours,~~

Robert A Ware

Grand Hôtel Hungaria
Budapest (Hongrie)
Burger & Wenke directeurs

Rec'd June 9/13

May 26. 1913

My dear Mr. Drane

If I should say that every time I had seen a bridge I had thought of you - you would have a suggestion of the fact that you have been much in mind up to date. For the bridges we have crossed & and omitted to cross in our devious way thus far - have been very numerous - most of them for utilitarian purposes solely.

I began my inquiries relative to the "new" bridge in Rome immediately on arriving there. But they failed to arouse a favorable response until I approached the conclusion that there must be some mistake. I was looking for the new and the ornate - and once when visiting the old fortress of San Angelo - which is close by the banks of the Tiber - I thought I had found your bridge for it was adorned with groups of statuary - & quite recent in its construction unlike others I had seen - but my map gave the name Ponte Vittoria! My map showed no Ponte Risorgimento - and all of whom I inquired failed to recognize the name. Until Miss Morison - Mary Morison and Mary Ware - with whom we were at the time driving - consulting with our driver - came to the conclusion that Ponte Vittoria Emanuele and Ponte Risorgimento were one and the same. As they have considerable familiarity - from long acquaintance, with the city - and as our driver seemed confident - I can at this time do nothing better than assume the correctness of this belief - Miss Morison was interested in your inquiry through me - and before we separated she informed me that I would find your bridge in my pocket - I am enclosing it herewith - It is a good picture of it - though of course not showing the statuary in detail

Your cousin Mary Morison - and my cousin Mary Ware - had hoped to take same steamer from New York with us - but owing to the lateness of their application for passage were unable to secure accomodations. Following later - they reached Rome shortly before our departure, and remained there for a time - We shall probably see them later in our journey - Partly through their intelligent courtesy - we enjoyed our stay in the ancient city - being housed in the Hotel de Russie - near the Square where stands one of the several Egyptian obelisks brought as trophies from the still more ancient civilisation - The demands of the work of the Commission to which Mrs Ware is officially and I am unofficially attached - prevents a very long stay in any of the cities at present - however - and we left Rome for Florence - then Venice, where a full moon was happily provided for our delectation.

From Venice we came to this fine city - of which we have known and still know too little - But we find a substantial, virile progressive modern city - in the midst of an immense, fertile plain - an interesting revelation -

We both are well - and Mrs Ware joins me in cordial greetings to Mrs Dean and yourself.

Sincerely Yours Robert A. Ware.

1224 METER Ü./M.
Südbahn-Hôtel Toblach
TIROL

HOTEL PENSION REICHRIEGLERHOF, HOTEL PENSION BELLEVUE
VILLA ELISABETH U. GUNTSCHNA-BERGBAHN.
GRIES BEI BOZEN.
ELISE ÜBERBACHER-MINATTI, EIGENTÜMERIN

Rec'd June 19/13

Toblach, am June 5 1913

My dear Mr. Deane.

I received your steamer letter [illegible] – with the accompanying letter – in Vienna – If you mailed the first – on the date of its writing – it should have reached me on steamer in NY which did not leave there until the 26th. Glad to hear from you. – very –.

We have been doing some travelling more than we would choose ordinarily – but for the present – the duties of the Commission take precedence in large measure – in controlling our itinerary.

I have not in mind at the

moment – where I wrote you
last – From Budapesth we went
to Vienna – thence to Munich
There I left the crowd – and Mrs.
Ware – for a side step into the Austrian
Tyrol – by way of Innsbruck where
I have just spent three nights –
Came here this a.m. & go on by
diligence to Cortina tomorrow
morning. The last four days have
been spent where the great masses
of mountains rise immediately
from where one stands – towering
thousands of feet – The ride from
Innsbruck here – is through narrow
winding valleys – and the mountains
everywhere have snow upon them
in one case I noticed – reaching
below the level of our track –
approaching this village today – I had
my first glimpses of the Dolomites
which I recognized from pictures
and descriptions –

I do not know what my
route will be from Cortina d'Am-
pezzo – From here to Botzen – its
a cross country – no railroad
Auto – or driving. I chose not
the first.

– Its the Spring of the year and
the country can never be more
beautiful than it is now. Grass not
yet cut and flowers in great
abundance – in masses of color
yellow – blue (?) pink and white –
You would go wild with delight
with the beauty of color – and I
cannot help wishing that you were
indulging me in your companion-
ship at this moment – I do not
like to travel alone – I greatly
regret that Mrs. Ware's obligations
do not permit of her being here
with me. I shall get back to
here by the 12th I think.

I am interested in what you
write of the Club – & of Judge Churchill

I think I gave him my address —
but am not sure — I have not his —
I wish I had — I may send a letter to
you to mail to him — Wish I might
run across him. Kindly give my
cordial messages to the good men
whom I know as you see them about
you — Rand — Dr. Robinson — William
Fernald etc.

I am not attempting to collect
anything except ferns — I am prepared
to take these at any point

It is not wholly easy to do much
letter writing — and I am not doing
much — but I want to write you —
I think many times of you — and
I have a few bridges for you.
My very cordial greetings to Mrs.
Deane

Sincerely Yours,

Robert A. Ware

[Rec'd June 25/13]

Hotel Habsburger Hof
Telephon 108.

Innsbruck, June 13 1913

My Dear Deane

I send you greetings from this beautiful and beautifully situated town - The mountains rise immediately from the river to an elevation of 7 - 8 & 9000 ft - and one can begin to ascend immediately - I am doing no serious "climbing" - but more or less walking - Its a beautiful town indeed - and finely set - Am spending some days here -

I think it is since I wrote you - though I am not sure - that I have been into Cortina - which I reached afoot by a fine mountain way - for which tramp I took the day - After Cortina - Botzen - Its a glorious country - and in its spring dress of green and color - The mantle of snow on the mountains is decreasing - Conditions of temperature excellent. I leave here today or tomorrow - Will you be good enough to send

the enclosed letter to Judge Churchill -
whose European address I have not -
Also kindly his address to me - and
anything you may know of his
itinerary - I'd like mighty well to
get onto his path - but am not likely
to do so - We are to be in Germany
through the rest of this month, I believe -
before going into France - Later England
& Ireland

Am in pretty good shape - this mountain
country being good tonic. My cordial
greetings to Mrs. Deane and yourself.

Sincerely yours
Robert A. Ware.

Crédit Lyonnais
(Service des Accrédités)
Paris, le 8 July

SALONS DE LECTURE ET DE CORRESPONDANCE

My Dear Mr. Deane

While I may not write at length at this time - I do want to send greetings to Mrs. Deane and to you - from us both. And especially do I want to express our interest and solicitation. Since receiving your letter of June 14th we have learned further of the death of Dr. Coolidge - following so soon the passing of his wife. I think I need not emphasize the feeling of solicitation - and interest. You will know, I am sure - And we may rejoice with you in the heritage in the "memory of the beautiful life". What a legacy that is!

We are hoping for you both a

Had an interesting visit at the herbarium at le Jardin des Plantes yesterday, and a good chat with two men there - and a glimpse of their manner of carrying on their plants - a strong contrast to the equipment which Dr. Robinson & Prof. Fernald have at their command.

and by this I mean the forests in the vicinity of the cities - ~~They~~

I am sorry to have missed Prof Wheeler - As from you, I hear also from Williams of the interesting character of his paper. Glad to hear too - of the results of the Springfield trip.

We are looking forward to our return - but this may not be much - if any - before September. It is somewhat uncertain -

I cannot quite tell you how highly Mrs. Ware and I value the friendship into which you and your wife so graciously admit us.

Surely you will accept from us - both of you - the assurances of our affectionate esteem -

Gratefully Yours

Robert A. Ware

period of rest - possibly in your beloved Shelburne.

I will not attempt to relate our doings since I last wrote you - from Innsbruck I believe. I have no special pride in the excess of distance we have covered - But at the same time - there has been much of interest in our journeying - the Rhine - Cologne - Berlin & Copenhagen and now Paris - points rich in associations and in present accomplishments. I am in touch with Judge Churchill - to the extent of having heard from him from Bozen - where a card I had sent via Baring Bros - London - on a venture - had reached him - He is going over some of the same ground I have traversed - I only regret that we cannot be together - As you know - he is a good companion in the field - as elsewhere.

I am glad that the mystery of the "new bridge" in Rome is solved - I have cards of various bridges for you - I have grabbed them without selection - the fact of its being a bridge - insured the securing of the card in any case - I hope that some of them at least - will be of interest. There are many cards issued which make pictures of beauty of others the same cannot be said. I have had some very interesting days hereabout - Versailles - Fontainebleau - Marly-le-Roi etc - I get into the forests whenever I can and am out of doors all that is possible. Attempting no general collecting - I get the Pteridophytes whenever possible - but in the opportunities so far secured - I have not found them abundant either in point of species or individuals. Most of the forests are quite innocent of these plants.

Sunday afternoon
July 27. 1913

**SHELBOURNE HOTEL,
DUBLIN.**

My dear Mr. Deane.

My wife and I have established ourselves for the afternoon on the moor on Howth - or Hill of Howth - a promontory connected with the mainland by a narrow isthmus. All about us are the gorse and the purple heather - of which I enclose bits - From an elevation we overlook the waters of Dublin bay and Irish Channel, although our views are of limited range because of the haze which prevails.

Over this headland - its moors and summits - I have spent parts of three days. Easily accessible as it is from the city - one is quickly by steam train, wholly and his own feet - isolated and remote - Now we are basking in the warm

---

root at the nodes - a point which I may have overlooked - or which may not prevail.
All the British books which I have consulted include Lastrea remota - a form which I have never satisfactorily differentiated - I wonder if you know it - It so approaches & resembles L. dilatata that in the herbarium specimens I have seen with the two labels, I fail to see the distinctions. There are many things reported here which seem to be rare with the British student.

Historically - this region has a striking and interesting background - indeed we are impressed with this in all Ireland as we see it - The museum in this city is very rich in illustrations of the early status of the people during the Stone and the Bronze "ages" - and later - and its castles - some of which are kept in repair - date from the 10th century (and earlier) & the ~~of~~ 15th & 16th & later. We were at Howth castle yesterday - an interesting example of 13th century work - and still the home of the family then occupying it. All goes well - We are to return to England & sail from Liverpool in time to bring us home about Sept. 1st - Mrs Ware joins me in cordial messages to Mrs Deane and yourself - Sincerely yours Robert A Ware

The heath in bud which I enclose is I think the "ling" - or the same as is growing in West Townsend mass if I am not mistaken. It is not yet in flower - Along with I have found two other heathers in full flower - one purple - & a pink glandular hairy one -

sunshine while refreshed with the breezes from the sea - and this "warm sunshine" has a different meaning ~~from~~ with us from that which it may convey to you - for much of experience in the weather line has meant cold - and dull and damp days - Always my overcoat is at hand and it is much worn -

Over these moors sheep and horses and goats are grazing - a few birds are flitting quietly about and we hear the distant lowing of cattle and the still more distant sound of the fog signal across the water -

One of my days here about I spent much of the time about the cliffs by the shore which are high and steep. I had hoped to see Asplenium marinum - and sure enough I found it. It delights to establish and maintain itself in sheltered rock caves close by the water where it may be touched with salt spray - and out of the reach of the human seeker.

Although with an area of but some fifteen square miles - there occur on the promontory more than half if I am not mistaken in my remembrance of the statements of a local flora I have seen - as many species as are furnished by the whole of Ireland! There is considerable variety in conditions - sea - rock & sand - salt & fresh water marsh - uplands & lowlands - with the greatest elevation 560 ft. From here are reported Lycopodium selago - but the representatives of the pteridophytes are not very numerous. I was interested to find what I take to be Ranunculus flammula - which I never have seen growing - It appears to be so different in habit from our variety at home - being more erect - much larger - reaching a height of a foot to a foot & a half. And I have seen no disposition to

Picked up in the
road near Po Lyndhurst.

ONE PENNY

Mr Walter Deane
29 Brewster St
Cambridge
Mass
USA

1052
1908
1910
1896
1558

Ye Olde Hostel
of
God Begot.

TELEPHONE No 429.

Ye Olde Hostel
of
God Begot.

HIGH STREET, WINCHESTER.

at Lyndhurst - England
Aug 5. 1913

Dear Mr Deane

Here are the three Heathers again
been finding all about -
The one with narrow pointed spikes
is - I take it - what the Scotch
call "Ling" - and the same species
as that found in several stations
in N.E. - as that of West Townsend

I assume that the Ranunculus
is R. Flammula which I have
never seen growing (the type)
~~at~~ "the New Forest"

Rowlee

[Recd Aug 25/13]

Leyland Line.

S. S. "DEVONIAN."

August 21 1913

My dear Mr. Deane.

We are nearing the home shore. For the past twenty four hours we have been in a not severe storm with stiff wind and some rain - Our room is on the upper most deck - I have been out on deck a good deal - This morning the sea is a fine sight - dark and much disturbed but with great beauty - fascinating to watch - There is great beauty of color and form and motion - Frequently the huge waves at their apex will show a bright, translucent green and then break into a fine spray to be carried away by the wind - Our steamer bows acknowledgement to the might of the sea - and is pitching and rolling in moder-

---

I will have covered a distance since leaving home of something over 14000 miles - Of this distance fully a half is by water - about 700 miles in Italy - 635 in Hungary - 685 in Austria 1600 in Germany 460 in Denmark 579 in France 900 in England 600 in Ireland and 500 in Wales -

This I should be disposed to be ashamed of if I did not remind myself of the purposes of this body of men with which I have for a large part of the time been associated - These purposes have undoubtedly justified the distance travelled - Ordinarily I count it advantageous to restrict ones distances to far narrower limits within the same time - And during the last six weeks we have been adhering more nearly to our own theories of travel - and have had great delight in this more leisurely way -

degree - Birds are about us, fearless mites in this great waste of waters a thousand mile from any shore - Petrel perhaps - I have noted a dozen of them - looking at times like a bunch of our barn swallows or chimney swifts in their flight - again like tiny butterflies fluttering over the water -

Since leaving Liverpool - on the fourteenth - we have seen but two vessels - One Line Steamer approaching nearly in our wake one evening - passing us in the night - and showing but her smoke on the horizon ahead of us the next morning - The other - a sailing vessel - schooner? - this morning with course opposite that of our own -

We are making a fairly good run - and if all goes well we may reach dock Saturday afternoon - Our daily runs have averaged about 330 miles - which slightly exceeds that of our Saxonia run - which was not far from 320 - This voyage is proving restful and we would not at all object to having it extended to greater length -

There is no occasion for my writing you - You have already been afflicted with my inconsequential letters in immoderate degree - but you are an appreciative and indulgent recipient and I have been prompted to write you - But lest you are led to think that you are the sole sufferer I will say, that I have written nearly - if not quite two hundred letters during my absence from home - I have been interested too - while on this boat - to look over our course and find that.

Leyland Line.

S. S. "DEVONIAN."

and more intimate touch we have secured. This period has brought us many delightful experience and some agreeable friendships - To refer again to our distance record - I find that Mrs. Ware has exceeded me by 2000 miles - having done independent travel so much in excess of my own - This means that she has averaged about 135 miles and I nearly 120 miles for every day since leaving home While I have been free from exacting duties - She has devoted herself assiduously to the studies which were her object in engaging in the trip -

chance to be passing - I'll be glad to have you drop in -

Saturday P.M. August 23-

Since I began this letter - we have had the increase of the storm prevailing at the time - Last night it cleared - and we had the finest night of all the voyage. Clear skies - bright scintillating stars - & later the moon - cold & clear - We awoke this morning however - to another storm - a southwester - with strong wind and rough sea as rough as any we have had - Now at four o'clock it is brighter - the sea is less rough and it is expected that we will dock at about five o'clock - Because of the haze very likely, we cannot see the land which undoubtedly there - with our friend still occupying -

I mailed a card to you at the Liverpool dock - Very likely it has preceded me to your hand.

Mrs Ware joins me in warm greeting to Mrs. Deane and yourself -

Sincerely yours

Robert A. Ware.

I shall probably not be at the Devonshire St. Office - before Tuesday - September 2nd after that at time - Should you

The Waveland.
Sept. 7. 1913

My Dear Mr. Deane -

I have never really and properly acknowledged your several letters which I received in Europe - Frequently when I wrote you - I was away from my trunk and did not have your letters by me - and it is more than likely that I did not in mine refer specifically to what I had received from you - I have been looking over the latter today - They breathe a friendliness which is very dear to me - and they did much to keep me informed of happenings at home -

You wrote me on April 22nd a letter which I received before we left home - Following that your letters were as follows -

April 24 Steamer letter - reaching me in Vienna - May 28th
enclosed in the one you next sent -
May 16 - received in Vienna - May 28
May 24 - Card } in Paris June 29
June 14 }
25 Dublin July 15
July 18 London Aug. 2
27 " " 8
Aug. 9 - returned from Paris - rec'd in Norfolk Aug. 28
Aug. 25 - You also sent me a letter - to Norfolk.

As you will observe there was, in several instances, quite a lapse of time between your sending and my receiving - This was due to the fact that I was separated from the main group for those times - and had not directed to have my letters forwarded for the reason that I did not know beforetime where I should be.

I am surprised that your letter of April 24th did not reach me before sailing - I must have supposed that a letter mailed in time for the New York mail on the evening of the 25th would have reached the steamer which did not leave the dock until one o'clock on the 26th.

In Europe we did not book for our return until a short time before sailing - so that I had not given you our date prior to your writing on Aug. 9 - the letter which came to me after reaching home - We sailed Aug. 14.

I sometimes felt - when writing you as frequently as I did that I was placing upon you an unwarrantable burden of reply. But you are such a delightfully responsive receiver of letters - that I was tempted to indulge my impulse - I feel quite absolved however - if my hastily written letters brought you any of the breezes from the old world - for your refreshment while "a stay at home" as you put it. I enjoy going over your letters as I have again today -

your wishes for us when sailing that we might "have good health, good weather, plenty of rest and a real good time" was, as you already know, realized - Hardly an upset in the matter of health for either of us - weather such as to invite to activity - rather than the reverse,

You referred to the Victor Emanuel monument - It is a beautiful pile - conspicuously white - conspicuously placed - stopping ones vision down several of the long streets - I believe the surroundings of it had yet to be completed at the time we were there - I am reminded of the question put to some Italian who was showing the monument to an American who evidently had in mind that a thing could be of value only as it could be put to some materialistic use - He asked the Italian "What are you going to use it for?"

and was quite taken aback when he discovered that it was destined to stand "unused".

Your card of May 14 was written after you had received my letter following our glimpse of Madeira - Yes - my wife and I were quite convinced that that would be a good place to retire to for rest and somewhat lazy enjoyment. It was very appealing to us both - I had time to get about some - went up the mountain on train part way - walked about - collected a number of species of the ferns - and finally descended on one of the "sleds". On the steamer I had read a very interesting book - "The Garden of Madeira" I think was the title - do you know it? - written by one who had made his home there evidently for at least a part of the year and who had his "garden" - this book helped prepare me for the visit somewhat - I shall not soon forget the picture which greeted my eyes when, on the morning of May 5th I came on deck. We were skirting the island at no great distance and those great slopes were covered with green and we could see tiny villages or individual houses tucked into various nooks - seeming to have little to do aside holding on lest they slip into the sea. We arrived at eight o'clock - and left at one.

In your letter of July 18 - written in Shelburne - you refer to your Euphorbia Cyparissias station - This reminds me that I had occasion to think of you several times (!) when coming across that plant in as many places in Europe - When I did see it, and in the proper season for fruit - it was always fruited - I took it from several stations as a tribute to you!

You did write of Mrs. Deane's accident - but as it was in the letter of Aug. 9th which came back from Paris - I was uninformed until you repeated it in your telephone to me just after we reached home

In that letter of Aug. 9 - you refer to mine written from the moors on the heights of Howth - Ireland - Would that I have liked you there with me! And you would have revelled in the sweep and beauty of it all. -

In the last day or two, I have been arranging my plants collected during the summer - that is getting the species and genera together - for I collected many ferns - a pile nearly two feet high - not many species - but many individuals - for I collect for gifts and for exchange - The number of species is small - when I think of the distance covered - until I remind myself that from many of our centers it was impossible to do any collecting. When in Berlin for example - I made attempts in several directions - but failed to find where the ferns grew. I have made no attempt yet to look up a few species on the identity of which I am not sure - I probably have about thirty five species - including Lycopodiums & several Equisetums -

In Madeira I was interested to obtain Davallia Canariensis which I had not before seen - from there I have also Polypodium vulgare? several Aspleniums - filix femina, A. lanceolatum? and one resembling A. platyneuron - There I also found another which is a stranger to me. I had found Ceterach officinale - which prior to this year I had taken only in Italy - this year I have taken it in Madeira, France, Italy and Ireland - invariably growing in the unmortared joints of stone walls.

In Madeira was growing abundantly a Pteris - clothed with a brownish pubescence & which does not seem like the almost everywhere-present P. aquilina.

That shy retiring species - A. marinum I collected only in Ireland - at that same Howth - growing in crevices in overhanging rock at base of high seacliffs - always just out of reach and making you wish you had brought along a ladder.

Adiantum Capillus-Veneris I got at Gibraltar and in Rome

Cryptogramme Crispa in Wales only - Snowdon)

Scolopendrium vulgare in France - Wales and Ireland

Aspidium Oreopteris in Austria and Wales -

Aspid. Thelypteris in Denmark only (!) and there in one place only - with very little of it.

Lycopodium Selago - & L. alpinum - probably these two - on Snowdon - Phegopteris Robertiana in Austria (Tirol) and Denmark - P. polypodioides in Tirol & Wales - Lomaria spicant in Wales and England.

Form of Aspid. spinulosum - mostly dilatatum I suppose very wide spread - so also was A. filix-mas. the last perhaps the most common all the summer through -

Other species found are ~~Adiantum~~ Asplenium Adiantum nigrum A. Ruta-muraria - Cystopteris fragilis - Polystichum angulare & P. aculeatum - probably the two. Phegopteris Dryopteris (?) it - sometimes not a simple matter for me to separate this from P. Robertiana

I took very few flowering plants - few violets - buttercups are about all.

I do not know if our route will be of any interest to you - but I'll give it -

Landing in Genoa we proceeded to Rome - from Rome to Florence Bologna & Venice - crossed the Adriatic by steamer to Trieste - train to Fiume & from there to Budapesth - then to Vienna & then Munich - There I left the party and went south - and in an hour after leaving Munich the train was winding among the mountains - I made my first stay at Innsbruck - then to Toblach, Cortina, Bozen, & back to Innsbruck for another stay - then Munich - Frankfort - down the Rhine by boat to Cologne where Mrs. Ware joined me from Belgium - and we went North east to Berlin - From there to Copenhagen & Odense - then the long ride to Paris - then across the Channel by Bologne & Folkestone to London - Then to Dublin & dropping out en route for my stay in Wales - joining party in Dublin later - Then Killarney Cork & Queenstown to bid goodbye to those who sailed for home the 18th July - Back to Dublin for a longer stay - across to London - Winchester - Southampton - New Forest & London again. After another stay there - to Stratford & then Anglesey for a brief visit with some new friends before getting to Liverpool for our steamer on the 14th of August - That was our circuit

I think I have a fourth heather - from the Continent - I will look it up - but it strikes me as being that one you showed me with one sided racemes - resembling Erica Tetralix -

We are hoping that Mrs. Deane has been gaining since we had our happy visit with you both. I heard Saturday of the arrival of a boy at the Fernald home - You were wishing it might be a boy - I am glad for them - My wife joins in loving messages to you both -

Sincerely yours
Robert Ware

246 Devonshire — Sept. 9. 1913

It's a long way from Cambridge to Boston —— some-
times. Your card of Aug. 30 appeared to me yesterday!
where it has been hibernating in the meantime is a question
Very likely in our care to Fall. Po. where certain pecu-
liarities have been known. I have looked the sprightly
& interesting article on Le Puy to which you refer & have
enjoyed it. Thank you for directing my attention to it;
also for Thymus Serpyllum. The sacred precincts of Cambridge
produce lots of interesting things — do they not? And you
have eyes to see them. You wish that the new-
comer in ML F's home might be a boy has come
true I hear — and I have written him — (not the "new-
comer" but ML F.) Is it not fine? I am so glad. —
It's almost sailing time for J.R.C. — was glad to hear
Mrs D's voice this morning over the phone. Cordially Robert Ware

BOSTON
4- P

U.S. POSTAGE
1 1
ONE CENT
McKINLEY

Mr. Walter Deane
29 Brewster St
Cambridge
Mass

CARTER, RICE & CO.
CORPORATION
PAPER
TRADE MARK
BOSTON
J.R. CARTER. E.H. PALMER.
GEO. H. LOWE.

Walter Deane
Cambridge

My Dear Mr. Deane

I am forwarding the "Specimen Cards" today by the E. Dawson Express—

In pricing the ruling—I am reminded that when we talked of the expense we thought it would cost seventy five cents or a dollar—That was when we were thinking of running the lines one way only—later it was decided to put in the vertical lines also—This has added to the expense as it did not occur to me to mention when you were here—I hope that you will not think that the convenience in using them fails to justify you in the expense—for which I feel in a measure responsible in having enticed you on by my suggestions.

I think you will like them—

Greetings Yours cordially

Robert [illegible]

May 28. 1914

46 Devonshire St.
Boston March 29 1915

My dear Doctor Deane -

I am gratified that any of my modest collection should make "delightful" any part of your day. Thank you for your inspection and report -

Pray retain _any_ of the plants which you would like -

I think all my material is with you. Living as we do it is very inconvenient to provide for accumulating material so that I retain very little except that which I have in my herbarium cases of everything except my ferns.

But please do me the honor

appreciation

Faithfully yours

Robert Ware

of retaining what you like to have.

I have been working over my ferns somewhat diligently the last month or two - doing some rearranging, etc - I find that I have some 3500 to 4000 sheets of the Pteridophyta mounted - though I lack some few species - what I have gives me a somewhat broad outlook over the field which is very interesting to me.

Dr. Brainerd has recently sent me his Mexican species to look over - and I am trying to get into order a lot received from Jamaica during the last two or three years - Its very absorbing - but slow, hard work for my untrained faculties.

We look back upon our recent evening with you two with peculiar satisfaction - as we do all visitations with you. They are of the sort which leave their impress upon our memory - and which we value as something permanent - reflecting as they do a relationship which is very sweet and welcome. We would have you know this - in a day when so many things are left unsaid which might give expression to our

246 Devonshire St
Boston April 22. 1915

Dear Mr & Mrs Deane.

It is good of you to send me the card. It's not always easy to write when one is visiting -

We are both mighty glad you are making the Washington trip and hope it will bring joy and refreshment to you. And of course it will.

farm - happy to be there for two weeks two nine year old children - with their nurse - have been holding high carnival - with the days too short in which to do all they find to do! They came back to the city - Monday loaded down with their two French poodle puppies - fresh hens eggs - a turtle and various other products of the country side.

I am back and forth

I want to rent the house for the season - If you know of any looking for such a place send them along with 500. or 600. in his pocket. Cordial greetings and good wishes from us both - Robert Ware

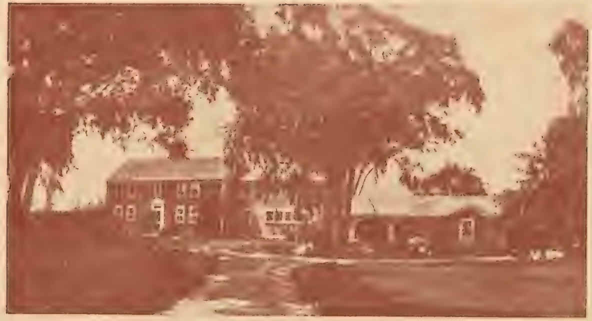
Washington is a beautiful in
which to be under almost
any conditions and those
which govern in your
present visit are most
advantageous

From what I hear -
I judge that vegetation
is not very far advanced
in its spring unfolding yet.
but it should be jumping
very soon -

Since you left - we
have had beautiful weather
here - Saturday Sunday,
and Monday were beautiful
days - warm and bright -
Yesterday was bright but
rather cold and windy -
Today is warmer again -

But for the great need
of rain - and the calamity
of forest fires - there
would be nothing to wish
for more from the weather
man -

Charlotte is at the



The Warelands

214 Newbury St
Boston. April 25 1916

Dear Walter:

Charlotte and I arrived here last night - the the third day of a cold, driving northeast storm - with more or less constant & heavy rains. The earth was saturated (in Berkshire) and roads frightfully muddy -

I was glad of and interested in your note - I think I know the "thing" you wish to & have been there - the "house" I do not know - and yesterday, [illegible], tried to locate it - following [illegible] [illegible] directions Miss Morrison [illegible] gave me - but I was unsuccessful. It cannot now be seen from the street - and Mrs. M[illegible] tells me it is much obscured

by the development of [illegible] vine growth
in the "desert" [illegible].

Of course I did not [illegible] to
visit the season was a month
[illegible] along - a time when I
[illegible] - never indeed - get out
of this State - it would have given
[illegible] an interesting acquaintance -
[illegible] which I would have [illegible]
[illegible] - We left much more
[illegible] - in the [illegible]
[illegible] in the open - and much in the
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] this side of [illegible] - we [illegible]
[illegible].

Miss Morrison [illegible]
[illegible] to your [illegible]. She is [illegible]
[illegible] as always.

[illegible] my [illegible]
recently returned by Prof. Wiegand

He gives me his determinations of them. "He writes that I have an "unusual proportion of hybrids". and this may - in part at least - account for the puzzle they have been to me.

I enclose reports of all I have from our local area -

In addition I appear to have

A. Bartramiana (Tausch) Roem
from Waterville N.H. and
St John & Fort Kent. Aroostook Co. Me.

A. Bartramiana × laevis
from Westmore. Vt. (Willoughby)
Bingham - Somerset Co. Me.
Three Mile Is. Lake Winnepesaukee N.H.
and Fulton Chain Lakes. Herkimer Co. N.Y.

A. canadensis (L.) Med.
from Cheshire. Berkshire Co. Mass.

I know I have collected that little form which grows on the ledges in Essex Co. - down Gloucester way and the same thing (?) on Blue Hill - but these do not seem to be with any other - I have lost track of them apparently.

This hybrid business diminishes my confidence in knowing the genus.

~~Of A. laevis which I have collected here except that from Ipswich Marsh "island" - and from Norfolk is from Essex County - all else that I have is from Cheshire Co. N.H. and Berkshire Co. Mass.~~ No - this is not so - so I cancel it.

Charlotte joins me in most cordial messages to you both - I am feeling much better - do not tire as easily as I did even a month ago - and I shall begin tomorrow to take up business - on half day basis - & see how it goes. Expect to be at next Club meeting - St. John on his Labrador explorations last summer - Yours Rob -

214 Newbury St.
April 25. 1916

Dear Walter

I left out a card - here it is -

Referring to your letter again - the one to Peterborough - I have never satisfied myself on the ternatum group - and the obliquum group of Botrychiums - Not only am I not "dead sure" - but I am much confused - and some groups of the small species are likewise confusing - they seem to "blend" one into another - in a very disconcerting manner.

Eleöcharis tenuis - which you refer to as finding it in the "Desert" at Peterborough - I find I have collected but once - & that in Greenfield Mass in 1910. Smilacina trifolia - I have from Pleasant Ridge - Somerset Co. - Me in 1906

and while I remember perfectly well
collecting Menyanthes several years
ago - I think it was in Fort Kent, Me -
my plants have gone astray

Calopogon I find occasionally -
and I'd like mighty - well to find
two other orchids viz: Habenaria
ciliaris and Calypso - I'd go
several miles (!) to get either one -
I have a possibility for the first -
for this season - which I hope to
follow up -

as ever Root

I shall at the Office
tomorrow a.m.

and

116 Devonshire St.,
Boston May 4. 1915

My dear friend:

I am very glad if — even unwittingly — I sent you a birthday letter — It goes into my records — and you may have another letter — a year from then —

I presume I shall see you on Friday evening — on an occasion which, because of the place and its significance should be interesting —

I am — somewhat hesitatingly saying that — if you should be disposed to drop the parenthetical "(A. Ware)" any time — as you came dangerously near doing in your Washington note — leaving just the plain and friendly "Robert" and "Charlotte" — it would be welcomed by us both — as a peculiar mark of your valued friendship — Such a step should not be forced — and should be only as you are impelled — If the impulse leads you both that way — just do not squelch it —

Warmest messages of good will from us both —

Faithfully yours
Robert Ware

But I will not wait until then to give our greetings to your wife and yourself

---

Here I stop to read a note from Charlotte written at The Woodlands - In it she says "The peabody bird is singing and the boys are plowing" - indications surely that all is going merrily. I think I wrote you that we have had there for several weeks - two eight year old children of friends - and there two eight months old French poodle puppies. The children are almost of as much concern as are the puppies! I am back & forth - not there all the time - but Charlotte is happy in the children (not in the pups -) the singing birds - the greening of the grass - the flowering of the Blood-root & the budding of the tulips

and expects to go to California
the latter part of June

246 Devonshire St.
Boston - May 6. 1915

Dear "Walter"

It's different - when you thus turn our own guns upon us! I had not seriously considered this when I ventured my suggestion - You see you are older than we — a very little — just enough to make it seem a bit of unwarrantable familiarity on our part.

However - we can do no less than believe that you

are moved by the same
friendly impulse — and
we shall look upon it
as the token of a friendship,
the value and delight of
which we have not been
slow to recognize and
acknowledge. As such
a token — we accept
and welcome it.

Charlotte will be happy
in it and will join
in warmest acknowledgments
and greetings — to "Margaret"
and "Walter" — (Just think
of it!)

Faithfully yours
Robert Ware

A note from Dr. Brainerd today
in which he uses the
expression "the spring has
come so remarkably early".
It seems he is putting in
a lot of work just now
on the violets — & blackberries

My Dear — Walter -

Among a few plants that came into my hand when I was last in London - is Marsilia Quadrifolia - and this was accompanied with some newspaper clippings. Thinking these may be of a few moments interest to you I am mailing them today.

I have not taken

any opportunity - to look up
the "Nardoo plant" - to see
whether or not it is
mentioned under that name
in any of the books -

It would be an interesting
pursuit also, to see if one
could fix the date of the
clippings - or the expeditions
referred to - The collection of plants
of which this is one -
were said to have been
got together prior to 1856
by Col. Frazar. But
that may not be true
of every one in the collection

I hope that Charlotte
will be with me at Gray
Herbarium on
Of course you two will
be there -

Love from us both
to you two -

Faithfully yours
Robert Ware

26 Devonshire St
Boston May 11 1915

246 Devonshire St.
Boston June 4. 1915

My dear Walter:

I have been holding well in mind your very interesting letter - with reference to the "Nardoo plant" from Australia which I sent you. I wonder where you found the record of the exploring party - I made some search which was unsuccessful both for the record of the party - and for

no doubt about the weather being distinctly fine - no uncertainty there.

I suppose you will soon be off for Shelburne - and as I may not see you before you go - I give you and - Margaret - (I whisper the name - think of addressing or referring to that dignified lady in that familiar way - it's really shocking!) our wishes for a restful, pleasant summer. We shall have something to look forward to in the fall - in your return. Warmest greetings to you both - from

Charlotte and Robert

reference to Marsilea under that name. "Nardoo" -

It was very good of you to write me so at length in the matter - Among other things - there is an interesting contradiction of statements in the record of or claims for and against the nutritive value of the plant in question -

"No food value" - and yet the natives subsist on it to some degree -

I wonder what you finally decided with reference to this evening, and if it is Siegfried or the Botanical Club -

I am taking the former, using tickets which I engaged long ago - Some warmer weather would be acceptable for the evening - but perhaps the throng may raise the temperature slightly -

Our seats are Section 21
Row 11
Nos. 5, 6 & 7

But it *is* a satisfaction to have

Dear Walter –

Its interesting to compare notes on Rubus – and my interest is now aroused to observe them this summer. But I confess that the first attempts I have made to work them up – my last summer's collections – with the aid of Blanchard's several articles in Rhodora in the last 16 years – have not been very encouraging – But I have ~~not~~ got down to it very seriously yet – R. recurvicaulis – not recurvatus – I have ~~they~~ record the former – but in writing you wrote it wrongly. I am so sorry that of the few forms which you lack that I have – I have but one sheet each – except R. idaeus (typical). I have a duplicate of that for you – from waste ground – Eastern Promenade Portland, Me. I wish I had var. heterolasius – Its a somewhat striking thing. Queer isn't it? that of these less common things which I came across, I should have taken ~~out~~ enough for but one sheet – while of allegheniensis, I have it "to burn" seemingly.

I note you have from Shelburne three sp. which I have not taken anywhere – viz: glandicaulis abbrevians & chamaemorus – For the latter I have been wanting to be where it grows – and if ever I am

in Shelburne again I shall want to organize an
expedition for it – even to the top of Hunter's Moriah!
And that leads me to say that I am very appreciative
of your "want" for us to ~~be~~ with you in S. this summer
I have made no plans – for my vacation – but I am
pretty well convinced that I should be away from
business a month – and that probably July will be
the better time for me – But I shall be much
averse to your feeling the least obligation to have us –
or me – with you – This might easily result from
the fact that I had been there twice – So I beg you to
be entirely frank in the matter – as I will be.

On general principles – I like to go to different places
different years – new country – possibly new plants etc,
as you will understand – On the other hand – S has
proved very restful to me – and I am sure that I need
the rest this year if I ever did – S appeals to me
strongly for that reason – Another – and a big reason for
its appeal – I need not enlarge upon – but you know my
enjoyment in being with you – and the freedom of your
cottage – your companionship and Miss Brown's kindly
& generous ministrations mean very much to me –

As to Charlotte – I do not know that she is ready to
make definite plans – She doubtless does not feel the need
of rest – as I do – and there may be attractions in the
line of her special interests tending to draw her elsewhere –

Should I go to S – I should probably plan to go &
stop by the way – a few days with friends in Newbury Vt.
near Wells River – It is too far to go for a short holiday
& return – The situation is such that I would probably not
want to stop long – But even a few days in that

region would no doubt be botanically interesting – as well as affording me a visit with our friends – briefly.

I make these suggestions as to possibilities – and I shall count upon your being entirely candid as to your own preferences and convenience. You will be – will you not?

Yes – I hope to see you Friday night – For the June meeting I suppose we have the usual plan – exhibit & discussion of "novelties" etc. If so – we must assure ourselves of a result~~ing~~ ~~sufficient~~ better than last year – when we made no personal solicitation – and had but four sheets on exhibit I believe. Can you arrange to have some things? new or old – and even fresh material – I am in hopes we can develop the last as a feature –

I have been out several times – but there has seemed very little floral display – Benzoin out only last Saturday – so far as I have seen – Viola pallens beginning – in swamp woods – almost nothing else in flower – so far as I have seen many things ready to burst into bloom with a few days of warmth. Petasites vulgaris began flowering a month ago or so & I have recently seen Tussilago

Farfara in flower for the first time dump at end of Garden St Cambridge - a little 7th - and a fine display on bank of R.R. between Prospect Hill & Somerville Junction - particularly just west of the first bridge west of Prospect Hill Station

In a way - spring - late as it is - came too soon for me - for I have not my winter work with last years collections - completed - But the last month or two - or three indeed - I have not felt very energetic

As ever Rob

4 Walnut St.
Wednesday, May
5/5/20

I shall NOT join the Nova Scotia expedition - It ~~is more~~ involves more activity - than I want at this time. I have not yet told [illegible] - so please not say so to them -

Dear Walter:

But for a mean cold - you would have seen me this week - last week rather - But while I have been on duty every day at the Office - I have nursed myself at home during the rest of the twenty four hours - and am getting back into normal again.

Evidently I failed to make clear that Batchelder is the one who is responsible - the prime mover - the "arch conspirator" as I too obscurely perhaps put - I simply cooperated with him in a clerical capacity - largely because - after he had undertaken the matter he was not in very good physical condition - As to the funds - when the different members knew of it - as it was presented individually - they responded - glad to thus pay tribute to our honored friend - and co-member - So visit your imprecations (?) on C. T. B.

I am writing Mrs Brown in response to her recent note - my note you will see. I hope to come on in a day or so - (an evening or so) It's now the middle of ~~Jun~~ May - In June we usually

have some of our hottest weather of
the year - Just think of the jump there
must be from fires in furnace or fire-
place - as we have this evening - to
panting ~~f~~ in the heat of midsummer -
But our beloved New England is a good
jumper and is equal to it.

You'll see me soon -

Faithfully
Robert

---

4 Walnut St.
May 13

I failed of my purpose, if I
did not make it appear that Batchelder
was responsible - I'm sorry - although
I do agree with him in thinking it a
good ~~thing~~ way to say ~~the~~ nice things of a
man, right to his face - if we
think them -

Your letter—remailed from Boston—came yesterday—It seems that my letter written before leaving home must have have failed to reach you—for in it I gave you my address here—I am sorry it did not reach you. We are having some heavy rains since I wrote you from here—meadows are wet, roads are high, so that I haven't been able to do some of the collating I had planned But we are enjoying a sunday—and there is enough to do to keep us pleasantly occupied

I am interested in Prof. Henshaw's letter—but it seems to me that he is on the wrong track! Or rather, I should say, I cannot see how the material I sent you can be from the source he suggests—Reread my letter sent you shortly after I sent you the material! More later—Greetings from us both—

CANADA POST CARD

THE ADDRESS TO BE WRITTEN ON THIS SIDE

CANADA POSTAGE
2 2

Mr. Walter Deane
~~Mr. Frank Winer~~
Philbrook Farm
Shelburne N.H.
U.S.A.

1924. Venice.

[illegible]

VENEZIA
11-12
10 · VIII
1924
FERROVIA

PREGATE I VOSTRI
CORRISPONDENTI DI AGGIUNGERE
ALL'INDIRIZZO IL NUMERO
DEL QUARTIERE POSTALE

SHELBURNE N. H.

Mr. [illegible]
Brattle Street
Cambridge
Massachusetts
U. S. A.

Proprietà artistica - Uff. Rev. Stampa, Milano, N. 6099, 18-7-1918.

VENEZIA - Palazzo Contarini - Fasan.

2575 - 9

Telephone in Connection

Sypher House
R. W. Sypher
Proprietor

Sandy Cove, Nova Scotia
Digby Co.

rec'd July 13/26

July 10 1926

Dear Walter:

Possibly you have a map on which is shown Nova Scotia -
If so - it may show you on the northwest coast a very narrow strip of
land running southwest from Digby, separated from the mainland
by a narrow strip of water St. Mary's Bay and washed on its other shore - by the Bay of Fundy.
If you look closely - (and you may have to use your magnifying glass)
you may make out "Sandy Cove" - about half way the length of the
"Neck" on the St. Mary's Bay side. And if you use a higher power glass -
you may make out the little village - and even the small, tidy,
white house on the village street with the above title -
Beyond that, you must use your imagination - if you would
discover Charlotte and me comfortably established - provided with
considerably more than the necessities of life. We find the house
most tidily kept - the table well provided with food excellently
cooked by Mrs. Sypher - and served by a comely village lass.
We are in the land - waters rather - of fish - the catching and marketing
of which in earlier years even more than now - gave occupation to
the people of the region. Already, after watching the incoming motor
boats returning from 3 or 4 hours trawling - from our observation
point on a bluff from which we could faintly make out in the
clear distance Grand Manan - some 40 miles away - we have
visited one of the fishing piers, to see them unload a 1700 lb catch of
cod & haddock - which work is done most deftly.
The "Neck" - has little - relatively little level ground upon - with much out
it - being in its area - made up mostly of hills
cropping basaltic rock - which last is very conspicuous at
shores, which, in many places, are precipitous -
(If you see a few blots now and again - you may attribute
them to a maltese kitten who is inspecting inquisitively my writing)
As planned - we left Boston July 1 - docked at Yarmouth at 6 -
next morning, entrained at 8 - for Digby - where we were met
with auto and driven 20 miles to the "Cove". As compared with the

hectic life at Philbrooks - we find it quiet - This is no surprise - as it is what we anticipated. So far we are the only permanent summer guest - or permanent guests of any sort. Apparently the season is late for summer guests. Our days are passed pleasantly - and our long nights equally so - Until today which is very rainy - the weather has been fine. We really are having a sea voyage - with something more of stability in that which holds us than is characteristic of some marine conveyances - The air is very pure and delicious - the temperature has been very comfortable indeed - There is no thermometer about but in the day the mercury can hardly have gone above 70° and the nights it is perhaps 60 or so - It is early for the botanizing of most interest - Vegetation is late in developing - and the ponds are high - with water meeting the marginal bushes - So far I have noted few things new - altho, according to Fernald - whose reports of N.S. botanizing I have with me - the Province has many things of interest to one who has been concerned with N.E. flora. All the same, I am enjoying looking about and shall doubtless see things new to me - as indeed I already have in a few instances - In a few days I shall visit some of the boggy areas farther down in the "Neck" and may have something to report from it - but, as I say, it is early for the things I have hoped most to find. - Such as, for example, Lophiola and

Before leaving here we expect to see something of the attractive Annapolis valley - Needless to say - we think of other friends whom we are accustomed to meet at Shelburne. Especially do we have in mind the Little House - where so many times we have shared in its comforts in which you and Miss Brown have so generously included us. Those things are not here - we did not expect they would be - Shelburne - Philbrook's - cannot be duplicated - we do not expect it. But we can hold our pleasant and grateful memories of it - and of our friends there - Charlotte joins me in cordial messages to Gus and his family - and to those of his guests whom we have come to know. Sometime you will write me who are there and what you are doing. We shall probably remain here until the 22nd at least - to reach Boston not later than the 30th or 31st and 296 Devonshire St. - on August 2 - Should you chance to see the two young ladies who occupy the two rooms at the south east corner of the main house - please give them our special greetings. - Best wishes to Miss Brown and yourself. We shall think many times of you - and see in our mind's eye the honeysuckle [illegible] is so familiar there - Faithfully Yours - Rob -

Commodious Sample Rooms Automobiles for Hire

QUEEN HOTEL
W. C. MacPHERSON
PROPRIETOR

[illegible] 23

Annapolis Royal, N. S., July 30 1926

Dear Walter -

We are stopping here for 24 hours - because of the historical interest attaching to the locality - and visually centering into the remnants of the early fortifications. It helps immensely in ~~visually~~ visualizing the beginnings of white settlements in the country - as well as later events - Today has been a glorious day. And the view from the ramparts down the Annapolis river - is very lovely - Comfortable temperature and delicious air –

We have an idea of continuing tomorrow by the comfortable bus "Evangeline" to Grand Pré – but now, so by train after all. about 70 miles

Will write again from our next destination –

Faithfully

Bob

rec'd July 27

W

Clearview Inn
Grand Pré, N.S.
July 23, 1936

Dear Walter.

We reached here yesterday — "the Land of Evangeline". As I write, I look from ~~fr~~ the elevation of this simple Nova Scotia home over thousands of acres of level grass land which make up "le grand Pré" as far as the eye can reach — It yields heavy crops of grass — herds — red top — timothy & clover, red & white — and seems to be counted quite valuable land — though the soil seems to be rather heavy. ~~cheap~~. I am told that it has a market value of 100 to $3 - 4 and $500 - per acre — 2 acres recently changed hands at $800. per acre. The valley is several mile broad — and is ~~to~~ margined by parallel lines of low hills.

We look back upon our stay at Sandy Cove — with some regret for having left it — We miss its bold character — its soft but bracing out-to-sea air its greater freedom from cultivation, its unsophistication. After Annapolis — ~~We~~ came through a country of many apple trees — which with strawberries and perhaps some other fruits & vegetables — are produced in considerable quantities — notably the first named — of which many are exported — And here where we are — we are in the midst of many orderchards — occupying the hillsides. Vegetationally — botanically — the region, since leaving Digby — is too like our home surroundings to be exciting — We might as well be in our own home village — so far as novelty are concerned. Historically ~~is~~ it's of course different — and so, interesting — While Longfellow indulged himself very freely along imaginative lines - he has invested the region with peculiar interest - and from time to time we are impressed by the tragedy and pathos of real events. One of the reminders of those sorry and deplorable times ~~events~~ - is the little - quite tiny indeed - church, standing before me in the meadow - Sharp in its roof - and spire - relatively tall - said to be duplicating somewhat closely in general - the early structure of the Acadians - We have yet to visit it.

We stopped ~~by~~ less than two hours in Annapolis Royal but long enough to gratify in some degree our interest in the place which perhaps saw the first settlement of white men north of the ~~[illegible]~~ Spanish settlements Well marked evidences of the almost earliest fortifications are there - the ramparts - bastions - dry moat - powder house etc - ~~including a very~~ dating from the early half of the 17th Century - and including a building - Officers barracks - of the 18th which has been rescued from its dilapidated condition and occupation by colored families - and is now a repository of interesting relics of the early years - through the devoted interest of an enthusiast who, retired from active service in the Government - makes his home there - Mr. Fortier - himself of French descent, we had a pleasant visit with him and with him breakfasted - The settlement dates from 1604-5 and we drove yesterday a.m. to almost the very spot where the first fortress was established - ~~[illegible]~~ to be vacated soon after for that now marked as above indicated - by the earthworks etc, still remaining.

Our leaving there yesterday was preceded by a period of some uncertainty. Our train was due to arrive at 12.19 - Before that hour - we heard that there had been a train wreck - resulting probably in delay to our train - However - we went to the station - and in about due time there arrived an engine - with baggage car - and a combination baggage & smoker - which

which train had been made up a few mile below - this side of the wreck - Though there was some uncertainty as to how far this train would take us - we boarded it - and, as it turned out - were landed at our station - On the train we learned that an ox that had wandered on to the track was the cause of the damage - which, tho no one was injured was a serious one in damage to cars and track - causing a delay to trains of some ten hours.

Sunday, July 25 - I was interrupted in my writing which I will now resume. The intervening days have been quiet, restful ones - We have driven about and have walked about some. I am constantly impressed with the absence of novelties - of a botanical nature. We sometimes think that the farther we go from home - the greater will be the change vegetatively. It is not so in this experience - I might as well, almost, be walking in our own home fields and roads. For, with little exception - the open land is cultivated, even the great marshes - being devoted to cultivated crops - almost exclusively hay - of which there are heavy yields. Of course, if I got about more I should no doubt - find somewhat different conditions. But forests of red & white spruce and fir - are not very abundant in their undergrowth - while the estuaries, right about here - seem to be free from plant life - pretty much - I have almost nothing to report of new botanical finds - in N.S. The most gratifying exception send landing in Rubus Chamaemorus - which, you may remember, I have been wanting to see - but never have - I spent a day on a bog - while at Sandy Cove - some 7 or 8 miles further down Digby Neck - I ~~hath~~ had read in Fernald's account of his N.S. expedition to N.S. in 1920 - of his finding Lophiola - a species - which seems not to have been reported

between N.S. and New Jersey - I knew a bog
in which it had ~~been~~ found - and there I spent
the day - found what is no doubt the plant -
though in bud only - quite immature indeed.
I had thought also to find Schizaea also - there
but did not - That day, I saw, in a house where
I spent a few minutes making inquiries - I saw
some berries which I suspected were the "baked apple" -
tho they were spoken of as "Jonesberries" -
I made inquiry of another woman whom I
found in the neighborhood - and learned that
"they grow in Charles Heights bog" - I learned
where Char. Height pronounced "hate" - some
two miles away - went there - for the man - and
he took me to his bog - where I found the plants
abundantly dotting the sphagnum-peat bog -
The ~~sp~~ berries were conspicuous by their amber
color against the deep green of the predominant
vegetation - I was immensely pleased of course,
and I enclose one of the plants as a thank offering -
the date - July 16 - I'll have a specimen of Lophiola (?)
for you later - as also of I will send you a few
sedges - I did not come prepared to do much
collecting - that - combined with unfavorable -
weather conditions at times - means that it
has not been altogether easy to take care of even
the few things I have taken - But one new thing
I have already sent you a specimen of, You refer
to it in your welcome letter of the 16th As I write
I do not recall the name and as I have mailed my
plants home, I cannot refer to them. I am glad it is
new to you - I have seen no where except in Digby
where it was very abundant - Probably you have
established its identity before this -

There is much that I might write - but will refrain - partly from necessity.

We were glad of your letter - with its report of
people and doings - I'm glad you had again the
trip to the summit. Loiseleuria is quite new to me -
Diapensia. I have found in late season. Should you
find you have a bit of the first named - to spare - I
would be glad of it.

We plan to leave here Tuesday - the 27th
leave Yarmouth by boat Thursday night - Boston
Friday - and I shall be back at 246 - on Monday
August 2 - to take up again the routine of business.
more's the pity!

We look back upon our stay at Sandy Cove
with interest - and perhaps not without some
regret - Of more rugged character - less sophisticated
the at-sea-ness of it still impresses us
favorably - and we would feel sorry if we
could get there again - Botanically - August
would be an interesting month there - The
season ~~has~~ been late - some weeks
perhaps - and plants late in developing
Ponds high water to the marginal bushes -
In August - I could go to a "lake" where
Fernald reports Schizaea by the acre - I did
make the trip from Sandy Cove - some 8 miles -
found the place - but careful search failed to
reveal the plants - altogether too early -
evidently - The bogs generally - would
doubtless show many more things, as
would the pond shores - which last, would
have many things doubtless - to show the
inquisitor - You will hear from us again

but not until after we reach home -
"home" meaning - 81 Pinckney St - and
our camp bungalow at Highland Lake -

Charlotte joins me in cordial messages
to Miss Brown and yourself - and in
the hope that all still goes well with
you both -

As Ever -

Rob.

Please give our cordial messages
to Gus - and to Lawrence and his
wife -

I think I never saw the yarrow
of so deep a color - as that I find
here - The enclosed is an illustration -

recd 7/– ,21

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF BOSTON
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS

Aug. 18, 1936

Dear Walter – Recd visit Aug 21

I have lunched – not with you – but alone, alas!

I had an interesting visit yesterday – When I arrived at the office at 8.30 am. – I was told that a man was waiting to see me – I learned afterward that he had arrived at 7.30 am.! I found him standing looking out of the window, watching the men laying a pavement in the street – I spoke to him – He turned to me a sober face and said, slowly and quietly – "I'm from Indiana" Later I got his name. My first impression as I saw him – because of his dress – was that he was some workman – might be a machine oiler – a machinist or other mechanic. At once he spoke – I recognized quite something else – and I had a most

8/19 – I have just phoned JRC's office – Miss Booth not there but I am told that JRC is "expected [illegible] any day now" interesting hour with him - then and there - On his motor cycle - which was standing outside - he had ridden from Indianapolis - by way of Quebec. I believe - His luggage, which probably did not exceed five pounds - and included a botanical pressing frame - similar to those we use - nights he "camps" where he happens to be Such plants as he wants he collects - and when he has accumulated a sufficient package - posts it home.

It seems he is attached to the Indianapolis Home for the blind - as an instructor in wood work - carpentry or cabinet making processes, I believe - But he prefers studying to teaching evidently - and when his duties permit - he indulges his pleasures He can quote from literature - repeat Chemical formulas - has a keen interest in biography and in science - including botany - and has an herbarium of some thousands of sheets - He is perhaps sixty odd years. Sturdy - brown - rugged - very likely eccentric - much isolated - I infer - probably not a good "mixer" - but evidently yearns for certain human ~~contacts~~ Contacts - unmarried - has made a home for his mother - no longer living

I at once wished that his homeward journey might take him by way of Shelburne - for I am sure you would have found him interesting and congenial. But he had ridden his steed long enough and was planning to ship it home - and go himself by train - I have no doubt we shall exchange letters - and perhaps a few plants - though I can do but little in that line - He lacks Shore plants - and of course many eastern things - Yet his steed has carried him to Florida - last year - and for next year - he thinks he may go to Nova Scotia, altogether I was immensely interested in him and enjoyed the visit and the conversation.

His name is William Rhodes -
and I have no idea how he happened to know
of me -

I have recently heard from Liberty - Bailey -
I have a few Rubi for him from N.S., a very
few. I have kept duplicates - and shall be
interested in his pronouncement as to their identity
He writes that he is putting into his herbarium
1000 sheets of Rubi -

I have also a letter from J.R.C.

Quite likely you have had a similar one from
him - Anyway I am enclosing it -
You may return it - as I have not yet
replied to it - and quite possibly he
will have returned before I do -

Cordial greetings to our friends who
for aught I know - are dying to hear
from us!

We do not forget the Little House -
Miss Browne's thoughtfulness for our
comfort - and I miss many things we
found there - among them your com-
panionship. You may be sure

As ever · Rob -

I have just found time to go over my package of Nova Scotia plants - and arrange in manual order - awaiting study. The few - very few carices & sedges, I am sending to you - no doubt they are of the common species - You know I know nothing about those [illegible] - If of any interest to you keep them. You may like at least to look them over. If I had had a little more time, I would have written the labels you are waiting for - By the way - please give me such data as I sent with what you say is ~~[illegible]~~ ~~see~~ Daphne Mezereum - I do not find ~~[illegible]~~ any of the plant in my bundle - but may come across it later - but at present I have nothing from which to write your label. Have you Lophiola found anywhere? I'm sorry I cannot be at next Club meeting - an important meeting of C.R.H. will prevent -

As ever R.A.W.

57 Pinckney St
Nov. 1. 1936

BOSTON MASS. G.P.O.R.
NOV 1
6-PM
1926

ADDRESS
YOUR MAIL
TO
STREET AND
NUMBER

THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

Mr. Walter Deane
29 Brewster St.
Cambridge
Mass.

That plant in N.S., I was trying to recall
Monday - is Lophiola - see Rhod. July 1921 pa 160.
The one I sent you from Sandy Cove - was Alchemilla
vulgaris - very abundant roadsides & fields -
everywhere on that part of Digby Neck - I saw
it nowhere else!

Fernald was in that region in August -
latter half - So that beside my inferior vision as
compared with his - I had the disadvantage of being too early
for various interesting things - See what he says
about Schizaea about Tibert Lake "acres of it" - It is
possible I visited the wrong lake - but my guide seemed to
know this by name & locality the one I was after - R.
4-24-36

BOSTON. MASS. G.P.R.B.
SEP 29
5 - PM
1926

ADDRESS
YOUR MAIL
TO
STREET AND
NUMBER

THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

Mr. Walter Deane
29 Brewster St.
Cambridge
Mass.

In Sandburg's "Abraham Lincoln" - which we are reading - the association between John James Audubon is referred to. Writing of the years about 1826 - Sandburg writes =

These were the years John James Audubon, who had kept a store in Elizabethtown, Ky. was travelling the Ohio and Mississippi River regions with knapsack, dog and gun, hunting birds to paint them in oil on canvas - "with their own lively animated ways when seeking their natural food and pleasure. He was among pioneers who moved from Kentucky, and settled at Princeton, Ind. a walker who walked on thousand miles trips, leaving his wife to stay with friends while he lived with wild birds and shot them and sketched their forms. - - -

Audubon went East to Philadelphia in 1824, gave an exhibition of his painting, sold less than enough to pay for the show and was told not to publish his work. In 1827 he began his issues of a work titled "The Birds of America"; which, when finished. was in 87 parts. That same year he reached London, where a barber cut off the ringlets of hair falling to his shoulders, and he wrote under date March 19, 1827. ~~he began~~ "This day my hair was sacrificed, and the will of God usurped by the wishes of man. My heart sank low." - He became an international authority, and sat up until half past three one morning writing a paper to be read the next day before the Natural History Society of London on the habits of the wild pigeon. "So absorbed was my whole soul and spirit in the work, that I felt as if I were in the woods of America among the pigeons, and my ears with the sound of their rustling wings. ———

"Captain Hall expressed some doubts as to my views respecting the affection and love of ~~pigeons~~ pigeons, as if I made it human, and raised the possessors quite above the brutes. I presume the love of the (pigeon) mothers for their young is much the same as the love of woman for her offspring. There is but one kind of love: God is love, and all his creatures derive theirs from his; only it is modified by the different degrees of intelligence in different beings and creatures."

Sept. 2, 1907

LITTLE BOARS HEAD
NEW HAMPSHIRE

My dear Mr. Allen,

Not all delights come as surprises. Not all surprises are delightful. It has remained for you to effect the rare combination with absolute success, and I am writing by return mail to thank you, with all heartiness, for the *admirable* photographs. They prove you a past-master in the art and will constitute a most interesting souvenir of our summer at Little Boar's Head. It was more than kind of you to design this and to spare us these many, interesting prints from your collection. Mr. Warner as well as my mother and sister will show

Helen's and my appreciation of your thoughtfulness, for which I again thank you.

We two are alone left of the family. Mr. Warner left at the end of a two-week stay and my mother and sister followed him a week ago. Helen and I go the end of this week.

I am free to say that we have all mourned the departure of Mrs. Keeler and yourself ever since it happened. There have been no other congenial spirits in the cottage, though it has kept full continuously and is so still.

I can only hope that by returning home when you did you escaped bad consequences of your cold and that all is now well with your back.

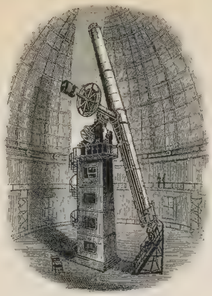
LITTLE BOARS HEAD
NEW HAMPSHIRE

It is very pleasant to hear that you are enjoying the binoculars though, in hearing it, I feel as though I had sneaked into a trade-drumming for the Warner and Swasey Company. Do exonerate me from the intention.

I must not forget to tell you about your robins. The little ones finally hatched out about a week after you left. There were only two. We watched them with deep interest for three days and then they finally disappeared. It seems incredible that the young ones could have flown at that early age. I have not depressed Helen with the suggestion but I have really wondered whether the nestlings did not fall victim to a certain cat that I found prowling about the tree just at that time and whether the parent-birds were not effectually frightened away, if no worse by the same enemy. If you had been here you could have read me the whole story aright, and, also, have named me so many interesting blooms that the autumn is now bringing to perfection, beside giving me all the latest Shakspeare lore and what not! Oh, why did you go, when there was so much ignorance just at hand?

Heartily reciprocating the hope that we may meet again and with greetings to Mrs. Bean as well as your kind self, Believe me

Gratefully and faithfully yours,
Cornelia Blakemore Warner.



36 INCH LICK TELESCOPE

THE WARNER & SWASEY CO.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, U.S.A.

W. R. WARNER, Pres & Secy.
AMBROSE SWASEY, V. Pres. & Treas.
W. M. ALLEN, Works Mgr.

CABLE ADDRESS: SWASEY, CLEVELAND.
"LIEBER'S STANDARD CODE"

September 30, 1907.

Mr. Walter Deane,

Cambrideg, Mass.

My dear Mr. Deane:-

It was a pleasure to hear from you again and to know that the little instrument I sent you has been doing good and faithful service. One part of the business requires a little apology, for our head bookkeeper has been sick and the receipted bill did not get back to me until since his return. I will enclose it in this, for we received your check promptly.

The family are back, settled down in our home and all ready for the cooler weather we must expect so soon. They have many pleasant memories of the summer at Little Boar's Head, a goodly number of such memories being associated with you and Mrs. Deane and it may interest you to know that while several occupied your rooms after you left, none of them seemed to fill the places made vacant by your departure. Even the robins were dissatisfied and the old mother bird raised her children as quickly as possible and all flew away.

Each member of the family sends kindest regards to you and Mrs. Deane.

Very truly yours,

W. R. Warner

AMERICAN BANK NOTE COMPANY, LITHO.

THE WARNER & SWASEY CO.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, U.S.A.

NEW YORK OFFICE: SINGER BUILDING
BOSTON OFFICE: OLIVER BUILDING
CHICAGO OFFICE AND STOREROOM: 618-622 WASHINGTON BLVD.
BUFFALO OFFICE: IROQUOIS BUILDING
DETROIT OFFICE: FORD BUILDING

AMBROSE SWASEY, President
WORCESTER R. WARNER, Vice President
FRANK A. SCOTT, Vice President
L. B. STAUFFER, Secretary
P. E. BLISS, Treasurer
E. P. BURRELL, Works Manager

CABLE ADDRESS: SWASEY, CLEVELAND.
CODES: LIEBER'S STANDARD
NEW BUSINESS

April 17th
1918

After 5 days, return to
THE WARNER & SWASEY CO.
5701 Carnegie Ave.
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Mr Walter Deane
Cambridge Mass

My dear Mr Deane: I have your kind letter which calls to mind a very pleasant acquaintance my family and yours began several years ago at Little Boar's Head. I wish we might meet oftener, but if we cannot meet we can have an occasional letter.

If you will send the binoculars to me by parcel post, I will have them cleaned and put in good order and returned to you with but slight delay.

We made many thousands of these for the English, French and Italian Governments at the beginning of the war, but since our own country got into war we have been so thoroughly filled up with orders for other instruments that we stopped making binoculars.

Mrs Warner, if she knew I were writing, would join her compliments with mine to you and Mrs Deane.

Very truly yours,

W. R. Warner

1871.

Plymouth Jan 6th

My dear Mr Deane

I am very much obliged to you for sending me the Tributes to your father's memory, which I have read with a melancholy pleasure. How much he was admired and beloved by all his associates. The tones of his voice still fall sweetly on my ear. And he was so fond of Plymouth. I anticipated many more pleasant hours with him here.

It seemed as if he had nothing to do, but to live and enjoy his beautiful treasures.

We hear constantly from Prof. Goodwin. He has a heavy burden to bear. He is now in Rome and will go to Athens in the Spring. Here we miss Charlie as if he had been one of our own boys — he was so much in Plymouth, and like your father so fond of the old town.

With my kind regards to your mother and sisters and wife Yours very truly Marston Watson.

Mt. Pleasant, S.C.,
July 26th, 1899.

Dear Mr. Deane:-

I was glad to get your letter of the 21st which came yesterday p.m.! Mr. Gault is certainly a very able letter writer and a most valued correspondent. He makes a beautiful bird skin also. I received a card from Mr. "R. A. Gilbert" stating that the egg came in good condition. He gives a list of species received using the scientific name, but quotes "Canada Goose $\frac{III}{3}$"! as arriving. I never sent any Canada Goose eggs but sent the Gyrfalcons III. He evidently could not make out the scientific name on label. It is: Falco candicans which equals islandus.

The fender and andirons are brass. The former is plain with ribbed sides and the latter are of the acorn pattern

fender and andirons are worth. When you go home in August it will be my pleasure to give you one of the saucers and maybe a cup to this china set I have written you about. I only mentioned a little of the genealogical facts so you would understand about the china. My wife's father has more heirlooms than any old family in the State. He is of ~~french~~ French Huguenot blood and has no other blood in his veins ~~than~~ but that!! His name is Porcher, pronounced Por-shay. His family have the bible that their ancestor Dr. Isaac Porcher brought with him when he refugeed to the province of Carolina in 1685. I am "Yankee" on my father's side: my grand mother was born in Cambridge, Mass., and I wish I had some of the 'Yankee' ingenuity and enterprise in me. Deane is an old New England name. I am a great fellow on genealogical subjects. I think the name of Ruthven is most beautiful and without an equal. You are certainly having a glorious time on the coast of Maine. Bar Harbor and Mt. Desert Island are aristocratic watering places.

Sincerely,
Arthur T. Wayne.

and are quite elaborate. The china consists of 4 saucers, 2 cups (coffee size) milk pitcher, and finger bowl. I was told that it was a complete set, but these are all the pieces I inherited. My sister, (whom Mr. Brewster spent some of his time at her country place when he was in Charleston in 1844) had a good many pieces to this set, but she died last August and her children of course inherit her property. It is not very fine china-ware, but it is most beautifully figured and much admired by every one who has seen it. The ornaments are flowers. This china belonged to my mothers family – the Swinton's of S.C. This family is a very ancient one and I have the genealogy which goes back to 976 A.D. as well as the coat-of-arms showing quarterings of the royal-houses they married in.

My grand mother Harriet Swinton who inherited this china was married to James McCall Bard in 1796. These were my grand parents. I have lots of heirlooms. An old bible printed in London in 1795 with very quaint pictures. Some books that belonged to my cousin Hugh Swinton Legaré. He died in Boston on June 20, 1843 at the house of the Hon. George Ticknor. He was a great scholar and a statesman, and was Attorney General and Secretary of State in Tyler's cabinet. He never married and my aunts children are his nearest relatives. As I was the youngest I did not get the "lions share", but I have some beautiful old English silver ware that is very old. My wife says I must not sell my heirlooms to raise money as better days are in store for me she hopes. I have no idea what

I do not drink anything stronger than tea and that accounts for it! I could never drink whiskey or anything containing alcohol as I am, of too nervous a temperament.

Sincerely,
Arthur T. Wayne.

Mount Pleasant, S.C.,
August 20, 1899.

Dear Mr. Deane:-

Your very interesting letter of the 6th was duly received and I have deferred answering it until you reach your home. I had no idea that R. A. Gilbert was a colored man! He certainly writes well and spells correctly. I consider him vastly superior to hundreds of uneducated whites who live about here in the swamps and he could teach 100 of these rough, low bred fellows. If he was down here on this plantation the negroes would go wild over him and they would call him a "*great*" man.

I was very much interested in your genealogical account of your family. The Swinton's, as I wrote you, were of Scotch descent and came from

Berwickshire. My great, great, great, grand mother was Mary Deane of Deane Hall, England who married John Haynes and came to the province of Carolina in 1700. All of the Hayne family in Charleston are their descendants. Robert Y. Hayne, senator from S.C., who had the debate with Daniel Webster was a descendant. I wish you could tell me something about my grand mothers family. She was born in Cambridge, Mass, and her maiden name was Mary Dane. She was my fathers mother, but he was left an orphan at an early age and knows nothing about the family.

Did you return the Prairie Hen to Mulliken or did you succeed in getting it? I wish you would please send me the paper that Mr. Brewster wrote describing the new Clapper Rail that he named for me. I never knew anything about it until I saw the July Auk where mention was made of the paper! If you will tell me when and where to send the china (saucers) I will forward them to you.

If I decide to dispose of the silver, brasses, and china will be *sure* to let *you* know.

Mr. Gantt wrote me years ago that your brother Ruthven had Audubon's birds that were "handed down" to him - I use his words as I remember them perfectly.

I have a beautiful set of vols. bound in *full* morocco.

I have a very old cut glass decanter shaped like a *barrel*! but there has been no rum, wine, or anything that contained alcohol in it for about five years.

Mount Pleasant, S.C., June 12, 1900.

Dear Mr. Deane:-

I now give you an account of the china (saucer) that I sent. My great, great grand father John Mc Call married Martha Hext April 2, 1729. The china belonged (as I was told) to them. He was the founder of the old S.C. society. His 4th son studied law at the "Middle Temple," England 1775. His daughter, Sarah Mc Call married my great, grand father Joshua Ward April 22nd, 1762. Their second son James Mc Call Ward, married my grand mother Harriet Swinton of the ancient house of Swinton-(See "Burke's Peerage and Baronage)"- on Feby. 15th, 1796. Their youngest daughter, my mother, married my father Capt. Daniel G. Wayne on Nov. 2nd, 1845. My grand father was a lawyer and a Major in the War of 1812. My great, great

Very sincerely,
Arthur T. Wayne.

father was a lawyer and an officer, Continental line, in the Revolutionary War. My great, great, grand father was a lawyer and a Judge in the Colonial period, but I am a poor bird catcher! My mother and my aunt (her sister) inherited this china and to whom it belonged my aunt told me. My mother was a double 1st cousin of Hugh Swinton Legaré - a statesman - who died in Boston, at the residence of Prof. Ticknor. He was a "Union man" and had he lived S.C., would never have seceded. I have his works and a number of his books, while my aunt in Los Angeles has the balance of his belongings. She married his nephew and her 1st cousin. My grand uncle Col. Joshua Ward owned 2000 slaves and was the richest man in S.C., "before the War". His income was more than the income of the State. His descendants today are in abject poverty. As poor as I am today and as badly as I need money I would not skin a snake nor a vulture for $20.00.

Mr. and Mrs. Deane
are cordially invited to the
"Dream of Fair Women"
at the
Waynflete School
Thursday evening, May 27, 1915
at 7.45 o'clock.

The Class of Nineteen hundred fifteen
invite you to be present at the
Graduating Exercises
of the
Waynflete School
Friday morning, June eleventh
at ten o'clock.

East Hartford, Conn.
22 October, 1909

My dear Mr. Deane:

I am sending you herewith, one of the little steel rules which, you may remember, we once spoke about. I hope you will accept it as a token – a very slight and insufficient token – that I have not forgotten your kindness, and Mrs. Deane's, to me while I was in Cambridge. And I hope you may sometimes find it useful.

With cordial regards to Mrs. Deane and best wishes for you both,

Very sincerely yours,

C. A. Weatherby

General Statutes of Connecticut Revision of 1902.
Chap. 84
Sec. 1223
Wilful Injury to trees or vegetables

East Hartford, Conn
April 18, 1910

Dear Mr. Deane:-

The nearest I find to a general law in regard to plants in the Connecticut statutes is this: "Every person who shall wilfully injure any tree or shrub standing upon the land of another, or on the public highway in front of said land, or injure or throw down any fence, trellis, framework, or structure; on the land of another, or shall wilfully cut, destroy, or take away from the land of another, any creeping fern, crops, shrubs, fruit, or vegetable production, shall be fined not more than one hundred dollars, or imprisoned not more than twelve months, or both."

The special laws in regard to _Lygodium_ and _Epigaea_ were passed to save those interesting plants from extermination. The former, as you may know, was so extensively gathered for decorative purposes some thirty years ago as to be nearly wiped out: and the latter was, especially in the western part of the state, picked for the New York market, with rakes and bushel-basket, to such an extent as to make some legal protection for it imperative if any of it was to be preserved. Just how much effect these laws have had, I do not know. The law concerning the wild carrot is nearly an absolute dead letter: I never heard of anyone being brought to book for not obeying it.

Thank you for your letter about the Connecticut Flora. I am glad you found so much in it to commend: and I never expected anyone would take so much interest in the index. It seemed to me this last was more elaborate than a ~~work like the~~ local flora demanded and I tried to cut it down in bulk as much as I could. and still satisfy the director of the Survey. In a few cases, like that of the Mountain Ash which you observed, I did deliberately put in a phrase which did not occur in the text in just that form, partly to avoid complicated indentation and partly to assist people who would probably think of the plant in question under those names rather than the ~~exact~~ one in the text. I don't know whether it was theoretically justifiable or not – I thought it might be useful.

– The Connecticut Society has its first excursion Saturday – the only one of the season which I shall be able to attend.

Sincerely yours

C. A. Weatherby

East Hartford, Conn.
22 December 1911

Dear Mr. Deane:-

I started on its way to you yesterday ~~which~~ a little paper cutter which I thought might interest you because of its origin and the wood of which it is made. I presume you know that the authorities of Winchester Cathedral in England are at present engaged in the interesting engineering feat of replacing its foundations, the old ones of wooden piles after a faithful service of seven hundred years, are giving way and new ones of cement are being put in in a soil so saturated ~~by~~ with water that much of the work has to be done by divers. Meanwhile the great stone bulk of the building is held practically suspended by an elaborate system of timber braces.

One of the ways in which money is raised for the work is by the sale of small articles made from the old piles which have been taken out. I am sorry that the paper-cutter I am sending you was slightly injured in the course of a year's travel: but perhaps you will like to see how beechwood looks after seven hundred years. Incidentally, it is interesting to note that the Norman builders of the twelfth century apparently knew the water-resisting qualities of this wood.

The weather has remained so long open and mild that my time and energies have been much taken up with the auto. For the past week also I have been on the sick list with an annoying indigestion. If this letter is unusually illegible, I hope you will be disposed to pardon it, on the ground that it is written on my knees as I sit up in bed – being still too lazy to arise before mid-morning.

Nevertheless, I have found opportunity to do a little botanical work in the way of mounting specimens and have a problem on my hands in the shape of a considerable quantity of pamphlets which gathered during my absence and for which I have no place.

With cordial regards to Mrs. Dean and best wishes for your Christmas and New Year – in both of which my mother joins –

Sincerely yours,

C. A. Weatherby

and if that did not convince him, the fact would be clinched by the lack of salt in the cooking and by the typical English bread – sweet and wholesome enough apparently, but close-grained, heavy and without any crispness in the crust. However, I have no great protest coming against bread as decent as that. The worst bread in the world – or rather in my experience of the world – is made in Sicily. It is raised with barm and in addition ~~to~~ to possessing all the other qualities which bread should not have, is usually sour.

I succeeded in getting to the New England Club meeting at Greenfield and had a very good time there, as, I think, everyone else did except perhaps Mr. Ware, who got into a burned-over country where nothing at all grew, and seemed somewhat cast down over his experiences. I was very sorry to hear that Dr. Robinson had been ill again. I hope he is all right by

---

Rec'd June 5/12

Onboard S·S· "CRETIC."

May 19th 1912

Dear Mr. Deane:-

As usual, I am writing you much later than I meant to; but I fear that can be said of almost all my letters; except ~~that~~ those which business compels to be on time. Nevertheless, I do sometimes think of my friends; and I have often thought of my pleasant little visits with you in March; and wondered how the Asters were getting on; and regretted that I couldn't have gone over with you all of your interesting collection. No doubt you have it all in order – all the Asters, I mean, – ere now – and enjoyed the job.

As for me, I have managed to keep

Then, the Connecticut Botanical Society has started an herbarium and I have been at New Haven several times working at that. Then there is the auto and the preparations for this trip and so on — I have found enough to do.

Now we are fairly started — and very pleasantly — beautiful weather, sun shining, breeze blowing, a little too cool for perfect comfort but not enough to raise the waves. Everything has settled down into the regular steamer routine — five meals a day, counting bouillon in the morning and tea in the afternoon — and novels, letters, naps in the steamer-chair and walks about the decks and chats with one's fellow-passengers in between. Except that the dining tables are still gay with farewell flowers, we might have been out a month. It is perfectly obvious that this is an English ship. One could tell that as soon as he heard the ~~or~~ voices of the stewards and stewardesses

pretty busy ~~when~~ since I saw you. Mr. Bissell and I have been looking over and arranging the herbarium at Wesleyan University which has been long neglected, nobody, I think, having paid much attention to it since John Hendley Barnhart was in college there: and he didn't do very much. There is some interesting stuff there: the entire collection of ~~old~~ D. eccentric old Dr. Barratt, who used to wander about the Middletown hills and meadows about 1830 to 1840. He was strong on willows and sedges and got hold of several good things. He had, for instance, Mr. Fernald's Carex vesicaria, var. jejuna duly named, but seems never to have published the name properly. He corresponded, too, with many botanists of his time: and has a full set of Dr. Gray's American Gramineae and Cyperaceae and a good many specimens from Darlington, De Candolle, — S. B. Buckley and others.

On board S.S. "CRETIC."

.................................191

now. Who have they got as assistant at the Herbarium this summer? I had little chance to talk with Mr. Fernald and did not find out.

My mother joins me in cordial regards and best wishes to Mrs. Deane and yourself. I shall be more than glad to hear from you if, sometimes, you feel like writing.

Sincerely yours,

Rec'd Sept 16/12

Burgos, Spain
Sept. 5, 1912

Dear Mr. Deane:-

First let me thank you very sincerely and abundantly for your long and good letter of mid-July. Especially when one speaks foreign languages with as little and with as much difficulty, as I, one has a peculiar sense of strangeness and loneliness in these lands where speech and so many of the details of every day life are different from what one is accustomed to at home. One feels out of the known world and - well, you don't know how welcome news from home is, until you have tried it.

So I was particularly glad to hear all the news from Cambridge - of the Herbarium, where the new building is going to be, I think, the best equipped of its kind and very far from the worst looking; of the Club: and, not least, of yourself.

of which and the work done here, Linnaeus named so many species ~~was~~ "monspeliensis" or "monspessulanus." Each of them, I found, had some particular points of interest. At Zurich, for instance, Schinz has certain beds of plants illustrating types of inflorescence and other characters. The Geneva garden is admirably well kept and up to date, with an excellent little museum and an admirable Alpine garden. Also, so far as I could tell, all the American golden-rods and Asters were correctly named - which is not always the case. Montpellier was perhaps the most interesting of all. It is well-kept and well-equipped with herbarium-building, hot-houses, potting house, etc. There is little to show its age except the size and beauty of its trees and the busts with which it is adorned, of botanists of long ago who have worked there. Some of them go as far back as the fifteenth century and are scarcely known now except to an occasional historian like

I was most sorry to hear that Mrs. Coolidge was not well. I hope that your anxiety about her proved to be unfounded.

Since I wrote you last we have been making our way, slowly, over numerous mountain passes and with a good many delays from bad weather, through Switzerland, then through southern and central France and now through Spain, whence we sail for home, from Gibraltar, on October 6th. Switzerland gave me my first sight of glaciers and my first of snow-clad mountains since I was a very small boy. And they are beautiful and impressive beyond description. The higher parts of Switzerland, however, are, as a whole, rather bleak and stern and forbidding – a country suited only to one's strenuous moods. If you want to use up superfluous physical energy, to work and climb and overcome difficulties and battle with storms, it is the place to go: but for lazier moods in which one wants to lie back and rest among pleasantly and quietly beautiful surroundings – go anywhere but to Switzerland! It does give you, though, some wonderful impressions if you are willing to work for them. I shall not soon forget one walk I took, in a cloudy twilight which cast a peculiar silvery glow on all the landscape, over the bare rocks and occasional snow-banks at the top of the Grimsel pass and by a little black lake into which, as I remembered keenly at the time, the fact seemed to fit so well with the dim and wild surroundings, ~~many~~ the dead bodies of many French and Russian soldiers were thrown after a battle in the vicinity in 1799.

As opportunity offered, I have taken occasion to inspect such botanic gardens as came in my way – principally Schinz's little one at Zürich, Briquet's fine new one at Geneva, and the ancient and historic one at Montpellier, in honor have, in the dry, clear air a certain beauty, both of form and color, of their own. But at this time of year, they are no place for a botanist. Only a few spiny xerophytes and a tiny but determined pink Colchicum are doing any business at all; other vegetation is altogether dead and dried. I suppose, though, that if there are spring rains, these hills might be a mass of flowers early in the season.

With renewed thanks for your kindness in writing me, and with most cordial regards to Mrs. Deane and yourself, in which I know my mother would wish to join, were she at the moment within reach,

Sincerely yours,

C.A. Weatherby.

Prof. Greene, or, as in the case of Peter Magnol, when some one has named a genus after them. Owing to the rather dry and hot climate, this garden is able to maintain, in the open air, plants of the arid portions of this and of our own Southwest, which one does not ordinarily see in botanic gardens. There are a goodly number of such, and I found several of my old friends of last summer, with which I made acquaintance among the Wright plants I was working with. Another thing which interested me was a gingko tree which had been changed from its normal dioecious to a monoecious condition, by grafting branches from a female tree on to a male one. The female branches kept their sex perfectly and have been, according to the inscription, bearing fruit ever since 1835. Another feature of the garden which rather appealed to me were labels bearing maps which showed graphically and at a glance the geographical distribution of the species concerned.

Now we are in Spain. Across the street from our hotel ~~is~~ are large barracks in about the door-way of which lounge groups of little, dark-skinned, soldiers in uniforms of white with very narrow dark stripes and brimless blue caps. Their Mauser carbines are so small they look like toy guns, but no doubt are deadly enough in action; and a battery of field guns which just went by, manned by a lot more of just such little fellows - the same sort we were fighting, not so very long ago, in Cuba, - the cannon looked deadly. Out of one window I can see a gaudy poster advertising a bull-fight - "gran corrida de toros". Happily, that took place last Sunday, so that we shan't even be asked to buy tickets. In the street you can see two-wheeled carts going by, drawn by strings of four or five mules tandem - the most wasteful possible method of applying the power. There are plenty of peasants, too, with round flat caps and long [illegible], you frequently [illegible] [illegible] their necks and [illegible], one end hanging [illegible], and in[illegible] [illegible] in their [illegible]. And everywhere I hear the accents of another strange language -- something like the sixth, counting dialects, which I have encountered, so far. This one, unfortunately, has one vocable - the j and soft g - which, so far, I am totally unable to pronounce.

Spain so far as we have seen it, is not a particularly attractive country. It is chiefly a region of low hills altogether bare, barren and parched in appearance and yet on which the inhabitants continue mysteriously to raise large fields of grain. The mystery is partly explained when we pass through a railway cutting and observe that the loose upper soil as dry as the Sahara itself, is shallow and that beneath it are layers of clay or rock from which water may sometimes be seen to trickle. -- For all their barrenness, these hills rec'd Nov 22/12

East Hartford, Conn.
21 November, 1912

My dear Mr. Deane:-

After all, we came home Tuesday and I had no opportunity to see you again. I am so sorry to have been about Boston so - comparatively - long and to have seen so little of you. I shall try to make sure that it doesn't happen again and that next time we may have a good long talk. I have appreciated more, probably, than you can realize unless you have been in a similar position, your kindness in writing me all the news. "Sights" may interest but their interest is not so keen and doesn't go so near the heart as that which attaches to home and its doings.

I should have liked to hear about your

last winter; and Miss Day suggested a bibliographical ~~no~~ matter which may possibly prove worth looking up.

My mother joins me in most cordial regards to Mrs. Deane and to you.

Sincerely
C. A. Weatherby

[illegible] [illegible]. But perhaps it has furnished the material for a Rhodora article in which case I shall hear about it anyway. When I was in college they were filling in the ground where Riverbank Court now stands, at the Cambridge end of the Harvard Bridge, with material pumped up from the bottom of the Basin, and it was interesting to see how various halophytes — Salsola, Atriplex and the like, flourished in the new ground as long as the salt remained in it and gradually disappeared as it leached out: until now such of that territory as is vacant bears the usual ~~[illegible]~~ waste ground flora.

I suppose I am settled now for a winter here. I have a little botanical work in prospect on the old herbarium of Joseph Barratt at Wesleyan University — which Mr Bissell and I began to put in order

East Hartford, Conn.
22 December, 1912

Dear Mr. Deane:-

I was glad to get your post-card, as I always am glad to hear from you, and to get the Cambridge news which you so kindly furnish.

Here, there is not much to record. My mother has had a bad cold which has seriously interfered with her Christmas activities. Still, there have been Christmas activities and they, with some duties which devolved upon us in consequence of the illness of a good friend of ours here and a death in his family, have kept us pretty busily occupied of late, and two boxes of plants which have long waited for mounting, waiting still longer. However, *Euphorbia Cyparissias* in fruit, from the herbarium of Mr. Deane, is at last safely on its nice white sheet.

I am enclosing by way of Christmas remembrance, a small object which may perhaps interest you as a specimen of the metal work done at the ancient factory in Toledo where the famous "Toledo blades" were made. The books say that swords were manufactured there even in Roman times; but I suspect this damascening of metal is a heritage from the Arabs.

My mother joins me in heartiest greetings and good wishes for the New Year to Mrs. Deane and yourself.

Sincerely yours,

C. H. [illegible]

East Hartford, Conn.

25 December, 1912

Dear Mr. Deane:

Many thanks for the exquisite little book of pictures. The very pleasantest day, or rather half-day, I spent in London was at the Herbarium building in Kew Gardens, where the mere mention of Dr. Robinson's name caused me to be received with open arms; but an artist who was not also a botanist could not be expected to include that! But he has made all the other places beautiful and some of them pleasantly reminiscent and others, which I did not see, so attractive that I wish I had. I promise myself much future pleasure in looking at this little book.

With gratitude for your kindly remembrance of us and with all good wishes,

Sincerely yours,

C A Weatherby

Ans'd June 25

East Hartford Conn.
22 March, 1914

Dear Mr. Deane:

I expected to see you before this - however, I am always more or less the sort of [illegible] when it comes to making plans [illegible] [illegible] me, and not much disappointed when I have to make sudden changes or omissions. At least, as a matter of emotional economy, I try not to be much disappointed. But I did want to hear what Mrs. Brainerd had to say about blackberries.

Nevertheless, I have had an exceptionally pleasant winter. One of its pleasing events was the Wagnerian opera in New York. As you very likely know, they give a special performance of the "Ring" each winter, in a series of four weekly matinées. Our train service is so arranged that we can go down to a matinée performance and be home by ten o'clock in the evening, very comfortably. So this year, my mother bought season tickets for the Ring.

With cordial regards to Mrs. Deane and best wishes

Sincerely yours,

C. A. Weatherby

Last summer was the first for five years that I have had any considerable time in the field and if I didn't make the most of it, at least I made as much as I could. I have some duplicates — but you have so nearly everything that I suppose it is no use to offer any of them to you. I am sending you, however, in fulfillment of a previous threat, a specimen of *Panicum Commonsianum* from South Windsor. Even this is not so good as I could wish. I collected the "vernal" culm on a hot dry day and had no opportunity to press the material; and by the time I got it home the leaves were dried up past remedy. But I am sending it along for what it is worth.

This is an inadequate little note and very much about myself; but back of it is the memory which I always have of the many pleasant hours and the many kindnesses for which I am indebted to you. I hope you, too, have been having a good time and will let me hear about it when you are so disposed.

She was peculiarly unfortunate, being prevented by sudden little illnesses or other unexpected events from going to any of the performances. I, however, got to three and missed the fourth only because our water-pipes chose that morning to freeze. And to me, there is no keener pleasure than to hear that great and peculiarly divine music rendered as perfectly as they now do it at the Metropolitan.

Then, I have had several visits to Cambridge; and best of all, perhaps, I have been unusually busy with many little things enough to keep me occupied without working me too hard. And that I consider a happy condition. There has been work on the Connecticut Botanical Society's herbarium; the finishing of what Mr. Bissell and I have been doing on the Barratt herbarium at Wesleyan, and five hundred odd numbers of my own to classify, mount and distribute. Some of the mounting has been done for me; but even so, there remains a time-consuming lot of work, as you doubtless know from past experience.

East Hartford, Conn.
27 November, 1914

Dear Mr. Deane:-

Didn't you tell me, some time last year, about a series of star maps or an astronomical magazine, or something of the sort, which had interested you? I am almost sure you did but can remember no details. We have a friend who is interested in amateur astronomy and should like to give her, for Christmas, the thing you mentioned, if it corresponds with my recollection. Would it be too much trouble to tell me just what it is and where I can get it? I should be ever so much obliged.

I should like to make this a letter but haven't the time just now. I've been having lots of fun going through and sorting my last summer's collections. They are not very voluminous but I find a few good things in them - two new to Connecticut, possibly three, one new to Massachusetts and possibly one to Maine.

I hope all goes well with you.

With cordial greetings to Mrs [illegible]

Sincerely, yours.

East [illegible], Me.
April 2, 1915

Dear Mr. Deane:—

I wonder if the late Professor Bessey was among the many botanists you have known and, if he was, would you be willing to write a short notice of his life for the Fern Journal — not more than two pages, about 600 words? Prof. Bessey was, as you know, a member of the American Fern Society, and Dr. Benedict wishes to give him an adequate notice. I know no one who will do it quite so sympathetically and well as you.

I am sorry to limit you so strictly, as to length, but space in the Journal is at a premium just now. We should want the notice in time for the next number which we expect to issue about the middle of May.

I have no luck in getting to Club meetings, this winter. Today's is the third I have planned to attend and have been cheated out of by a meeting, which came up at the last minute. However, I hope to be in Cambridge before long for a little work in the herbarium.

I trust all goes well with you — With all good wishes and cordial regards to Mrs. [illegible],

Sincerely yours

East Hartford, Conn.
16 January, 1916

Dear Mr. Deane:-

To be in Cambridge five days and not to see you at all is a bad record, isn't it? Yet that is the one I made last week. The trouble was, I waited till I should have finished my work, or nearly so, so that I should have more time for you; and then was obliged to come home unexpectedly, before the work was done. However, I hope to be back again for the Club celebration and shall surely see you on that great and auspicious occasion.

No, I did not deliver the picture of the Japanese birds. That was done by its maker — for, in case you have not found it out for yourself, I want to confess that the drawing is not an original print — that was beyond me — but a copy made for me by a clever friend of mine in Boston. She kept, I think, all the decorative effect of the original and whatever virtues it may have as a portrait of snipe and I thought these qualities might make it worthy to serve as a Christmas remembrance for you.

I was sorry indeed to hear of the death of Mrs. Fernald's father. I hope the troubles of that unfortunate family may be nearly over.

This is the eighteenth letter I have written today, so you will perhaps pardon me if it is a short one. With cordial regards to Mrs. Deane and in the expectation of seeing you next time,

Sincerely yours,

C. A. Weatherby

I am enjoying Fabre immensely.

East Hartford, Conn.
19th February, 1916.

Dear Mr. Deane:-

I certainly have hard luck trying to see you of late: two attempts this last visit to Cambridge and nothing accomplished. But I'm still hoping for better luck next time.

I asked Miss Foster about the source of her picture and she said it was copied from one of a collection of Japanese drawings of birds bound up in a sort of pamphlet. as the titles are all in Japanese, she could give no further information.

I had a fine time at the Club dinner

There seems to have been a division of counsel as to costume. I consulted a man whom I thought ought to know and was told to wear ordinary clothes: another member consulted another authority and was told to put on his dress suit — and we both obeyed orders. - But that didn't interfere with anyone's enjoyment

With all good wishes,

Sincerely yours,

C A Weatherby

Ans'd Nov 29

East Hartford, Conn
Nov. 26, 1918

Dear Mr. Deane:-

Your post-card came in the nick of time just when I had planned to make a trip to Southington in search of a barrel of apples for my mother. I called on Bissell on the way and have the Hartford Amsinckia at present in my possession. It is not a very good specimen, but maybe Mr. MacBride can name it. Of the Salisbury collection, Bissell has no material. If there is any now extant it is in Mrs. Phelps's Salisbury Herbarium which is kept at the Scoville Library, Salisbury, Conn. Whether you could borrow it or not - or to whom you should apply, I do not know;

but I can find out from one of my Salisbury friends and will if you wish.

Mrs. Bissell fell and sprained her ankle not long ago and before she was active again Miss Brooks, her friend and companion who had lived with them for a long time somewhat as Miss Brown with you, was taken suddenly sick and died after a few days. These things no doubt explain why Bissell did not answer your letter more promptly.

I expect to be at the next Club meeting and am planning to bring the specimen then; but can send it if you wish it before.

I'm glad to hear that all goes well with you.

Sincerely yours

C. A. Weatherby.

C. A. WEATHERBY
~~1062 MAIN ST.~~ 11 Wells Ave
EAST HARTFORD, CONN.

9 Dec., 1918

Dear Mr. Deane:-

I have been on the point of writing you for several days, but have waited until I could perhaps tell what I was going to do next. As you know, I planned to be at the Club meeting: but a few days before a minor domestic catastrophe took place here. My mother's maid had a fall — nothing very serious, fortunately, but enough to put her out of action for a week. And, as usual when such events occur, I have had to stay around and look after things.

I still hope to get away some time this week. If I find within a day or two, that I cannot, I will send along the [illegible] (I should say, the Hartford) [illegible] which I have. I have written to [illegible] asking for the loan of the specimen there but have [illegible] heard nothing [illegible] it, though about a week has elapsed. Doubtless they are not much used to lending specimens there, and may be deliberating as to whether or not they should take the awful risk.

I am very sorry indeed to have held up your work though in the case of the Salisbury specimen, I could not have moved faster anyway. I am so sorry also to hear that you have been ill. Don't do it again.

With all good wishes from me as well

Sincerely.

C.A. Weatherby

11 Wells Ave.
East Hartford, Conn.
March 14, 1920

Dear Mr. Deane:-

Yes, I did send you a specimen of *Carex laevivaginata*, though I cannot now remember just when. I am sorry it has disappeared. Just now my duplicates are in much disorder, but I plan to sort them within the next week or so and will then send you another sheet of this Carex if I have one. I am not sure.

I have been so completely snow-bound that I did not even know you had any cause to use a cane, and very sorry I am to hear it. Whatever the reason, I trust it may soon vanish.

I remember no other winter when we had, as this year, two feet of snow on a level for six weeks at a time. I have had a good deal more exercise than I needed shovelling snow and chopping ice, but in the intervals have contrived to get a good bit of work done on my herbarium.

With love from us both, regards to Miss Brown and all good wishes,

Sincerely

C. A. Weatherby

11 Wells Ave.
East Hartford, Conn
6 April, 1920

Dear Mr. Deane:-

I have a sheet of *Carex laevivaginata* for you. But before I send it, will you please look and see if I ever sent you *Eleocharis interstincta* and *Aster nemoralis* from Thompson, Conn. — the only known station for these two species in this state? I know I meant to, but am not quite sure that I did. If I didn't, there is a sheet of each left to which you are welcome.

L. S. Hopkins is a teacher of biology in a normal school at Kent, Ohio. He is especially interested in ferns and is curator of the it would have been begun sooner, except that I expected to be in Cambridge the latter part of March and to see you, but couldn't, under the circumstances, get away.

Many thanks for the Easter greeting. It is very pleasant to be remembered in such fashion.

I trust the last of your rheumatism departed with the warm days we had a while ago and to such a distance that not a twinge could find its way back with the present return of wintry temperatures.

Both Lena and I are well: she joins me in love to you and cordial regards to Miss Brown.

As always
Sincerely yours,
Alfred Weatherby

herbarium of the American Fern Society. He published a plate and description of the crested form of the lady fern in the Fern Journal vol 9, p. 86, under the name *Athyrium angustum* var. *cristatum*. He writes me that he is at present engaged in working up an account of the pteridophytes of Ohio under the auspices of some state scientific organization.

April 8. Just then I was interrupted and only now after forty-eight hours, am I getting at this note again. My mother has been in bed for about two weeks with an attack of grippe—not particularly violent but exceedingly persistent—and it is astonishing how much time is absorbed by the various little things I have to do for her and about her house. Her illness is otherwise the cause of tardiness in this communication:

Weatherly C.A.

East Hartford, Conn

February 20, 1921

Dear Mr. Deane:-

Many thanks for the information about Miss Helen Day's death. I often think that to go suddenly, as she did, with, at worst, a few hours of suffering, is the best way for the one who goes; but it is hard for the survivor. Given health, Mrs. Riddle will evidently make good; people of her courage and resourcefulness do. But her husband's death, with the best of his working life yet to come, is one of those tragedies for which one finds it hard to forgive the Powers that Be – or, if you prefer, hard to understand.

I thought you might have the necessary data in regard to Mr. Terry conveniently at hand and so ventured to ask you for an obituary. But we certainly did not want to foist any burden on you; and, in any case, it would not have been worth while for you to look up her history for the very brief notice we could give space for. Thank you for the suggestion as to Professor Ganong. Underwood has also suggested Harold Rugg; between them, we shall get something suitable.

I wonder if you are getting the snow-storm we are having here. It is really beautiful — though when I note the rapidity with which the snow is gathering and think of my hundred feet of sidewalk and door-yard paths, I do not enjoy it as I should.

Sincerely yours

C. A. Weatherby

ans'd

Gray Herbarium Harvard University

B. L. ROBINSON, Curator

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, U.S.A.

Sept. 14, 1922

Dear Mr. Deane:-

The specimens of Spiranthes were not in very condition when they reached me, but so far as I can make out, they are good enough *S. cernua*, with one exception. That has the flowers in a single rank; but Ames states that this condition occurs sometimes in plants which are otherwise, as this one is, good *S. cernua*. It is a variable species in habit, size, number of leaves, etc., but I can see no variation in essential floral characters--shape of lip, shape and size of callosities, etc.-- in your specimens.

S. Romanzoffiana is, I suppose, best recognized by the marked constriction above the middle of the lip. Also, in southern New England at least, it flowers distinctly earlier than *S. cernua*, from late July to mid-August. It also varies much in the size and thickness of the spikes and the width of the leaves. The floral characters seem to be the only reliable ones.

We are out of the regular Herbarium stationery and don't want to order any more till Dr. Robinson comes back, so we are making a raid on his private stock.

With cordial regards to Miss Brown and all good wishes for the rest of your stay,

Sincerely yours,

C. A. Weatherby

THE YARD, HARVARD, HOLLIS, STOUGHTON AND HOLWORTHY HALLS, HARVARD UNIVERSITY.
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Pub. by Harvard Co-Operative Society, Cambridge, Mass.

POST CARD

June 19, 1924

Hope you found everything fine at Shelburne and are having your usual good time. Nearly 2000 tickets were taken up at the Gardens party and some hundreds of people came in to see the Herb. We miss you here. — Our new assistant is on hand. — Regards to Mr Brown CAW

THIS SPACE FOR MESSAGE.

Post Cards of Quality. — The Albertype Co., Brooklyn, N.Y.

CAMBRIDGE
JUN 19
10 AM
1924
MASS.

38

Mr. Walter Deane
Shelburne
New Hampshire

Recd
June 20

THIS SPACE FOR ADDRESS.

recd Sept 11
Ans'd [illegible]
Sept 12

Sept. 9, 1924

Dear Mr. Deane:-

Here we are in Cambridge again and at work, both of us, at the Herbarium, finishing up the distribution and other bits of work. Dr. Hirschy left Saturday. He did a good job at getting the year's grist of specimens in; but one man can hardly do it all and the Rubiaceae, Ericaceae and ferns remain for us.

Dr. Robinson is here to look after various distinguished visitors who have signified their intention of making calls on us. Most of them have been at the meeting of the British Association at Toronto. Dr. Stapf was here Sunday. He, you know is one of the staff at Kew. Rendle of the British Museum, Major Chipp of Kew and Ostenfeld of Copenhagen are also expected; and finally, a Dr. Glück of somewhere in Germany who is studying water-plants. Also Professor Babcock of the University of California is also here for three months' work. So September is not likely to be the very quiet time it usually is here.

When you get back, one of your duties will be to acknowledge on behalf of the Club Library, the gift of a copy of Pease's Flora of Coös County from the author. I have seen it lying on the table in the Club room. Dr. Pease was kind enough to send me a copy, too. It is a fine and accurate piece of work.

I hope the rest of the summer has gone as well with you as it seemed to be going when you wrote me. Perhaps you will get back here in time for us to have a glimpse of you. We expect to stay until about the twenty-fourth.

Una joins me in greetings to Mrs. Brown and in especial ones to you.

Sincerely yours

C. H. Weatherby

rec'd
Oct 31

Oct. 29, 1924

Dear Mr. Deane:

Your plant seems to be *Primula mistassinica* Michx., though without the leaves I am none too sure of it.

We are making the most of the fine weather with long auto rides during which we collect - not plants at this time of year, but photographs of old tomb-stones. We even got a church the other day. We thought we had all there were within a day's ride but this one turned up unexpectedly in Otis, Mass.

I won't write much now, as I have various unanswered letters waiting for me and I hope to see you before long. I plan to start for Cambridge a week from today.

That reminds me that rooms may be scarce this year and that last year Miss Brown spoke to me of a friend of hers, Miss Day I think, who had a room she wanted to rent to transients. Would that room still be available, I wonder?

Sincerely, as always

C. A. Weatherby

20 November, 1924

Dear Mr. Deane:-

I don't think we have yet got to the bottom of the matter of *Asplenium* pictures. I did not know that you had a blue-print of one of Davenport's ~~plant's~~ specimens of *A. ebeneum*, var. *Hortonae*. So, when Mrs. Weatherby found the thing, at Somers, Conn, and we brought it home and photographed the living plant, I sent you a copy of the photograph (under the modern name of the plant, *A. platyneuron* var. *incisum*). It is that which is lost. You don't need it, having Davenport's blue-print; but if you want it, it will give Mrs. Weatherby and me much pleasure to replace it.

I can't tell you how great a pleasure and convenience it was to me to occupy your room and how much I enjoyed the opportunities it gave to visit with you. I think you may feel that you have done a service to the Herbarium as well as a great and friendly kindness to me. Thank you.

I found so much to do at the Herbarium that, far from being on my way home at nine o'clock, I did not get away from there until four and then, after some hurried shopping, just caught the 5:50 train, sans supper. That's however. I could happily get on the train. It is colder and drier than ever; the blue flower will never get a chance to bear fruit. I had never happened to see one of those before and am somewhat curious as to how it works.

The *Woodsia scopulina* will go to you tonight or tomorrow.

Una sends heartiest greetings. I am writing separately to Miss Brown.

As always
Sincerely yours
C.A.W.

Nov. 23, 1924

Dear Mr. Deane:-

The specimens of *Woodsia scopulina* will finally go to you tomorrow morning. This is much later than I promised, but from catching cold or some other reason I got my Cambridge indigestion back in a worse degree and have had to leave out all but necessary things during the week. The things left out included yesterday's game: but in view of the weather and the result I can look on that omission without regret.

The occurrence of *Woodsia scopulina* in the southern Alleghanies and in the

Ozarks (where it has been found within a year or two) at isolated stations far south of its range as given in the Manuals, is rather remarkable. Specimens of it from those regions possess unusual interest in consequence; that was why I wanted you to have some of them.

I hope all goes well with you. Cordial regards to Miss Braun

As always

CJW

Your card has just come. I am glad the "barometer" works. It is rather an amusing idea -

30 November 1924

Dear Mr. Deane:-

The days slip by very fast. It seems that I have been home only a little while, and certainly I have not accomplished much; yet already it is time to be thinking about going to Cambridge again.

It is really lovely of you and Miss Brown to offer to take me in again. I am following directions in letting you know when I am coming, but on condition that you will not have me if it is in any slightest degree inconvenient, will feel no responsibility for me, and will let me know at once if you med the room.

I am planning to leave here on the train Thursday Dec. 4th and to reach Cambridge in the early evening, as I did last time

I hope all goes well with you. Una is having a busy time with our old cat, who was caught by two dogs in the yard day before yesterday. We got there in time to save her life but she was pretty badly mauled and takes a lot of nursing.

Yours as always,

CTW

Weatherby Co.
Xmas letter

21 December 1924

Dear Mr. Deane:-

I have been indulging myself in rather a lazy time the past week (practically nothing has happened except a meeting of the Directors of the Connecticut Botanical Society, corresponding to the Council of the N. E. B. C.); and the days have slipped by before I knew it. It hasn't been so with you, if you carried out your program; I hope you did and enjoyed it all.

Here is another historical document or little reminder of old times from the Davenport papers. I was in college when it was written, approaching the end of my junior year.

It was very good to with you again – a

veritable boon to me. I am only sorry I could not do quite as much visiting with you this time.

My my best thanks and my love and my best wishes (in Mrs. Weatherby joins) for your Christmas and New Year.

Sincerely as always

U.F.W.

Rec'd
Dec 29

December 25, 1924

Dear Mr. Deane:—

It is downright lovely of you to give me the copy of Michaux. Between botanists, there could hardly be a better proof of friendship; and I shall value the book accordingly, even as the chief among my books. Of course I want your name in it — that will be a large part of its value. I should also like you to write in it, if you have not done so already, a little history of the book. — Thank you with all my heart.

If nothing happens I expect to go

to Cambridge on January 2nd arriving in time for the Club meeting and if you like and have nothing better on hand to take you to dinner somewhere before it. Then we can decide about strengthening the cover of the Michaux – though I imagine that unless the book is actually in danger I should prefer to keep it as it is. We can also talk about something else which I can tell you now though I couldn't very well before. We purposely left the little picture we sent you unframed because we were not sure what you might want to do with it. But if you would like it framed, I will get it done for you while I am in Cambridge

With thanks again and love from us both

Yours as always

Alfred Weatherby

Dec. 30, 1924

Dear Mr. Deane:-

Of course I shall be delighted to stay with you and if nothing happens to prevent will appear at your house on the second of January some time during the latter part of the afternoon. My train is due in Boston about 3^{30} P.M. But you must never forget that if at any time it is at all inconvenient for you to have me you mustn't hesitate to say so

I was looking for the Notes sur les Fougères yesterday and wondered if I had left them with you. Thank you for looking after them.

I hope the cold proved a false alarm.

As always yours

Alfred Weatherby

MRS. C. A. WEATHERBY
11 WELLS AVENUE
EAST HARTFORD, CONN.

Jan. 25, 1925

Dear Mr. Deane:-

In one respect, I am glad you were not here to see the eclipse — that is the temperature. It was four below zero when I got down stairs yesterday morning and hard to keep warm in the house, let alone out doors. Otherwise I wish you might have seen the spectacle.

It was so cold we did not attempt to go anywhere — just looked out of our second-story windows, opening them during the moments of totality so as to get a wholly unobstructed view. So far as I can judge from what others have told me, we saw as much as anyone.

As so often happens when a thing is much written about beforehand, the eclipse was not quite as I expected it. In the first place, it was not so dark during the period of totality as I had supposed it would be. Of course, the intensity of the sun's light was visibly diminished for fifteen minutes or so before and after; but at no time was it any darker than on a moonlight night. It was dark enough, however, for the three planets to show plainly, nearly in a row, with little Mercury in the middle.

Secondly ~~the corona~~ – and I suppose, a corollary to the first, – the corona was much brighter than I had expected from the newspaper accounts. As I saw it, it was wholly without color — a narrow rim of intense white light close around the circumference of the moon, fading ~~out~~ into a pearly radiance further out, This had long extensions on both sides in directions parallel to the horizon, so that the outline of the corona as a whole was roughly ~~[illegible]~~ rectangular these extensions were too pale to appear in the newspaper photographs I have seen so far, though no doubt the astronomers have them. It was all over much too soon — those same astronomers must have had to work fast indeed to get what they wanted.

The early morning was cloudy then — low-lying frost clouds and some cirrus, We began to think we should see nothing but just in time the sun rose clear of the last wisp of cloud and we had a perfect view. It is an extraordinary sight — the dead black disc of the moon with its halo of light in the heavens and on earth the queer darkness which is like neither moonlight nor normal twilight. I wish you could have seen it.

Lena joins me in affectionate greetings to you and to Miss Brown.

Yours as always

Alfred Weatherby

wd Jan 29

Jan. 27, 1925

Dear Mr. Deane:

Perhaps you will be interested in the enclosed. Mr. Ripley, the local amateur who made the drawing was bothered by the edge of a cloud; & it seems to me he has the corona much too narrow. But he does suggest the manner in which its longer extensions went out on opposite sides of the sun.

One result of the cloud, which we did not get just here in East Hartford, was iridescent color "like the inside of an Abalone shell" which some observers report extended twenty degrees or more on each side of the sun, even during the period of totality.

Hastily

C.H.W.

([illegible]) Wm Owen

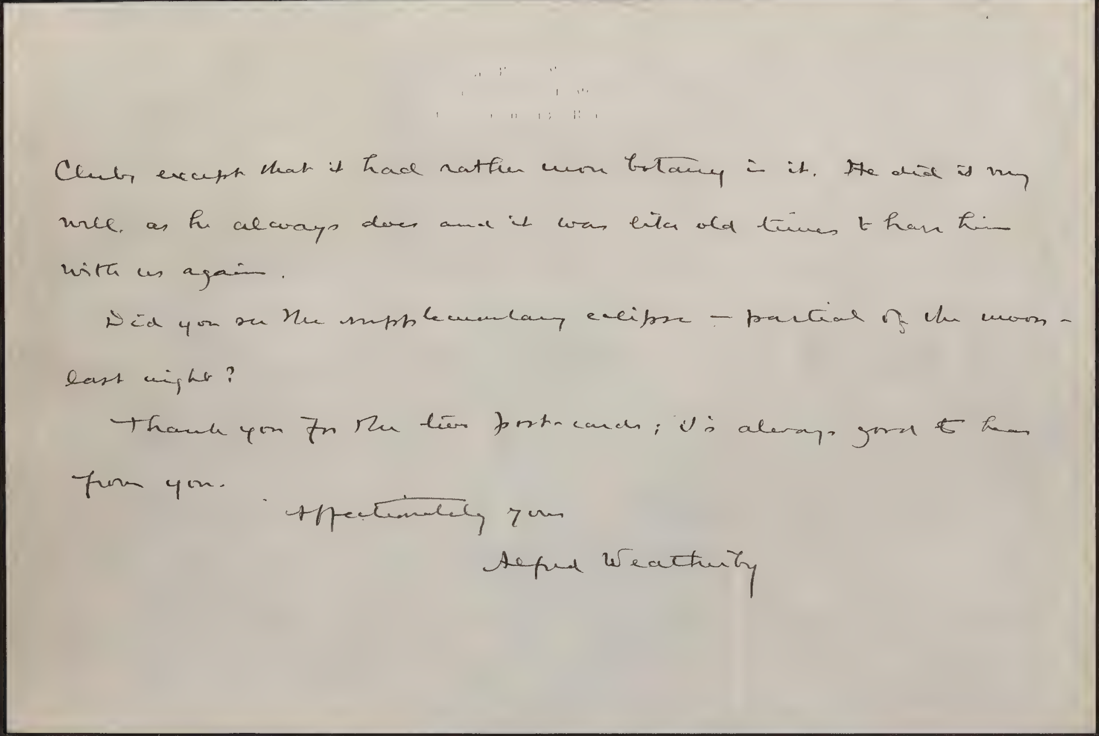
(Alex. Mc Aree)

February 9, 1925

Dear Mr. Deane:-

I sent you this morning the two supplements to the Connecticut Flora which I promised you some time ago. They bring our record up to date (so far as it has been published or at all) except for such notes (like the recent one of Hunnewell's) as may have come along in Rhodora.

As you probably know, Fernald came down and talked to the Connecticut Botanical Society at its annual meeting Saturday. He spent the night before with me; and, at New Haven, gave mainly the same talk that you and I heard him give at the Appalachian



Clubs except that it had rather more botany in it. He did it very well, as he always does and it was like old times to have him with us again.

Did you see the supplementary eclipse — partial of the moon — last night?

Thank you for the two post-cards; it's always good to hear from you.

Affectionately yours

Alfred Weatherby

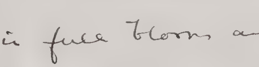
April 15, 1925

Dear Mr. Deane:-

It was a very pleasant little surprise which awaited me on the chair when I left you Sunday morning - many thanks from us both for the attractive card and what accompanied it. The large chocolate egg and most of the little ones have been consumed with pleasure and appreciation

I had a comfortable and uneventful journey home - train on time and everything as it should be. On the way, I read about one hundred and fifty letters from the Davenport correspondence, including a series from Clute which were spicy though not so much so as I had anticipated. I found everything all right here - my hepaticas in full bloom and one of them turned pink and most other things started. I have my early vegetables in now and feel that spring is fairly under way.

I also found a number of unexpected things to do and they have kept me busy ever since I arrived. Una got off for Washington last night at 9:25 on the through sleeper, and I am left to keep house for five cats. It is somewhat of an undertaking. If I were an accomplished artist like you I would draw a picture of myself thus:



Rather large for cats but never mind.

My best thanks, as always, for your perfect hospitality and your many kindnesses to me. As always, yours C.A.W.

April 15, 1925

Dear Miss Brown:-

As I wrote Mr. Isaac, it was a pleasant little surprise that I found on the chair. Mrs. Weatherby joins me in thanks for the pretty card and for the eggs — especially the large chocolate one!

It was characteristically kind of you to want to get breakfast for me; but there was really no need of disturbing your Sunday schedule and I couldn't let you do it. I don't in the least mind going out before breakfast; I am well used to it, both at Cambridge and here, where, in the winter, I attend to my mother's furnace and my own before breakfast.

With heartiest thanks for all the comfort and pleasure you give us

Sincerely yours

C A Weatherby

June 3, 1925

Dear Mr. Deane:-

No — my letter was written May 27th — lapsus calami. — I am interested in your Clinton Prunus. Last fall Miss Marshall sent me one from the same general region which, to date, has me stumped. I was going this spring to visit the place with her, but she died in March. — Maybe yours is the same thing — make a note of it to run down in the fall. Bon voyage to Shelburne — C.H.W.

HARTFORD
JUN 3
1 9 PM
1925
CONN.

THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

Mr. Walter Deane
29 Brewster St,
Cambridge, Mass.

Answered June 23

Rec'd June 16 '25

Cambridge
June 14, 1925

Dear Mr. Dean:-

I have just had a look at your Prunus from Lincoln, Mass., which seems to me *P. americana* Marsh. There is a good deal of that species in Connecticut but judging from the Club list, it is rare in eastern Mass. Your plant is not the same as Miss Marshall's which remains a mystery to me.

I have also looked over the list of local Floras in the Club library and think I can supply a few from among Mr. Bissell's books which you haven't. I will let you know later about that.

Things are moving on about as usual at the Herbarium. I've been busy all this week breaking in a new assistant, Lyman Smith (one of Fernald's pupils who went to the Gaspé with him two years ago) on the distribution. We have worked in the basement all this week and have the preliminary sorting done — which is doing pretty well. Smith is a good worker and quick to "catch on." Johnston left for California this morning to be gone until mid-August. He will be here from that time till November when he starts for South America. Miss Sanderson leaves for Europe at the end of this week. Dr. Robinson is now in Jaffrey opening his cottages but will be back for Commencement — as I believe you said you would be, too. In that case I may get a glimpse of you for I shall be here through Wednesday.

You had a pretty hot day to go to Jaffrey: I hope the journey was not very uncomfortable. I miss you here — though I am as comfortable in my rooming-house, where I am the only lodger as can be under the circumstances.

With all good wishes for the summer and best regards to Miss Brown

Affectionately

C.F.W.

July 8, 1925

Dear Mr. Deane:-

It was good, as always, to hear from you and to know that things are going well as usual with you — and that, long as you have been going to Shelburne, there are still new or interesting things, like the yellow Cypripedium, waiting to be found.

Judging from your letter, I must have said something which led you to suppose that I was definitely planning to visit Shelburne. I wish I could so plan; but all that I meant was that I would make you a call if there were any possible chance to do so. Just at present I am busy getting ready to start for Cambridge tomorrow, via Newport, and the latter for the sake of Una's father who is here on a little visit. I shall be in Cambridge July 13 to Aug. 1; and with that and botanical meetings on Aug. 8th and 16th, probably, it looks as if I might have a busy summer.

I have picked out of Mr. Bissell's books a few local floras of Connecticut for the N.E.B.C. library. It has none of them now. They are all small pamphlets (except the Flora of Southington Conn., which is bound) and won't take up much room. I enclose a list of them. As there specified they are the gift of Mrs. C. H. Bissell, Southington, Conn., in memory of her husband, C. H. Bissell. He, you know, was a non-resident member of the Club elected in 1898, and for a long time was a frequent attendant at its meetings.

If you, as librarian, feel like writing a little note of thanks to Mrs. Bissell, I am sure she would appreciate it.

I have included with the Connecticut Floras three year-books of the N.E.B.C. which I understand we were asked to turn in.

Now I must go pack. Una joins me in love and good wishes to you both

Sincerely, as always

C.A.W.

I forgot to say that I am taking the pamphlets to Cambridge with me and will leave them there for your attention when you return.

rec'd Sept 5.

Sept. 3, 1925

Dear Mr. Deane:–

It is good to get your letter and learn something of what you are up to, and nice to learn that you think of us sometimes. So do we of you, often, though the thoughts do not often get into the form of letters.

Yes the large yellow lady's-slipper is good; and I should have been interested, as you were, in meeting Professor Burgess. I am also very glad to hear something from Fernald. No one at the Herbarium had heard up to the time I left. It was almost a foregone conclusion that with his previous reconnaissance of the region and the

1

I hear from Professor Baily now and then, apropos of Rubus. He has about forty sheets of mine at present and I am much interested to see what he names them, or some of them.

No other news in particular that I think of now. Best regards to Mrs. Ware and [illegible] to yourself and Mrs. [illegible] from us both.

Affectionately

C.A.W.

expert assistance he had this year, he would turn up a lot of new things.

We had splendid weather and a good time in Monterey. Fifteen people in all attended, some of whom I was very glad to meet and all of whom were pleasant and congenial. I saw my first Scott's spleenwort growing, and one of the natives confided to us the existence of a small station for Lygodium palmatum, previously known in that region only from an old and unauthenticated report. In all, we saw fifty species of fernworts.

Since then we have had a week-end trip to eastern Connecticut, to investigate a certain pond on which I have long had my eye. We got quite a lot of interesting stuff but nothing really new to the region.

Hancock N.Y.
Oct. 17, 1925

Dear Mr. Deane:-

Probably you never heard of this place. I never did until we got benighted here last fall and were directed to the local hotel by a friendly old fellow who ran a gasoline station and a camp site. There cannot be many hotels of its kind left. It's a queer, rambling old building, full of furniture of all ages from 1840 to the present, full also of potted plants and bric-a-brac and with no two rooms, I believe, of the same shape and size and no one room of the shops one would expect. In the dining-room a sign informs you that "Christ is the head of this house, the ~~in~~ unseen host at every meal, the silent listener to every conversation". When you go into dinner, you find on the table plates of pickles, chili sauce, tomato conserve, apple sauce, preserved pears, and ginger cookies besides the regular dinner which gives you your choice of four kinds of meat and five kinds of pie. Withal everything is good of its kind.

All of which is by way of saying that we are on our usual autumn trip with my mother, starting a went late because she was laid up with indigestion for a few days. We shall probably get as far as Pittsburgh, if all goes well.

As soon as I can after we get back, toward the last of the month, I shall be heading for Cambridge again.

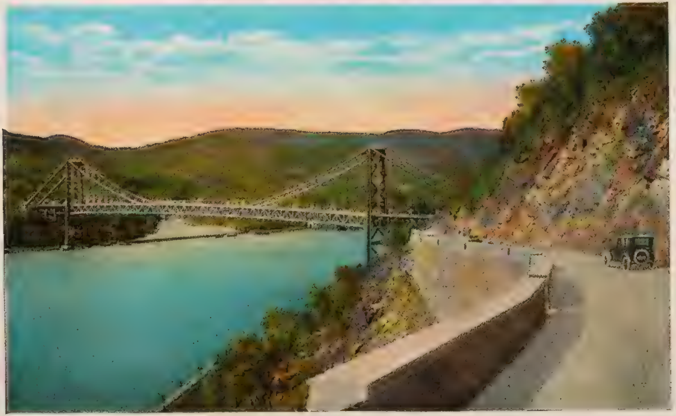
I suppose you had a memorable meeting with Professor Brown. I wish I could have been there but it meant a special trip to Boston and that was more than I thought I ought to do.

Anne joins me in best regards to Mrs Brown and you –

Sincerely, as always,

CHW

APPROACHING THE LAST CURVE ON BEAR MOUNTAIN BRIDGE ROAD, N. Y. 14



The Peekskill Bear Mountain Bridge Road is the Eastern approach to the bridge. Is a newly constructed road, blasted out of the lofty sides of Anthony's Nose and Manito Mountains, and commanding the most picturesque views of the Hudson River.

Its greatest elevation is more than 400 feet above the river.

This road connects the Bridge with the Albany Post Road, and is over three miles long.

This is a new bridge recently built across the Hudson River a little north of Peekskill, N.Y. We went over it this morning and a very picturesque ride it was.

THE RUBEN PUBLISHING CO., NEWBURGH N. Y.

A-101871

RUBEN QUALITY VIEWS

RUBEN

POSTCARD

THIS SPACE FOR ADDRESS ONLY.

PLACE
STAMP
HERE

Dec. 20, 1925

Dear Mr. Deane:-

I certainly did not mean to wait nearly a week before writing you; but since I got back at nine P.M. last Monday, speeded on my way by your friendly aid with my box of documents, I have been busy with something or other every moment – or so it seems, – the climax having come with company for the last two days. Now the company is gone, the Christmas cards and presents nearly all sent off and I can take a few minutes for writing.

Because of the general rush, a little Christmas remembrance which Ina and I am getting ready for you may be somewhat delayed and not reach you until after the proper date. We are very sorry but can't very well help ourselves now. The small package I sent you – without any accompanying message, alas – and which you may be saving for Christmas, contains only your keys, which I carried off in my rather hurried departure. I hope they reached you all right.

I was much interested to hear of the Shakespeare Club and the dinner. Of course the latter was a grand success, as well as a great occasion. I am much pleased if the flowers gave you and Miss Brown any pleasure or contributed at all to the decorations.

I have another busy week ahead with Christmas and a good deal of piled up correspondence and other work. We shall have our Christmas dinner at the house of our neighbor and old friend (my mother's playmate in girlhood) Miss Corning.

I hope to be in Cambridge again in time for the next Club meeting on January first. Probably I shall leave here on that day and arrive in Boston some time in the afternoon.

Una joins me in love to you and Miss Brown. We wish you both a very pleasant Christmas and a New Year full of all good things.

Yours as always

CAW

Dec. 29, 1925

Dear Mr. Deane:-

You shouldn't have sent me anything; the pretty card was quite enough to show that I was included in your Christmas thoughts. But, of course, I'm glad to have the paper and am obeying your injunction at this moment by writing to you on a sheet of it. Many thanks.

I hope you had a pleasant Christmas. Mine was marred by the fact that Lena was not here. She received word that her father would have to have an operation and left at once, on Thursday, the 24th to be with him. I went with her as far as Springfield; and she spent Christmas day on the train. She reports that the dining car provided an excellent dinner, that the Pullman Company passed around Christmas cards - and that porters and waiters expected larger tips than usual.

I have heard, by telegraph, that she arrived on time at Dallas and found everything going as well as could be expected. We do not anticipate any real danger to Mr. Foster, provided there are no complications; if we had, I should have gone, too. But operations are never without some element of danger and Lena wanted to be there.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

I am planning to go to Cambridge on the afternoon of New Year's day, arriving in time to get my things out to Cambridge and go to the Club with you. You must bear in mind, as always, that you are to let me know if it is not convenient for you to have me.

I have to leave my house here in charge of a man analogous to Carl, who will keep the fire going and the cats, plants, and water-pipes from freezing. This is easier and better than closing the house. But under the circumstances, I shall probably not stay as long as usual, maybe only three or four days.

Hoping thus to see you in time to wish you a happy New Year in person, as always

Sincerely yours

CAW

Then I was interrupted and wrote down the stereotyped "Sincerely yours" almost unheededly. I did not mean so formal an ending —

Dallas, Texas
Feb. 1, 1926

Dear Mr. Deane:-

Thank you very much for your letters - they are good to get in a trying time. The worst of it has been since my mother wrote you: after getting a little better, Mr. Foster had a severe relapse, the doctor gave up hope and we spent one whole day and night expecting that each hour would be his last. But he has rallied, almost miraculously, and is now better again though after so many disappointments we hardly dare to hope. — The weather is wonderful here; clear and just comfortably cool like our finest fall days at home. Love from us both to both of you

CJW

Ans'd Feb 13

Dallas, Texas
February 10, 1920

Dear Mr Deane:

Thank you for all your kind note and your friendly interest. My mother has very likely told you that Mr. Foster had to have a slight subsidiary operation to remove an infection that developed (on one of the testicles). He came through that, with local anaesthetic, very well – and though he is very weak, the doctor is again encouraged. ~~It~~ He says that in any other case, he should say the patient would get well; but he never knows what will happen in this one. Mr. Foster himself says he is like an old machine: they no sooner get one part fixed up than another goes bad!

The weather here is marvellous – day after day of clear, often cloudless skies and sunshine so bright that it quite dazzles northern eyes. ~~yesterda~~ Day before yesterday the thermometer stood at eighty in the middle of the day. The grass is getting green in places, elm trees are in bloom. There are dandelions, shepherd's purse, and, in the garden, English violets and Japanese quince. All the same, I'd rather be back in New England with the snow.

Una sends hearty thanks to Miss Brown for her letter. You have both been very kind –

Yours as ever

C.P.

March 4, 1924

Dear Mr. Deane:-

In the middle of the night last night I had a telegram announcing Mr. Foster's death at nine o'clock on the evening of the 3rd. I expect it is better so.

As I wrote you he seemed better when I left but afterward had another turn for the worse and this time did not really rally. The damage done his lungs by the ether proved, in the end, irreparable.

The telegram came too late for me to get to the funeral: I am waiting to hear more from them as to her immediate plans and condition before deciding whether to try to join her again.

Best regards to Miss Brown.

Sincerely, as always

CHW

March 22, 1926

Dear Mr. Deane:-

I am not much at writing these days, but I got your letter and the puzzle and was pleased with and grateful for both. But I haven't succeeded in doing the puzzle, to date. The answer must be Hartford, that being the only city in Connecticut with just eight letters in its name (Stamford excepted); but I can get only three words that fit.

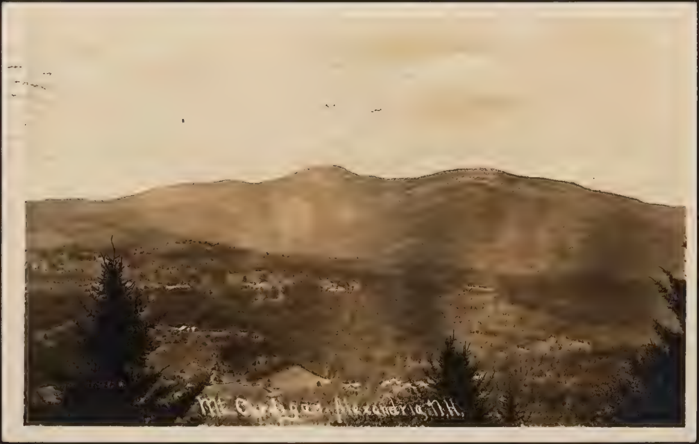
Anna is here, not so much the worse for wear as I should have expected, considering that she had, on top of everything else, a touch of grip. She came home by way of Washington, and stopped there a week with her friend Miss Burr. She had nothing to do there but rest and it did her a lot of good. I was with her part of the time; ~~and~~ I saw Blake, Maxon and others known to you, but not Dr. Rose.

If Irene is all right, and Miss Brown has wholly recovered from her grip and everything else is favorable, I may get up to Cambridge the latter part of this week, Thursday or Friday. Will this be all right for you? – It will be good to see you all again, but you know you are not to let me come unless it is all right –

I think there was something else about which I wanted to talk to you, but can't recollect what.

Yours as always,

CAW


Mt. Cardigan, Alexandria, N.H.

Woodstock Vt.
Aug. 30 '26

Dear Mr. Deane:

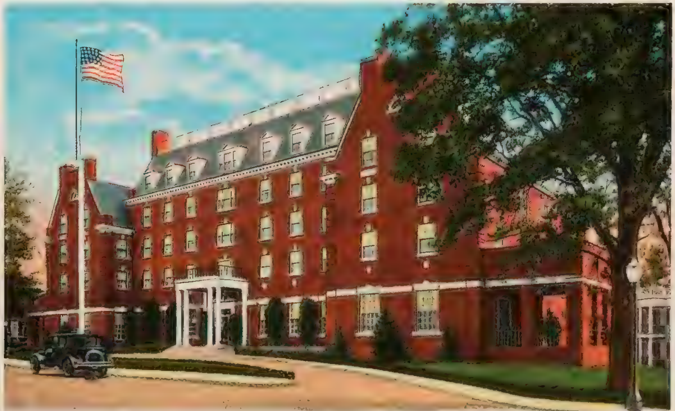
This isn't the equal of your mountains but it's rather good. We have had fine weather and a good trip so far but nothing so nice as Shelburne. Greetings to Miss Brown and thanks to you both

CAW

AUG 30
9 AM

Recd Aug 31/26

Mr Walter Deane
Shelburne
N. H.



THE VIKING, NEWPORT, R. I. Not as red as this, really 110046

THIS SPACE FOR WRITING MESSAGES.

From
C. A. Weatherby.
Nov 1, 1926.

POSTCARD

THIS SPACE FOR ADDRESS ONLY.

PLACE
STAMP
HERE

C. T. AMERICAN ART COLORED

SWALLOW TAIL LIGHT GRAND MANAN N B. PHOTO BY E.M. SMALL.

Aug. 9, 1926

Rec'd Aug 12

Dear Mr. Deane:

Perhaps Judge Churchill has told you about this island. We are staying about a mile from the light house, on a cove the other side of the point. We have been quite active in botanizing and have got a number of things I never saw before and some I don't know. It is a very attractive place in all ways. – We leave for Cambridge on the 16th

Sincerely
CAW

19 December, 1926

Dear Mr. Deane:

This is, principally, to tell you that I arrived home promptly and in good order. I went by way of Providence and had about two hours there between trains with Collins, looking up data for the next Floral-area report. The mysterious package came through very nicely and, sacredly unopened, reposes with various others waiting for Christmas Eve, when it is our custom to look at our presents, as we spend Sunday with my mother.

Una and I have been very busy ever since I got home, finishing and type-writing the index to the current number of Rhodora. Yesterday we got it done and sent it off to Dr. Robinson — thirty-six typewritten pages.

Of course, it will condense to five or six in the small type used for it in the magazine.

I hope that you have good news of your sister. – Una joins me in love to you both –

Sincerely, as always

C.H.S.

By the way, our Christmas remembrance for you may be late. I'll tell you why afterward; meantime, don't think we have forgotten you!

was tightly curled and would not be flat. So the strips are far from being as neat as they should be. But at least the specimens will show that we had a plan for you even if the execution fell below what we wished. You must feel under no sort of obligation to keep them if they fall, as I'm sure they do, below the proper standard for your herbarium.

I am at present planning to go to Cambridge again on Wednesday, January 5th

I am indeed sorry to hear that your sister's condition still causes you anxiety. But every day that she holds on is so much to the good; and I hope she may be spared to your wonderfully unbroken family circle.

Thank you for the program of the Christmas music. We had a Christmas concert too, including the French "Noel"; but it was on the Victrola.

With love from all of us to you, and to Miss Brown and with my best wishes for the New Year

Sincerely, as always

Rec'd Dec 29/26

Dec. 28, 1926

Dear Mr. Deane:

The mystery was duly kept a mystery until Christmas Eve – the time at which we always open our presents – and then was happily revealed. The three pictures make a mighty interesting piece of work and so far as the eclipse I saw is concerned, a very accurate one. The shape of the corona, the color, even the light clouds opening just about enough to let the sun show clear, are just as I saw them from my bedroom window that cold January morning. It is a record which I am very glad to have, as you knew I should be – and I thank you very much.

The holidays have been busy days for us and rather a chapter of accidents. In the first place, our friend Miss Corning, at whose

Instead of the usual present from my mother's sister-in-law, we got a telegram saying that she and my newest cousin – married in October – were recovering from the effects of an auto accident – not very serious, we judge, but enough to prevent Christmas shopping. – And I sometime "barked my shin" and somehow got the place infected. It made so little local trouble that I did not realize anything was wrong until the lymph gland that lies at the top of one's thigh began to get sore and swell up. I wasn't really disabled but I did feel considerably used up and my activities were considerably limited for some ten days. I am nearly all right again now – but one consequence is that I feel distinctly apologetic for the specimens sent you. I was in bed most of the day on which Una mounted them and she had to work with rather inadequate supplies – particularly with some old court-plaster which

house we usually have Christmas dinner, fell down stairs on the 21st, and broke an arm, and had to go to the hospital. She insisted on our having the dinner all the same, with the friend who lives with her as hostess. We all made calls on Miss Corning at different times during the day and I was kept pretty busy taking people back and forth in the car. The day after Christmas we had my college room-mate and his wife here for dinner – very pleasant; and a fine Christmas snow-storm a day late to go with it. Yesterday we spent all day on the Fern Journal index, and it is only now that we have been able to settle down to the thank-you letters that are part of the pleasure of Christmas. We fared well, as usual, Una taking the prize for size, sound and fury with a Victrola from her Washington friend – really an excellent instrument.

Miss Cornings accident was only one in a chapter of them more or less concerning us.

Rec'd
Jan 20/27

Jan. 18, 1927

Dear Mr. Deane:

I'm certainly getting absent-minded. I found the enclosed in my pocket when I got home. I hope you didn't want to use it right away and have not had a fruitless hunt for it. Better keep the type-written copy of the address attached to the card and then it will always be at hand when you need it.

Another thing. You remember that among the Grand Manan plants I gave you there was one Puccinellia which was not named to species. I looked it up Sunday. It is only P. maritima (Huds.) Parl.; I thought it was something different when I picked it.

Will you please give the enclosed to Miss Mildred? I had only one small bill when I left and had to save that for the taxi.

I hope that your cold is well or nearly so by now and that you are enjoying Dr. Rose's visit ~~if~~ even if you can't go (and I trust you can) to all the events that are happening this week.

I did a little work at the Natural History Society after I left you and came on home on the four o'clock train. It was an uneventful journey and a very pretty one; the moonlight on the fresh snow, after the sun had set, was lovely. I found all well here; all send good wishes to you and Miss Brown. And as for me, I am, as always, grateful with all my heart for the pleasure and comfort and aid you give me

CDW

January 31, 1927

Dear Mr. Deane:-

I was mighty glad to hear from you, but sorry to learn that the cold had held on so long and kept you from the many interesting things you wanted to do. Anyway, you had a little visit with Dr. Rose and that must have been enjoyable. I'm sorry I wasn't there to help you distribute your specimens. Perhaps I could have done it when I was there, but I somehow, and probably stupidly, got the impression that you were not ready to do it. If you ever want me for any work with your herbarium, don't hesitate to ask —

I am glad to hear that your sister holds her own. - It is indeed too bad about Mary Fernald. We hear from Miss Anderson that Mrs. Fernald is said to be bearing up well; but it must be very hard for both her and Fernald himself.

You asked me once how many miles I had driven automobiles. The other day, in applying for my driver's license, I had occasion to figure up the total. It comes, in round numbers to 125,000 – five times around the world. And there are many who have done much more than that.

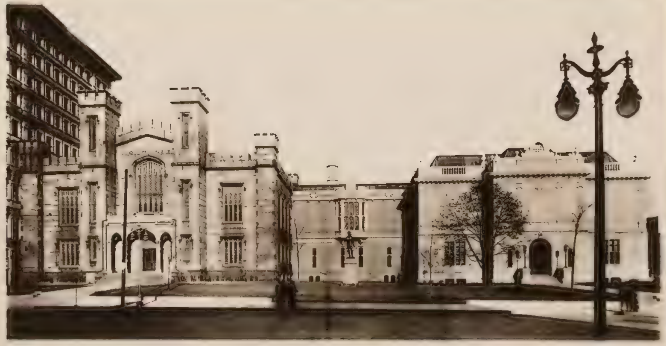
Yesterday we went to the annual meeting of the Connecticut Botanical Society at New Haven, which this year was partly combined with that of the American Forestry Association. We had a fine day, warm and clear, and had a good time particularly while listening to the speech of a forester from Washington, in charge of grazing in the National Forests. He was a man of much the same type as the Canadian guide whom I once heard with you at the Union and seasoned his speech with many bits of humor. I remember particularly a letter he quoted from a stockman who had got behind in his payment of fee for grazing cattle in a National Forest and was dunned by the forest supervisor. It went something like this:- "Mr. Supervisor if this was the day of judgment and you went before your Maker as unprepared to meet Him as I am to pay those fees, you would sure go to Hell."

Did I ever send you any of the enclosed post-cards? Maybe they will interest you.

Una sends affectionate greetings and joins me in like greetings to Miss Brown.

Sincerely, as always

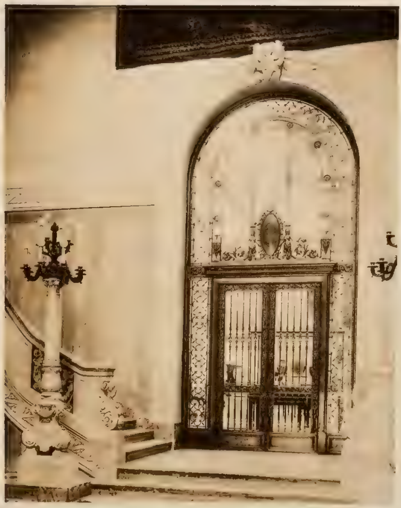
CHW



WADSWORTH ATHENEUM
COLT COLLECTION
JUNIUS SPENCER MORGAN MEMORIAL
HARTFORD, CONN.

POST CARD

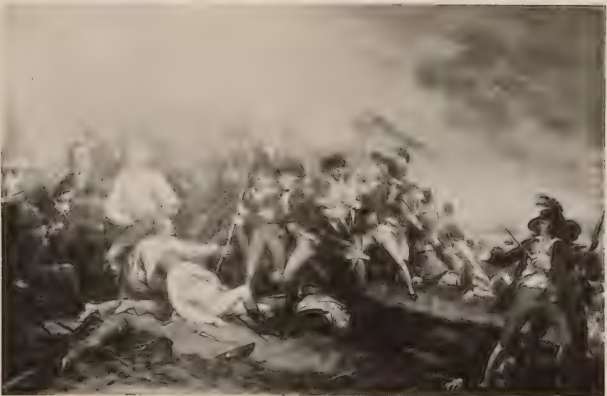
The Morgan Memorial
in Hartford is very
different from that
in Boston. Here it is
an art gallery given
to the city by J. P.
Morgan, Sr., who was born
and is buried here, in
memory of his father,
J. S. Morgan who for
some time was in
business here.



WROUGHT IRON GRILLE AND DOOR

MORGAN MEMORIAL, HARTFORD, CONN.

This will give you some idea of how really fine and well-appointed a building it is. The use of different-colored marbles in this hall is particularly skillful and attractive.



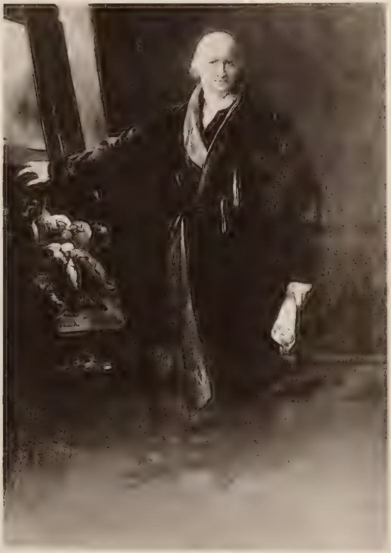
THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL
BY JOHN TRUMBULL
MORGAN MEMORIAL, HARTFORD, CONN.

POST CARD

A Z O
PLACE
STAMP
HERE
A Z O

CORRESPONDENCE

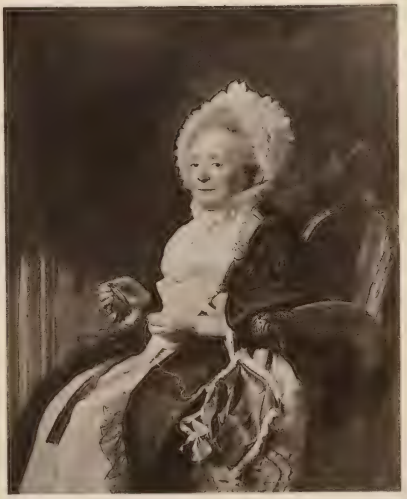
ADDRESS



BENJAMIN WEST
PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY
BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE
MORGAN MEMORIAL, HARTFORD, CONN.

7

Some of the pictures in the collection. Besides art of all kinds, the museum has furniture, minerals, ~~a~~ Indian relics and a collection of bird-skins and eggs which now includes Mr. Sage's specimens



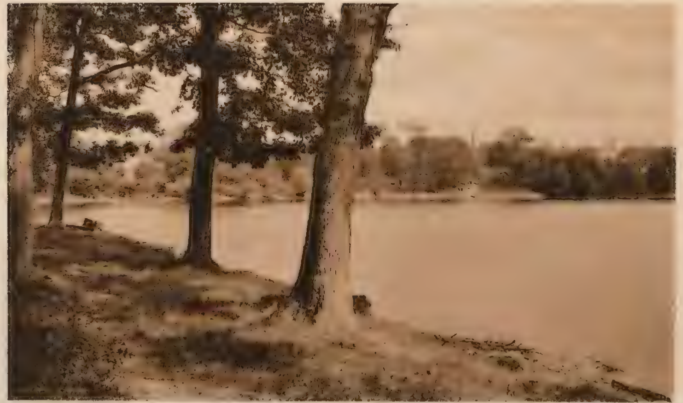
MRS. SEYMOUR FORT

BY JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY

MORGAN MEMORIAL, HARTFORD, CONN.

POST CARD

BRONZE CAT (14 1-4" H.) EGYPTIAN 2D C'Y B. C.
J. PIERPONT MORGAN COLLECTION
MORGAN MEMORIAL, HARTFORD, CONN.



LAKE WONONSCOPOMUC LAKEVILLE, CONN.

PUBLISHED BY THE LAKEVILLE STATIONERY STORE, LAKEVILLE, CONN.

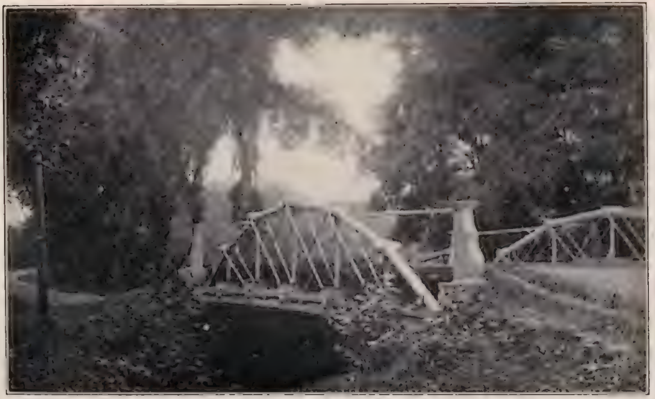
x C a W
1927

POST CARD

[illegible]

THIS SPACE FOR MESSAGE

THIS SPACE FOR ADDRESS



143 THE BRIDGE. Salisbury, Conn.

Post Card

This space for communication

Address only to be written here.

PLACE
ONE
CENT
STAMP
HERE

S. K. SIMON, 155 West 44th St., New York

Salisbury, Conn.
May 17, 1927

Dear Mr. Deane:-

I was much interested, even if I have been a long time saying so, in your account of your trip to Mt. Holyoke. I'm glad everything went so well, that you had so good a time and saw so much of Massachusetts.

As for me, I've been busy on the farm - planting the garden, weeding and lining up flower-beds, recovering screen doors, etc. Some of this I always do myself and some extra I have had to do this year because our regular man has suffered a rupture and for the time being is not good for much. In the intervals of farm work we have had ~~one a~~ two motor trips, of one day only, one to Petersham, Mass. and the Harvard Forest. There is quite a wonderful view-point on the main road north of the village from which one can see, on a clear day, Greylock, the southern Green Mountains, Monadnock the last a good day's work in itself with Ina and I both working.

Love to you both from both of us — we hope all goes well with you.

CAW

and Wachusett.

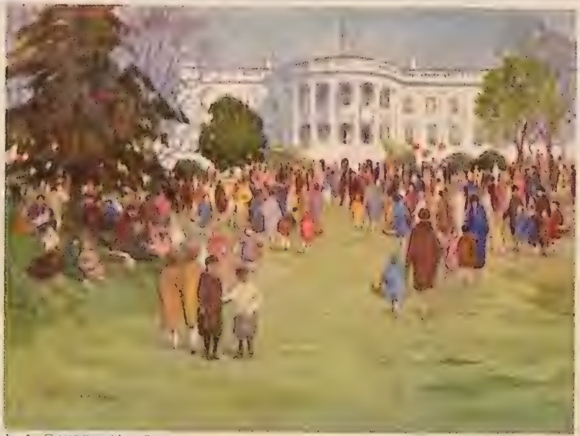
Yesterday was the tenth anniversary of our marriage and by way of celebrating, Ina and I have run away for a few days to this place, of which we are both fond. This would be our Shelburne, if we went anywhere regularly for the summer. It is the northwesternmost township of Connecticut, touching New York on one side and Massachusetts on another, and it lies in a particularly picturesque part of the Berkshire hills, finer scenically, I think, than the more famous portions of them in Massachusetts.

Some time next week I plan to get to Cambridge again. I don't know just when, for when I get home I shall have at least the following chores to do before I get away again:—

1. Remove storm door and put screens on my house

2. Cut out and weed four flower-beds and about a hundred feet of walk.

3. Plant corn, lima beans and dahlias —



The White House
Easter Monday
Egg Rolling

Painting by
Lesley Jackson

No. 3—© 1927 Roundabout Prints

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Jan. 4, 1929

Dear Mr. Deane:-

We had a nice time in New York and attended some very interesting meetings. Came on here the 31st, in time to be here for New Years dinner with Miss Burr. It wasn't quite as festive an occasion as we had expected for all hands but one had colds, but was pleasant all the same. Shall soon be on my way home, and eventually to Cambridge, ~~soon~~.

Love from us both

C.A.W.

POST CARD

Feby 6th 1926

Dear Mr Dance -

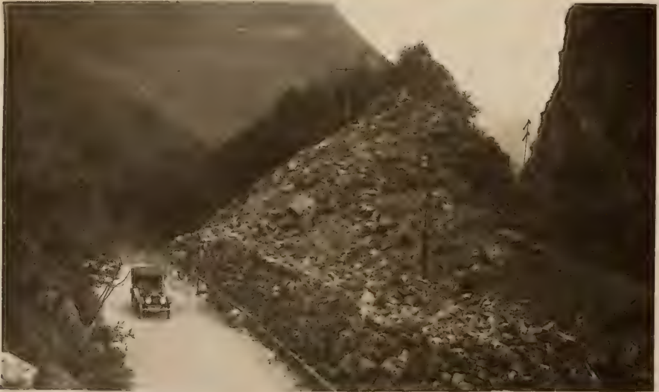
I never heard of such a man as Mr Foster. A week ago yesterday he was given up - the nurse told his son when he went to the hospital there was "no hope" - but at midnight - the kidneys began to work again and the next morning he ate good breakfast and read the morning paper afterwards - As the boys say - "Can you beat that"!

A letter this morning says Mr Foster has had little fever
for two days and the Dr. begins to think he will get
well - So far Alfred has said nothing about coming
back - It seems as if he had been gone a year! I see
by the papers you had almost a blizzard Thursday as
we did and the snow is heaped up everywhere - Nora
keeps well but Alfred has had a little indigestion
Too much "molasses pie" I guess - I hope next time to tell
you that Mr Foster is so much better that Alfred & Nora
have started for home - Remembrance to you both from
G. Weatherby

Feb'y 17th 1926

Dear Mr Deane:

A telegram from Alfred this morning says he will be home Friday night. After several good days following the first improvement Mr Foster had more fever - but after a small secondary operation, Alfred wrote Feb'y 10th that he had no more bad spells - only fever for about an hour in the afternoon - Dr much encouraged, but will keep Mr Foster at the hospital at least two weeks longer - Dr wishes Una to stay as long as she can, so her return is uncertain - I was much worried last Sunday & Monday as I feared my faithful man was coming down with pneumonia, but he was able to break up the cold and I can breathe freely again - I am keeping up well - very careful of course not to get cold - you may not know it but I'm a good fighter - Hope you are both keeping well - Very sincerely - Grace Weatherby



2006. Coming Out of Crawford Notch, White Mts., N. H.

POST CARD

PLYMOUTH N.H.

Mr Walter Deane
Miss Brown
Shelburne
N. H.

Recd Aug 31/26

Plymouth. N. H.-
We have had a wonderful
drive through the three
Notches - Pinkham Notch
was so clear we saw smoke
coming from the chimney of
the Tip Top House. - Unexpected
meetings seem to be the order
of the day. We met a cousin of Mona's
& who lives at Rumford, on the way
+ ate our lunch with him near
Crawford's - We missed your company
+ wished you could have come too -
Alfred joins me in greetings to you
both. - Most sincerely, H. W. Weatherby -

"The Barn"
11 Wells Ave.
East Hartford Conn.

rec-d May 21/25

Dear Mr. Deane and Miss Brown

We are again at home and have very pleasant memories of our stay in Boston with you in your most comfortable and attractive home.

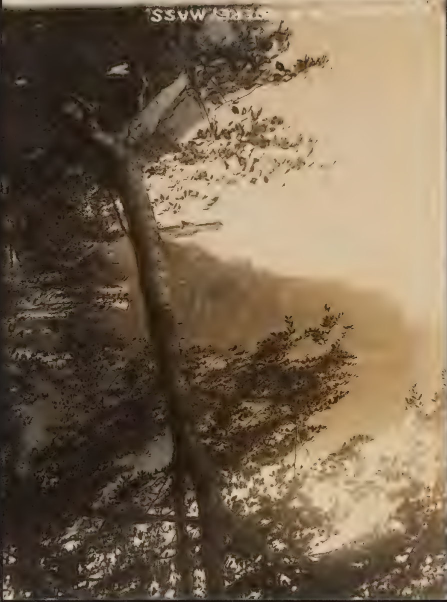
We did not leave Boston until ~~2~~ 3 P.M. for the sun-shine tempted me to try for some of the Cambridge Tombstones which so many cloudy afternoons had prevented photographing. We reached Putnam in time for a little rest before supper and a nice walk up the hill for sun-set and twilight views. A shower early Sunday morning almost sent us home but a bit of blue sky encouraged us to stay and we had a lovely six mile walk in the country and found the flowers in almost June condition. Alfred got three which he had not before found in that locality - rather good after eight years at the same place on the same date. Nothing very new or rare but interesting. We reached home about 10 P.M. Sunday and had a most cordial welcome from three delighted cats. Alfred is now attending to his plants and will write later. He was much interested in Mr. Deane's Birding and says please send his thanks for the account of it.

With very many thanks for your hospitality and all good wishes for your summer I am

Sincerely yours

Una F Weatherby

May 19th 1925


MASS

POST CARD

NOKO
PLACE
STAMP
HERE
NOKO

Dear Mr. Deane -

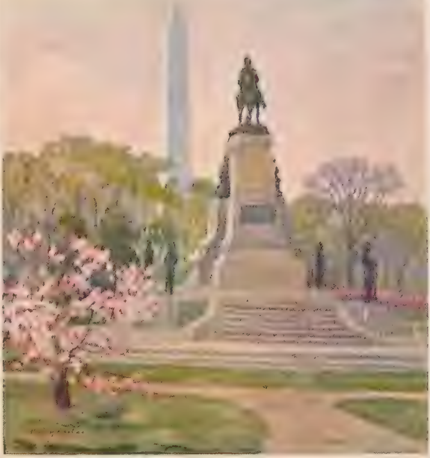
Mr. Weatherby is here packing and asked me to send you greeting from here and tell you he has had a very good week with the Fern Society people, 15 of them but not all at one time. It is an interesting place - Mr. Weatherby will tell you about it when he sees you later in the Fall. -

---

Before that! - I'm going to write you formally when I am out running Fern Society meetings. CAW

regards to
Mrs/Wan

Mr. Walter Deane



No. 5—© 1927 Roundabout Prints

Washington Monument
and Sherman Statue

Painting by
Lesley Jackson

POST CARD

Dear Miss Brown. Here we are in Washington but not enjoying it quite as much as usual because the Flu-bug got me and I am having a struggle to shake him and haven't any energy for anything else. So hope you all have escaped.

We are having wonderful weather no winter at all so far.

Una J. W.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Dear Mr Deane:

Mrs Rowe Webster tells me that the name of Mrs MacKaye's son-in-law is Burrage. At first she said Barrett.

Mrs MacKaye lives now at Belmont. Telephone: Miss Mary MacKaye.

18 Centre st
Nov. 6.

Sincerely yours,
Joseph K. Webster.

See an appreciative article on Furness in Nov. Century by Talcott Williams. Who is he?

CAMBRIDGE, A
NOV 6
5 PM
19 12

CAMBRIDGE, A
NOV 6
7-PM
19 12
MASS.

THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY

Mr Walter Deane,
29 Brewster St.,
Cambridge,
Mass.

WEISEMAN
BIRD
MANOR
PICTURES

TELEPHONES:
GRANT 1992
LINDEN 1641-R

T. WALTER WEISEMAN,
PRODUCER

P.O.Box 826
~~607 [illegible] BUILDING~~
PITTSBURGH
PENNSYLVANIA

March 12. 1925

Mr Walter Deane,
29 Brewster Street,
Cambridge, Mass,

Dear Mr Deane:—

Thank you very much for your kind letter of February 23. with information concerning Country Life article entitled "My Friend the Hummingbird" I also wish to thank you for your generosity in sending the photographs of yourself and the hummingbird. and for your encouraging comments on my lecture.

At my request, the Pittsburgh Carnegie Library is endeavoring to locate a copy of Country Life of August 1922, and I know I shall enjoy reading the article you mention. When your picture appeared in Bird Lore, some time ago, it interested me intensely; therefore you will realize my pleasure in receiving an original copy from the principal actor in the episode. I also appreciate your kindness in allowing me to use these photographs, and I feel their use would be convincing proof that our Native Bird, really are not Wild Birds.

I will lecture in Worcester, Mass on March 19 and 20 during which time I will be at the Hotel Bancroft that city. There is a possibility of my visiting Boston after the engagement at Worcester, and I hope I may see you or at least have the pleasure of a phone conversation.

With sincere regards, I am, Cordially yours T. Walter Weiseman

Swansea, June 21. 1918

Dear Mr. Deane,

I wish to thank you for your two kind letters, the first informing of the very low condition of Mr. Coolidge, from which at that time it would appear that but the smallest hopes could be entertained of his recovery.

A few days after came the second letter with the sad news of his death.

I need not say to you that, in your great bereavement and that of your family and near Connections I feel the deepest sympathy, and with you lament the loss of of my dear Friend and Classmate.

To the very gracious invocation of President Lowell to be present at Commencement last Thursday I replied that my bodily Condition would not allow me that pleasure, which I much regretted.

When the day arrived and I learned of the sad event at your house I felt no more regrets; I should very much have disliked to be present at Cam. on that Commencement day.

"My Sister," to whom you sent regards, meant probably

my daughter Helen who
has sometimes had occasion
to write you for me.

I have no sister now; all the
seven I had with two brothers
are lost and gone.

With best respects for Mrs Dean
Yours truly
James Lloyd Wellington

1.

[3]

Swansea, Feb. 1915

Dear Mr. Dean,

Through the "News" which I sent Dr. Coolidge you learned that I received your kind letter on my birthday with congratulations and expressions of good will and good cheer from Dr. Coolidge and yourself. For the kind remembrance please accept my thanks. The day passed off as happily as could be hoped, but it goes without

Saying that with my efforts to entertain and the excitement of the occasion I came to realize some degree of fatigue, and mild prostration.

A few days rest, however, restored me to what I was before that date, in second childhood, the normal condition at the age of 95.

Your visiting and interview with my two great nieces was really a singular incident and surprise, and to them a very pleasant one,

I have in Cambridge three nieces. Miss Anna Bates of 20 Wendell Street.

3.

Mrs Anna E Sanborn 3 Dana St,
whose daughter Georgia has
for some years held the place
of Secretary to successive mayors
of the city, and
Mrs. Elisabeth S. Brown, 23 Acorn St.
daughter of the late A. Z. Brown.
a former assessor of Cambridge
In Boston I am informed the
two persons Leonard Stone,
who has been in the old State
Bank for thirty years, his
brother Charles Wellington Stone (H: 74)
head of Stones school, and
their sister Mary Wellington Stone,
now companion of Mrs Shattuck
of 237 Berkeley St.

4.

Charles and his sister each have a residence and home in Templeton. This may not all be interesting to you, but it is possible you could fall in with some of these relatives of mine in the future. I meant to have mentioned that I was fitted to enter at Harvard by Miss Sanborn's father.

Since commencing this writing I have been greatly pleased in receiving a nice letter from Dr. Coolidge. Please give him my thanks with love as ever.

Yours truly

James Lloyd Wellington.

Mr Walter Deane

Dear Sir,

My father was much pleased to receive your letter, and wishes me to write and thank you. He also wishes me to say that as he has not seen the Harvard Bulletin to which you referred, he would be pleased to have you send it to him. As the weather grows warmer he gets out of doors walks a short distance and tries to do a little work in the yard, using an axe, saw &c. but quite often finds that he has undertaken too much. He thinks a good deal about Commencement it being the seventy five anniversary, and wishes he was able to be present. He sends kind regards to Dr Coolidge & yourself.

Sincerely Yours

Helena L. Wellington

Smyrna

Ap. 23-1913

358, Marlborough Street.

9 November 1913.

Dear Mr. Deane:

Would you care for one of those [illegible] pictures? If so, shall I choose it and send it to you; or would you rather come in some day soon, and choose for yourself?

As works of art, I suppose, the pictures are not very good; but they pleasantly recall the delight she took in painting.

Sincerely yours

Barrett Wendell

Newburyport

9th mo. 13, 1902

Walter Deane.

My dear friend:—

I am sorry to have been of such very small help in extending the "Preliminary Lists" published in our "Rhodora". It has been a desire almost an ambition of mine to get record specimens for our Club Herbarium, but I am kept so unkindly busy earning a living that real work in botany is excluded. Thy lists were published three years and more ago, yet I haven't ever sent thee even one addition to either of them. Crantzia lineata I intended to get, but an enterprising collector got in ahead of me. Sanicula Canadensis from New Hampshire I expected to find, but I am told that it has been reported. Which reminds me to ask, has S. Canadensis been sent in yet from Massachusetts? I have never looked for it especially here, but if a specimen is needed from this state I might procure it. According to the list ~~there wasn't~~ thou had only seen a printed record of its occurrence in this state. S. gregaria probably grows in N.H., but at present I am unlikely to discover it. I might get on the track of Hydrocotyle umbellata there, although I have never seen it and responses to inquiries are confusing. But perhaps someone has already sent it in from N.H. I am interested to learn whether or not Thaspium atropurpureum has at last been found in N.E., aside from the Rhode Island record. Strange that it should have so persistently and speciously passed for a N.E. plant.

In the Ericaceae I would probably be helpless anyway, even with leisure, although I might have found Gaylussacia dumosa in N.H. I have wondered if the Rhododendron nudiflorum-canescens tangle was being unsnarled, but when we have met more immediate questions have monopolized my limited chance at thee. And even those limited chances (limited as to time, that is: extensive as to my enjoyment) may be almost wholly wanting in future as way does not open for me to attend our precious meetings regularly the coming season. This will be a deprivation to me both botanically and socially and more to my disadvantage and regret than anyone realizes. These meetings were one of my very few, and perhaps my most profitable of outlets, but my previous attendance has been a strain — almost a strain on conscience as well as on strength and pocket, because it involved a procrastination of certain work here at the office. Now the demands of my employment seem imperious. But I shall attend the first meeting this autumn even if I have to rip myself away.

On glancing through this it would seem that botanically, it was not well worth my time to write.

and not at all worth thine to read, this inconsequential communication, considering that any help from me is dubious and trifling at that. If Sanicula Canadensis from Massachusetts, and Hydrocotyle umbellata from New Hampshire, are yet needed, then perhaps I can get them. If they have already been sent in, then don't bother to reply to this.

Thy friend faithfully,

W. Wendte

P.S.

What has become of those wonderful old journals which thou read extracts from at one of the meetings last spring? I regret having arrived too late at that meeting to hear but hope to read them in print some day. They ought to be edited and published.

W.W.

Newburyport

9th mo. 27, '02.

My dear friend,

Walter Deane:-

Thy letter could not be otherwise than a pleasure to receive, yet I do regret that so tired and busy a man should waste any of his precious leisure on my account. If there was a prospect of help from me the effort might be somewhat worth while, but botanically I am nearly useless. Hydrocotyle umbellata I never found in N.H., and as for Sanicula Canadensis, I never saw it, even, anywhere. Last First-day afternoon I hunted up some Sanicles in Rowley, but they were all S. Marilandica. Tomorrow after meeting I purpose visiting another batch of them in Amesbury, but don't expect to get the desideratum.

If only I had known that thyself and wife were to be in this city I would have urged upon you the superior interest of the silver works over the pottery, and might have captured you for my guests. Please do give me a chance another time to extend what hospitality I can.

With many thanks for the kind letter,

Thine faithfully,

W. Wendte

I am sorry the summer has been so laborious with thee.

Biological Laboratory
Woods Hole Mass.

My dear Prof. Fernald;-

During the past winter I was teaching botany in Cleveland, Ohio; and ~~a~~ about the middle of May I came across some specimens of Trillium grandiflorum which showed a very interesting modification of parts. Instead of the normal whorl of three sepals there were three superposed whorls of sepal like structures above which was a fourth whorl the borders of which were particolored green and white, partaking of the nature of both sepals and petals. The essential parts of the flower were also abnormal, only one stamen being present, and the pistil showing four stigmas with a four lobed, four chambered, ovary. Since in Gray you speak of monstrosities in the flower parts being not rare, I should be very glad if you could give me references to any published description of such abnormalities. The flower was such a peculiar one that I made a careful study of it; and was thinking of writing a brief note about it for the Ohio Naturalist as being of interest to local botanists. Naturally, however, I do not care to describe as interesting and peculiar something that is of too common occurrence for note. I should much appreciate it if you would tell me of any references that will enable me to find out whether this is an unusual thing worth noting, or merely a common phenomenon known to most collectors.

Trusting that this request will not inconvenience you, I am

very sincerely yours

Wm H. Weston Jr.

July 4, 1916

Biological Laboratory
Woods Hole Mass.

My dear Mr. Deane;-

Thank you very much for your letter with the references to your papers on abnormalities in Trillium. I read your descriptions in Rhodora with great interest; and as nearly as I can determine this form of mine is somewhat different a combination of peculiarities from any that you have mentioned. Perhaps the photographs which I enclose will give you an idea of the oddity of its structure. If the Ohio Naturalist accepts the brief note on the form which I am sending them, I shall most certainly send you a separate in appreciation of your courtesy. As a New Englander and an occasional visitor to the New England Botanical Club meetings, I should prefer to have this reported in Rhodora; but I decided on the Ohio Naturalist because of its local interest. Thanking you again for your kindness, I am

Very sincerely yours.

Wm H. Weston Jr.

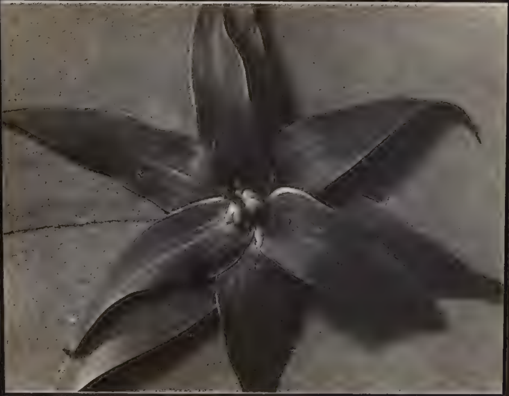
July 25, 1916

Flower seen from above showing perianth with inner petaloid members, as well as the pistil and single stamen.

Flower with inner members of the perianth removed seen from the side, showing the contortion of the style and the constriction of the fourth ovary division from the other three more normal ones. The single stamen is seen on the right.

Oblique view of upper part of the plant showing leaves, and the perianth with its three sepal like whorls and inner somewhat petaloid whorl.

This print is not a very clear one so the pistil does not



Flower with inner members of the perianth removed showing 4 lobed ovary with the single stamen.

Federal Horticultural Board.
Washington. D.C.
Feb. 16, 1917.

My dear Mr. Deane,

I am sending separately a copy of my note on the abnormal Trillium grandiflorum concerning which I wrote you last summer. As you see it is to you I owe the greater part of the references to similar cases, and I assure you I very much appreciate your kindness in helping me as you did.

I had never paid much attention to monstrosities before this case came to my notice but since then I have been reading up on this phase of plant growth and I find it a most interesting matter. Since my training has been largely mycological I have instinctively sought a fungus or other parasitic cause for abnormal growth, but I appreciate now, that the growth stimulus, or derangement of growth stimulus may have a far more subtle cause. What this stimulus or these stimuli may prove to be is beyond our reach at present, but in time we shall learn more I feel sure.

Have you seen Erwin F. Smith's article on tumor growth in the last copy of the Journal of Agricultural Research? It is extremely interesting from the point of view of growth provoking stimuli.

Since I have taken up work in the Department of Agriculture I look forward to the early spring of this region to begin a search for unusual devel opments in Trillium and other familiar friends. If I find any cases of interest I shall send you photographs.

With the wish that I may some time have the pleasure of meeting you, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

Wm H. Weston.

Ans'd Apr 12/29

Rec'd Feb. 2/29.

BIOLOGIC LABORATORY
BARRO COLORADO ISLAND
GATUN LAKE
PANAMA CANAL ZONE

January 19, 1929.

My dear Mr. Deane,

Your charming Christmas card reached me, with its message of New England cheer, here on this tropical island in Gatun Lake in Panama where I am spending some months of sabbatical leave investigating aquatic fungi and similar interesting things.

It was good to hear from you as I have missed seeing you and my other friends at the New England Botanical Club. I wish all of you might be here on this island for a time to enjoy the wonderful array of strange and interesting plants that abound in the forest. The other day I climbed up a great hawser-like liana and captured a Bromeliaceous thing, an Aechmea I think, with leaf bases holding quantities of water in which a whole small cosmos of fauna and flora flourished. There are so many interesting things!

May the New Year be a happy and successful one for you in every way

Sincerely yours,

Wm H. Weston Jr.

P.S. Dr. Chapman, of the American Museum, who is here now, used to know you I think when he was associated with Mr Brewster. W.

Milford. N. H. Oct. 30, 1898

Mr. Walter Deane,

Dear Sir.

I am very sorry the Helianthus got broke up. as I can send no more untill another season.

Last season I pressed but a few plants. and those with boards and a screw press (bbl Header). I got them smooth. but they lost colors badly.

This year I had many more to press and I did not expect all would could come out nicely. and I find most of them show poor work. I used slats and weights. in open air.

I am not at all satisfied with the work. tho I did not expect they would be as nice as when only 2 or 3 are pressed in the house.

"Rapid drying" is said to be the secret of preserving colors. — yet used newspapers -

I did not succeed well then.

Yes, I am very glad you wrote me "advice". I am always grateful for just such items, Tho I am 65, it is scarce 5 yrs since I began the study, since I gave up business on account of ill health.

Have to confine most of my rambles within a short distance of the highway.

As to Herbarium. I am saving such specimens as please me. Do not Know in what style they will finally be preserved.

No, I do not want plants returned, ever. unless it is so mentioned at time.

Thanking you for all favors,

Sincerely Yours,

John A. Wheeler

Just had a branch of "Wicopy" from Laconia, as bright as first-picked. and some flowers from Oregon, handsomer than I have done. Of course only a few are pressed at a time, only a sheet or two, or so, Townshend Vt. Nov. 27, 1912

Mr. Walter Deam,

Dear Sir! —

I am much interested in your article in the October "Rhodora" relating to the fruiting of Euphorbia Cyparissias. I am surprised to learn that it is sparing of its fruit, though I have never given the matter special thought. I am used to seeing it in flower and, I supposed, fruit and never took particular notice further. My own specimens were collected in flower & early fruit June 23, '11. Is it possible that the flower is abortive? I do not infer so from your article.

If a single sheet could be mailed with safety and you cared to examine it I would be glad to send my my specimens to you for experiment and if you wish I will try and find out the matter and thoroughly [illegible] [illegible]

Respectfully,
Helen A. Wheeler
Pinehurst [illegible]

[Original verses by Margaret L. Wheeler on my birthday. April 23, 1913. Walter Deane.]

12, RESERVOIR STREET
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

I wander in a garden fair
The sky is soft and blue
And as I gaze my thoughts fly forth
Dear Mr. Deane to you
I hope that on your natal day
The sky'll be bright and clear
That to your gentle, kindly heart
God's peace will aye be near.

M. L. W.

CARTOLINA POSTALE

(CARTE POSTALE)

rec'd Sept. 23/26

POSTE ITALIANE
Cent. 75

FIRENZE FERROVIA
13-14
9 · IX
1926

Walter Deane Esq
Brewster St
Cambridge Mass
U.S.A.

Sept 8th

Grand [illegible]
happiness
watching the
hours change
the coloring of
this church is all
I ask in life
that and a few
more days on Lake
Como, Florence af
[illegible] and an
evening at S Lorenzo to
Tell you
all about it

VENEZIA - Chiesa di S. Marco.

rec'd Apr 9/23

[illegible]
[illegible]
March 9th

Dear Mr. [illegible]

Your letter has just come, & I am writing a line to thank you for all the trouble you took about the Austin letter and autographs. I am sending on your letter to Mr. Hubbard.

in Rome.

He is a dear old Englishman & a friend of his Austin grandparents & is interested in his family history & would have greatly liked to find what he wanted

I am sorry you have had the flu so badly, that is one of the trials of all mankind apparently & it has raged over here all

winter. but we have been spared
New England's snow & ice.

You cannot imagine anything so lovely
as the spring landscape & the
flowers here now. We motored to a
distant town yesterday, and found -
by the road side a lovely green
Hellebore - flowers green & drooping on
a graceful stem & also a piece of
almost black iris. the petal such a
dark brown purple that it looked black.
Of course the gorgeous anemones
are everywhere. And yet I
do not forget Shelburne and the
many wild flowers there.

Miss Ware joins me in friendly
greeting to you
With many thanks for your kindness

Sincerely yours
Margaret F. G. Whiting

Boston, Mass
May 28th 1923

Dear Mr. Deane:

Mrs
Whittle and I are
more than pleased
to receive the ex-
cellent picture of yourself
~~and the [illegible]~~
and we thank you
heartily for it. Mr.
Fletcher showed a
slide made, from the
one you gave him,
last week to a
Leominster audience

which was received with acclaim.

Last Saturday and Sunday 30 of us canoed down the Ipswich river from Rowe Sta. in Middleton thru Topsfield to the village of Ipswich — 30 miles. I wish you had been along, for the various participants in the aggregate reported 83 birds (species) seen.

I am in hope that you will secure still more of these bird intimacies during this Summer.

Very sincerely yours
Charles L. Whittle

NORTHEASTERN BIRD BANDING ASSOCIATION
50 CONGRESS STREET, ROOM 1045
BOSTON, MASS.

FRANCIS H. ALLEN, MASS., PRESIDENT
HARRISON F. LEWIS, EASTERN CANADA
HENRY S. SHAW, MASS.
FRANCIS BEACH WHITE, N. H.
CHARLES L. WHITTLE, MASS.
} VICE PRESIDENTS
LAURENCE B. FLETCHER, SECRETARY
MRS. ALICE B. HARRINGTON, RECORDING SECRETARY
CHARLES B. FLOYD, TREASURER
95 SOUTH STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

COUNCILORS
PROF. ALFRED O. GROSS, MAINE
RICHARD B. HARDING, MASS.
DR. JOHN B. MAY, MASS.
R. O. MONTAMBAULT, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC
PROF. FREDERICK A. SAUNDERS, MASS.
WENDELL P. SMITH, VERMONT
L. McI. TERRILL, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC
ROBIE W. TUFTS, NOVA SCOTIA
DR. WINSOR M. TYLER, MASS.

Dec 30. '27

Dear Mr. Deane:

Thank you for letter re Junco. I hope that next season you will be the first bander to secure a return nesting Junco. Do you happen to recall whether or not those you banded had streaked backs, sides & flanks? I would like to talk with you re the layout of your △ & its relation to cover etc. How happens it that they come to your traps in summer?

May 1928 be the best year of your life.

Sincerely yours
C. L. Whittle

address. at
Dept. of Botany
College of Agriculture, Ithaca N.Y.
Sept. 8 - 1913

Dear Mr. Deane: I shall be glad to attempt to name the specimens of Amelanchier. Send them along at any time. I am having a busy summer bringing together equipment for our department and settling a house at the same time. We were unable to find a satisfactory house in which to live that was vacant before Sept 1. — so we have just moved in. Our laboratories are not yet ready, ~~for~~ but will be soon.

Sincerely yours K.M. Wiegand

ITHACA, N.Y.
SEP 8
2-PM
1912

THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY

Mr. Walter Deane

Cambridge.

29 Brewster St.

Mass.

NEW YORK STATE COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE
AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY
ITHACA, N. Y.

L. H. BAILEY, DIRECTOR

DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY

Sept. 17 - '13

My dear Mr. Deane:-

The specimens of *Amelanchier* came in good condition and I thank you very much for them. The photographs were fine and I am glad to get them, especially the one that contains such a good picture of you. That tree is certainly large.

The names on the labels are all right. The mature leaves and young fruits of that supposed *hybrid* still bear out my previous interpretation, that it is a hybrid between those two species.

I notice that Britton in his new illustrated flora does not take up A. *laevis* ~~and~~ A. *humilis* and A. *stolonifera* as good species. Part of the difficulty in this case was probably due to the fact that the Illustrated flora was in type before my article came out.

With best wishes.

Sincerely yours.

Karl M. Wiegand

Wiegand [illegible]

K. M. WIEGAND, PROFESSOR
L. KNUDSON PROFESSOR
J. R. SCHRAMM, PROFESSOR
DONALD REDDICK, PROFESSOR
A. J. EAMES, PROFESSOR
L. W. SHARP, ASSISTANT PROFESSOR
O. F. CURTIS, ASSISTANT PROFESSOR

NEW YORK STATE COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE
AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY
ITHACA, N. Y.
ALBERT R. MANN, DEAN

DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY

Jan. 26, 1921

Mr. Walter Deane,
29 Brewster St.,
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Mr. Deane:

I am sorry not to have answered your letters more promptly, but all of my correspondence has been interrupted during the last few days by the architects, who are planning our new buildings. They have just been around to get our approval, and as usual have been in a hurry so that we have found it necessary to drop most of our work and work with them instead. We are hoping to have a fine new building for botany within a few years.

I wish to thank you for the specimens of Amelanchier. You were very kind to mount them for me. I agree with you as to the name which they should bear, and I am enclosing two little slips for you to attach to your specimens. The habit, as stated in your letter, is very interesting, but is apparently an exaggeration of the type of habit found in A. spinifera, modified somewhat by A. laevis.

I am returning the specimen of Eragrostis by parcel post, and again I agree with your determination.

E. peregrina has the branches of a panicle more densely spikelet bearing, and the hairs at the orifice of the sheathes are absent. I should judge that your plant is a very typical one of E. Frankii.

It was very sad news we had from Cambridge last week announcing the death of Dr. Riddle. I knew that he was very ill, but did not expect that the trouble was so serious. We shall all miss him very much.

With best wishes,

Sincerely yours,

Karl M. Wiegand

K. M. WIEGAND, PROFESSOR
L. KNUDSON, PROFESSOR
J. R. SCHRAMM, PROFESSOR
DONALD REDDICK, PROFESSOR
A. J. EAMES, PROFESSOR
L. W. SHARP, ASSISTANT PROFESSOR
O. F. CURTIS, ASSISTANT PROFESSOR

NEW YORK STATE COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE
AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY
ITHACA, N. Y.
ALBERT R. MANN, DEAN

DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY

April 10, 1923

Mr. Walter Deane
29 Brewster Street
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Mr. Deane:

In my paper on Bidens published 1899, I made a mistake in the identification of Linnaeus' B. frondosa. My attention was called to this very soon after by Dr. E. L. Greene, who transferred the name to what I called B. melanocarpa and gave the name B. vulgata to what I had called B. frondosa. The names are correctly used in Gray's Manual. B. melanocarpa becomes a synonym of B. frondosa.

Yours truly,

K. M. Wiegand

W/M

K. M. WIEGAND, PROFESSOR
L. KNUDSON, PROFESSOR
J. R. SCHRAMM, PROFESSOR
DONALD REDDICK, PROFESSOR
A. J. EAMES, PROFESSOR
L. W. SHARP, ASSISTANT PROFESSOR
O. F. CURTIS, ASSISTANT PROFESSOR

NEW YORK STATE COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE
AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY
ITHACA, N. Y.
ALBERT R. MANN, DEAN

DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY

April 25, 1923

Mr. Walter Deane
29 Brewster Street
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Mr. Deane:

With regard to the matter of *Carex stellulata* I would say that I have prepared a revision of the group, but when it was nearly completed I found that Mr. Mackenzie had already a revision practically ready for the press. I wrote him offering him the use of my manuscript and suggested that he should do the publishing. Meanwhile I named up the material in the Gray Herbarium and sent it back to Cambridge. If Mr. Mackenzie's final paper differs greatly from mine I may still publish my results. I do not know how soon he hopes to have his paper out. We are both agreed, however, that *C. echinata* must be taken up for *C. stellulata*. Fernald had already come to that conclusion. We all three have come to the conclusion also that *C. interior* of Bailey must be taken up for *C. scirpoides* of the manual. My idea of the use of the other names will be found on the herbarium sheets. I suspect that Mackenzie will differ from me in making *C. cephalantha* a species.

Sincerely yours,

K M Wiegand

W/M

K. M. WIEGAND, PROFESSOR
L. KNUDSON, PROFESSOR
DONALD REDDICK, PROFESSOR
A. J. EAMES, PROFESSOR
L. W. SHARP, PROFESSOR
O. F. CURTIS, PROFESSOR
L. C. PETRY, PROFESSOR
W. C. MUENSCHER, ASSISTANT PROFESSOR

NEW YORK STATE COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE
AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY
ITHACA, N. Y.
ALBERT R. MANN, DEAN

DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY

October 21, 1925.

Mr. Walter Deane,
29 Brewster St.,
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Mr. Deane:

I have just named the two specimens of Amelanchier and am sending them back to you by mail today. One of them is the common Amelanchier, A. laevis, of eastern Massachusetts. The other is A. stolonifera which is common about Wellesley and the Blue Hills, but is not common as far west as Athol. We do, however, have a specimen of it from Millers Falls on the Connecticut River.

I am sorry that I did not get to see you this summer. We had such a pleasant visit at your summer home last Fall that I should have enjoyed a trip through the mountains again this year. New Foundland, however, took all our spare time this summer. We saw a great deal of Pease this summer and I became much better acquainted with him than every before. I shall have another place to stop in the White Mountains when I visit that region again.

Mrs. Wiegand joins me in sending best wishes to both you and Miss Brown.

Sincerely yours,

K.M. Wiegand

KMW:KMS

1032 Washington Street
Canton, Massachusetts

Dear Mr. Deane:

It is more than kind of you to offer to look over the large remainder of those specimens for me. But I think it is too much to ask you to sort out the confusion in which I left them. You see, I had not contemplated leaving the whole case-ful behind me and when I decided to, it was so late I could only snatch them up and put them in "my old way." Some you had already looked over were mixed right in with the others; and my hurried scribbling I had expected to decipher, as we came to each sheet.

Don't you think I had better run out some day for a few minutes when I am in shopping, and straighten things out a little? In their present shape they make you an [illegible] amount of unnecessary work. You would not have to stay in with me the any time at all, and I would telephone Miss [illegible] to see if it was quite convenient for me to come.

I cannot tell you how much I have enjoyed these two botanical afternoons. I have had a perfectly lovely time each day I have been there, talking over the fascinating mountain flowers, and seeing your splendid herbarium. It is very consoling to me in view of the sad attitude of the N. E. Botanical Club — "no ladies allowed." How well I recall Mr. Edwin Faxon telling me of the plans for the formation of this very club, years ago. And how he chuckled when he said "we aren't going to have any women in this Club." For, you see, there was a woman, who was a little [illegible], who talked botany, not a little but too much. And a lovely, general exclusion ~~of course~~ could, of course, hurt her feelings not at all.

I feel as if I had actually been up in the alpine garden and on the summit, as we talked of those places I love so much.

Sincerely yours,
Charlotte Elliot Wilde
(Mrs. Albion D.)

March 24. 1922

P.S. My folks were so much interested to hear of that wood-carving.

MT. WASHINGTON FROM THORN HILL,
JACKSON, N.H.
COPYRIGHT 1909 BIGELOW & LEE VT.

Inn Mt. House
Jackson
N.H.

Dear Mr. Deane:

We drove over to Shelburne Tuesday and stopped to call on you as I had planned some time ago. And they said you had left that morning! I was so sorry not to see you. I thought Shelburne was beautiful. I had never seen them before.

Yesterday we rode up to Pinkham Notch and had picnic lunch on that darling little Lost Pond. Then some of us had a scramble up the Wildcat Ledges!

Truly yours Charlotte Endicott Wilde
[illegible] 25. 1924 Mrs. Albion D.

MANSFIELD MEMORIAL MUSEUM.
Memorial Building,
Park Avenue West.
Under the Management of the
BOARD OF EDUCATION.
E. Wilkinson,
Curator.

Mansfield, O. Dec. 17/98

Mr. Walter Deane.
Cambridge, Mass.
Dear Sir.

I have sent you to-day your desiderata, except the Populus candicans. I found I had sent all but one of the Desmodium, to the Ex. Bureau, and the one I have sent you is not in fruit. As to the others if they are not satisfactory, it will not cost you anything to consign them to the rubbish pile.

Yours truly
E. Wilkinson.

MANSFIELD MEMORIAL MUSEUM.
Memorial Building.
Park Avenue West.
Under the Management of the
BOARD OF EDUCATION.
E. Wilkinson,
Curator.

Mansfield, O. Dec 30/98

Mr. Walter Deane.
Cambridge Mass.
Dear Sir,

Your package of plants came yesterday, and were all right, every way. I thank you most heartily for your very liberal exchange, and also for your kindly suggestions and corrections to my specimens sent. all of which are very helpful to me. I intend sending in my name for the new journal. Hope it may succeed.

Yours truly
E Wilkinson.

42 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

July 27, 1908.

My dear Mr. Deane,

Will you please excuse my making use of the stenographer and dictating a letter to you. I am about done up with the heat and my many cares today. Emile is still away and having a fine time as usual.

I am sending, by my office boy, the book and the three pictures of St. Mark's, which you will find inside of the book; also the glass to look through when you view the pictures. I send my thanks for your kindness in lending them to me. I took them in to the alumni dinner of St. Mark's school, and they were very much appreciated. I should have sent them back to you long ago, but alas I failed to. I ask your pardon as I often had to in the old days at St. Mark's, when I did anything to displease you. If it could only be then now, I might have turned out a better man.

You come into my mind very often. I have forgiven you years ago the many lines you justly inflicted upon me, for I am sure I deserved them all. With kindest regards to Dr. and Mrs. Coolidge, and to Mrs. Dean, believe me

Ever sincerely and affectionately yours,

Arthur.

P. S. Will you kindly drop me a postal card, that I may know you have received these treasures all right.

Everything returned but
Envelope of reviews
– Wrote him July 27 –

[Arthur Williams]

Dear Deane
Here's a copy of the "poem" so you need not return it.

Me Judice

"Mr. Walter Deane informs me that in his youth he was familiar with Old Orchard Beach & that at that time this Artemisia (A. Stelleriana) was not seen". Fernald Rhodora ~~XI~~ II - 39 - 1900.

In the youth of Walter Deane, in those glorious ancient days
Foreign plants had not crept in, with insinuating ways.
Every plant was then our own from each rootlet tip so small
And the Old world floral tramps did not cut a dash at all;—
All our plants were indigene
In the youth of Walter Deane.

In the youth of Walter Deane, gardens were not hard to weed
Our plants were too polite to promiscuously seed,
And profanity produce. Foreign weeds grew only then
In ash barrels far remote,— rarities were they to men.
Shepherd's purse grew not I ween,
In the youth of Walter Deane

Little Walter on the wharves, used to sit from day to day
Watching for the ships to bring plants from lands so far away:
Dandelions & buttercups, white weed, chickweed, all were new
With a thousand other things, well known plants to me & you.
These remember were first seen,
Since the youth of Walter Deane.

Long ago those days have fled. Walter to a man has grown
All the floras of the world now contribute to our own.
Yet confusion can't arise, all new comers one by one
Have been noted by our friend, since their inroad first begun
So we know what's indigene
From the words of Walter Deane.

I am very glad to hear the dinner looks auspicious. We ought to have an amendment to the Constitution fining every member who does not answer letters within two days; twenty-five cents for every day's delay. This would produce a handsome fund for Rhodora

Sincerely Yours
Emile F. Williams

Nov. 27th 1905

In the youth of E. L. Rand, wit and puns were quite unknown.
People talked in good straight prose, to joking heights they'd never flown.
We all were dull, we needed fun, and "gentle Dulness" "loves a joke",
When to the rescue Edward comes, to cheer us all, our sides to poke.
Days of joking filled the land
Since the youth of E. L. Rand — W.D.

42 FRANKLIN STREET.

Dear Walter,

Thank you very much indeed for the Harvard Catalogue You are very kind to give it to me. I would hardly have mentioned it if I had thought you would do this. Really you are too kind & always alert & on the look out to do such nice things for people! We all love you for these kind traits which come so naturally to you. Thanking you again I am Sincerely Yours

Jan 9. 1903

Emile

"A PEACEFUL [illegible]"
HEAD OF DERWENTWATER.
ABRAHAMS' SERIES

Rec'd July 9

POST CARD

Dear Walter,
This is a wonderfully
beautiful country & it
beats anything we have in
the United States—Love to
you & Mrs. Deane from
Frank & Blanche

This Card is an actual Photograph by G. P. ABRAHAM F.R.P.S.
Keswick (Copyright)

POSTAGE REVENUE
ONE PENNY 1

AM
30 JU
14

The Address only to be
Written Here

Mr. & Mrs. Walter Deane
Philbrook House
Shelburne
New Hampshire
United States

42 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.,
August 22, 1914.

Mr. Walter Deane,
Philbrook Farm,
Shelburne, N. H.

Dear Walter;

I have received one or two letters from you which ought to have been answered, but ever since my return I have been in a turmoil, first getting straightened out at the office, second getting the garden straightened out, which required considerable attention after two months absence, and third getting my head straightened out, which has been most seriously taxed by excitement, hope, fear and indignation awakened by this dreadful war.

As you know we left England just in the nick of time and got back without delay to America, much to our relief. In fact we made the quickest passage from land to land which has ever been made, four days and seventeen hours.

We are hearing every day harrowing tales of what is going on in France and England. Last night we had a most graphic account of conditions in France from Clifford Moore who arrived day before yesterday on LaFrance. He arrived in France Friday, July 31st, at Cherbourg, went to Paris Saturday, August 1st, where he arrived at eight P.M. He had to walk about a mile and a half to his hotel, carrying his grip. He spent the evening and Sunday trying to get money, picking up friends and getting a steamship ticket to return and reporting to the Police Station and to the American Minister. Each of these operations entailed from one to two hours of waiting. Monday was spent in like fashion. He and friends went to the railway station Monday evening and left Paris at 3:33 A.M. without his trunk which he could not find Tuesday in freight cars which had been fitted up for the transportation of soldiers. They arrived at Hâvre at eleven A.M. Tuesday, went on board the steamer in the dock and spent TEN DAYS there waiting for her to start. At last the channel and Atlantic were declared safe and the steamer departed.

Please tell Mrs. Deane that her little door rugs have arrived, in the proper color, and they look very pretty. I think she will like them now.

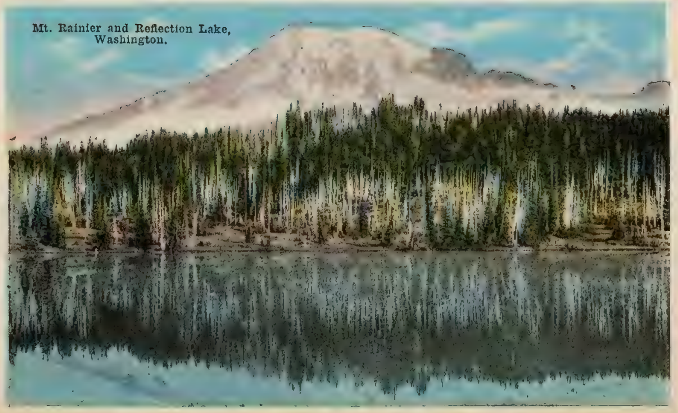
I am on my way to spend Sunday in Plymouth and to try and forget the affairs of men in the contemplation of nature.

Please give my very best regards to Mrs. Deane and with much love to her and to you, in which Blanche joins by proxy, I am, as ever,

Very sincerely yours,

Emile

My eyes are ever so much better but I save them as much as possible so I hope you will excuse a typewritten letter



Mt. Rainier and Reflection Lake,
Washington.

21083 N

POST Card

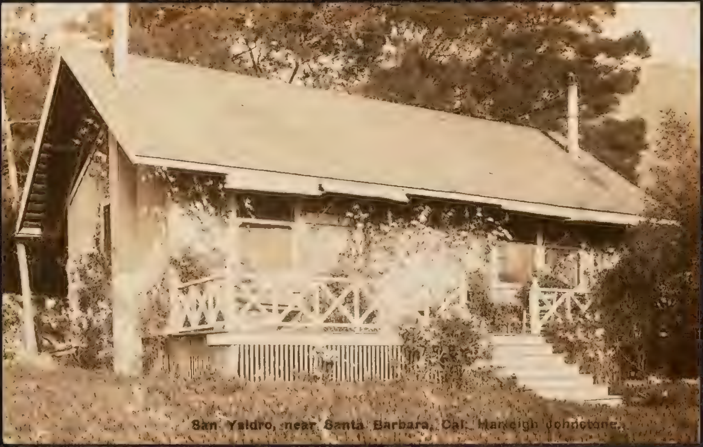
ADDRESS

SEATTLE, WASH. JUL 7

Dear Walter.
You would simply go
crazy at the Flora here.
It is too wonderful to
write about. We have been in
so many beautiful spots we
are just bewildered & glad of a
rest in this delightful city
With love from
The Williamses
to you & Miss Brown

Walter Deane, Esq.
Philbrook Farm
Shelburne
New Hampshire

Published by Puget Sound News Co., Seattle, Wash.



San Ysidro, near Santa Barbara, Cal. Harleigh Johnstone.

POST CARD

This is our Cottage - two big rooms in front with a large closet between them and a bath room at rear with an entry at either end big enough for trunks &c. Electricity, hot & cold water an open stove with lots of Coal & Wood & good beds.

the head of the department of botany & it seems evident that he does not desire to have Piper's book supplant his small effort. The flora is however fascinating & most novel. Nothing but the weeds are familiar. You would simply go crazy with the wealth of new material especially in the mountains and it is all mountains out here. I think we are both most impressed by the trees. Everywhere they shoot up to dizzy heights with straight boles 150 to 250 ft tall which taper but very slowly. Even trees 15$^{\text{in}}$ or 18$^{\text{in}}$ in diam. seem to go up to 150 or more feet. Trees 3$^{\text{ft}}$ through are very common. Trunks 5 or 6 ft through are common 6 to 8 ft not uncommon & occasionally we ran across old patriarchs ten or twelve ft in diameter — And we have not yet seen the really big trees of California — the redwoods. Those we have seen were Douglass firs, three other firs, yellow pines, cedars & hemlocks. There is a fine black oak here (not in Mathews book) & he says nothing about Thuya plicata the wonderful cedar of Mt. Rainier & Washington & Oregon. While at Mt. Rainier I fortunately met Prof Flett of Tacoma who was kind enough to spend a morning with us at Longmire showing us the different trees of the reservation. It is a complicated matter to identify four Abies at sight. It was he who showed me Piper's book & through him I met a Dr. Van Dyke & his wife of the U. of Cal. who proved to be most charming people. Van Dyke is an entomologist & knows lots of botanists. We are looking foward to enjoying their society later when we go to Berkely.

I must stop here for my eyes are aching. Too much sight seeing in the wind of autos & steamers seems to play the dickens with them.

With kind regards to Miss Brown & yourself & glad to hear you still find new fields in exploiting the botany of Shelburne Blanche & I remain

Very sincerely yours
Emile F. Williams

Why don't you emulate White & write "Dean's Shelburne"

POST CARD

AUG 18

CORRESPONDENCE

ADDRESS

Walter Deane Esq.
Philbrook Farm
Shelburne
New Hampshire

Dear Walter, I've just rec'd. your letter of Aug 8th. That is pretty low down for the Brewster Estate. Trees like this are very Common. They are about 250 to 300 ft. tall. This is Thuya plicata which I can't find in Mathews' book. This place is in the Olympic Mts. & there is snow all over the Summits.

Sincerely,
Frank

rec'd
Sep 8

CANADIAN PACIFIC HOTELS

EMPRESS HOTEL
VICTORIA, B.C.

Sept 1st 1920

Dear Walter,

Your letter of Aug 22 with Fernald's enclosed, reached me yesterday & I hasten to return your M.L.F.'s. It was most interesting & wonderful. I had not heard a word from him indeed I do not suppose he knew where to write me nor I to him. I have only sent him a postcard to the Gray Herbarium which may or may not have been transmitted to him. I send you today pictures of the Observatory & the great refracting telescope here. The second largest in the world they call it – 72^{in} in diam. It, the lens was made in Belgium and got out the day before the Germans arrived. That is a scurvy trick the Brewster Estate has played on its tenants. It is just what was done to the tenants of the Hubbard estate some years ago. The latter sold Hubbard Park to Draper & Dowling who promptly notified everybody to buy or get out. They all bought. If you could find a small separate house to suit you perhaps you would like it better than where you are but it is a hell of a time to make repairs or alterations so perhaps it would be as well for you to stay where you are if you can buy it at a reasonable figure. The bother & expense of moving are very great too.

My last letter to you was on August 6th in Seattle. On the 10th we went for a fortnight of rest & country to Lake Crescent in the Olympic Mts. It is a very beautiful spot & surrounded by wild mountains & forests. The hotel & grounds on the only flat spot on the lake is right amidst such big trees as I described to you. We lived in a cabin with electricity & running water & took our meals at the house. The trees were indescribably impressive. One great fellow by no means the largest size fell right across the river and was used as a bridge. The part on the ground measured 236 ft in length. The lake is 12 miles long & the bordering mountain 4500 to 5000 ft high. The higher snow clad Olympics are further inland & only a glimpse of them can be had from one spot on the lake. On the 25th we went for a night to Port Angeles on the straits of Juan da Fuca & sailed across the next morning to beautiful Victoria. This is the one city I have seen which I will hate to leave. It is essentially a residence city for English & Canadian people who have made their fortunes & come here to spend the rest of their lives – There is not much manufacturing but a good deal of sea trade & commerce. It is the cleanest place you can imagine & oh so beautiful with the snowy Olympics to the south & Mt. Baker & the Cascades on the mainland to the East. We took a long drive yesterday over the Malahat Mt. where the road rises to 1250 ft above the sea & such a wilderness of mountains & great forests with beautiful lakes & inlets from the sea you never could imagine unless you saw it. Its grand as all this coast is grand!

We met some delightful people at Lake Crescent particularly a prof Richardson of Washington University & a Mr. Agnew & his daughter of Victoria. The latter have been very kind & hospitable to us here. Mrs. Parsons & her children joined us at Lake Crescent so we had our own party & it served to make our stay there very agreeable. The Lake

Crescent trip serves to show us how little the country has been opened. Communications are few & difficult as soon as you leave the cities & the transcontinental lines. It is fine to see Virgin forests however & that makes up for the hardships for as soon as any place is opened up right away down come the trees. In fifty or a hundred years there won't be any outside the government reservations — Fires too are destroying every year vast areas of forests & for several weeks the smoke has interfered seriously with distant views. This hotel is the most comfortable we have ever struck anywhere so we are loath to leave it. We went to a small house at Oak Bay the other day & had the table d'hôte dinner for 1^{50} Really it was the most delicious meal I have ever had at a public house in this country outside of some very expensive places in New York Think of our wonder at finding that here. I don't know a house on our coast which could compare to it to say nothing of either Cambridge or Boston — With kind regards to Miss Brown always

Very sincerely yours
Emile F. Williams

recd June 24

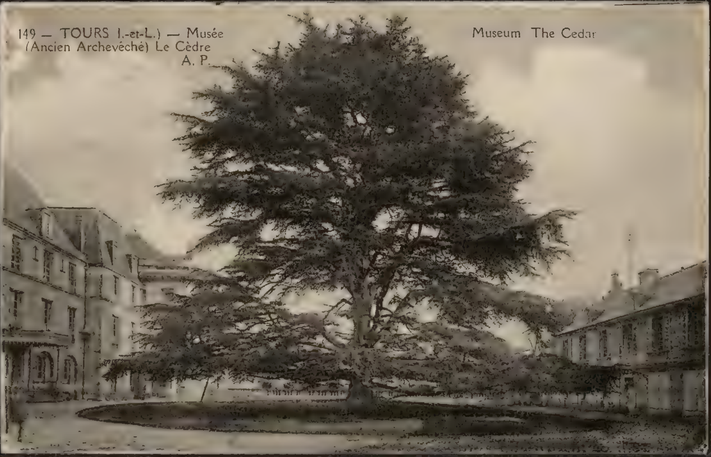
Lyon Le 7 Juin 1921

ROYAL HOTEL
PLACE BELLECOUR
LYON
ADR TELEGR
ROYALTEL LYON

Dear Walter,

Thank you for your letter & the news about Mrs. Rand. It is very, very sad. It will leave Ned Rand very lonely & I am afraid he will take it very hard. He is such a Creature of habit that readjustment will be difficult for him. I hope he can make a home with his sister but I know her so little I don't know how that would work. We have been having such a hectic time that I have not yet settled down to correspondance. This is a wonderful country, the beauty of it is inconceivable until you see it. I would like to tell you about our trip so far but I can't do it today. It's been a rush since we landed on May 15th - then a week in Paris and then the Midi. We went to Carcassonne, Avignon, Nimes, Arles, Orange Tarascon, Beaucaire, Carpentras, Cette, the Fountain of Vaucluse & the Pont du Gard. It was all wonderful & the Provence country a dream of beauty. We saw the snow summits of the Pyrenées at Carcassonne & were sorely tempted, but it is too early yet for that snowy country & most roads are still buried in snow. Lyon is wonderful & the country about it marvellous. We took an auto trip yesterday in the mountains west of here and got up to 2500 ft altitude amidst fine crags & forests. The road was as thrilling as anything in the Sierras but far safer. We go on to Le Puy tomorrow Hope you are at Shelburne by now & enjoying mountain air. With love from Blanche & me

Sincerely always
E.F.W.



149 — TOURS (I.-et-L.) — Musée
(Ancien Archevêché) Le Cèdre
A. P.

Museum The Cedar

recd July 15

CARTE POSTALE

Correspondance

A. Papeghin Edit., Tours.

Dear Deane What do you
think of this for a Lebanon
Cedar. It is the finest I ever
saw — 125 metres in outer
circumference at the base
age unknown. The interest keeps
on increasing. Its a charming
land — an enchanting Country
Sincerely Emile F. Williams

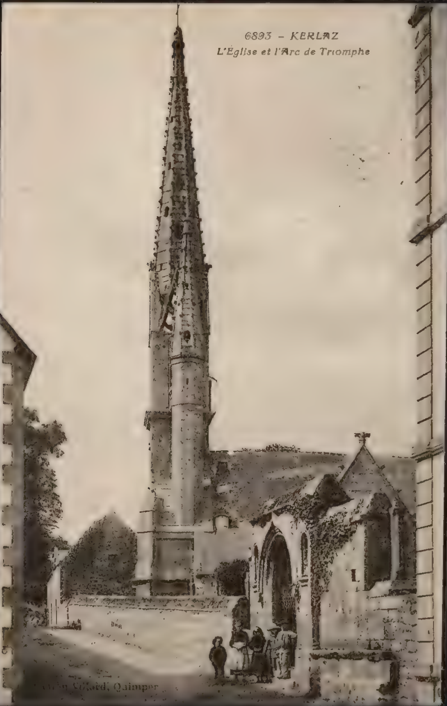
Adr

RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE POSTES 15 c

RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE POSTES 5 c

…S-GA… 23 … 27 …RE-ET-LOIR…

Walter Deane Esq.
Philbrook Farm
Shelburne
New Hampshire
États Unis d'Amérique



6893 – KERLAZ
L'Église et l'Arc de Triomphe

[illegible] Villard, Quimper

CARTE POSTALE

recd /4 30

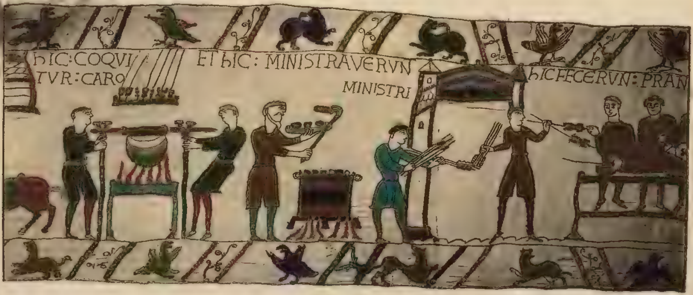
Walter Kidder Esq.
Philbrook Farm
Shelburne
New Hampshire
Etats Unis d'Amerique

Correspondance

Dear Walter - I haven't heard one word from America from anyone since your letter telling me of Annie Rand's death. I hope it is not due to anything wrong at home. You might write Care Hottinguer & Cie 38 Rue de Provence, Paris - We are having a wonderfully interesting trip

Sincerely yrs
Emile F. Williams

TAPISSERIE DE LA REINE MATHILDE — BAYEUX — THE QUEEN MATHILDA TAPESTRY


hIC:COQUI
TVR:CARO
ET hIC: MINISTRAVERVN
MINISTRI
hIC FECERVN: PRAN

150 *Les viandes cuisent, les serviteurs de table remplissent leurs fonctions avec ordre*

⁂

The meats are cooking, and the serving men fulfil their duties with order — *ND Phot.*

POST CARD **Carte Postale**
BRIEFKAART — POSTKAART
CARTOLINA POSTALE — ОТКРЫТОЕ ПИСЬМО

Walter Deane, Esq.
Philbrook Farm
Shelburne
New Hampshire
Etats Unis d'Amérique

Dear Walter - your letter reached me at Coutances since which we have been to Bayeux & now Caen. How you would enjoy these wonderful Norman towns and churches! This is a piece of the Bayeux embroidery depicting William the Conqueror's conquest of England. A most naive thing 230 feet long.

Affectionately yours
Emily F. Williams

Clermont Ferrand July 5/1922

Dear Walter,

I have sent you two post cards but so far I have not been able to find time to write you a letter, and I have two from you to acknowledge. It is always pleasant to have news from home but you give us more than is usual with our other friends, so your letters are especially welcome. Poor Ned, I feel so sorry for him nailed to his house & garden in hot stuffy Cambridge when I am having the time of my life motoring on the high plateaux of the Cévennes at altitudes of 3000 to 4000 ft. where the air sparkles & invigorates. You have no conception how beautiful and interesting all this part of France is and yet it is very little known in America. I believe Farlow came here

the canyon in a XVth Century château which has been turned into a fairly comfortable hotel while preserving almost all the original features. It was really an experience worth having. The main points of our trip were Angers, the ancient abbey of Fontevrault near Chinon & Saumur, Poitiers, Limoges Brantôme the scene of Locke's "The Wonderful Year" then Perigueux, Sarlat, Cahors, with a wonderful fortified bridge built in 1308-20 then the old abbey of Moissac then Montauban + Toulouse where is the beautiful basilica of St. Sernin then Albi with a fortified cathedral & fine frescoes of the XVth C. then Figeac an old old town then Rocamadour Castle & shrine (I forgot near Sarlat the "Les Eyzies" where are caves where the first prehistoric men's squeletons were found in various villages such but I never heard of anyone else I believe he was attracted by the truffles & certainly they are plenty. We had them in omelettes & sauces & pâtés de foies gras until we were really quite satiated - but of one thing we never can be satiated & that is the excellent common wine of the country which flows like water everywhere & is delicious. It is absolutely non intoxicating but keeps one in fine condition physically. We have seen such a multiplicity of châteaux, cathedrals, old fortified towns, pictures, museums & curiosities of all kinds that it is impossible to describe them. We have accumulated a bushel of postcards & when these are arranged we can better give you an idea of the wonders we have seen. One of the most striking I must tell you about. I refer to the gorges of the Tarn river which is really a Grand Canyon on a small scale - not so very small either for the walls are often 2000 to 3000 ft high & the precipices formidable. The main canyon is 40 miles long but there are at least 200 miles of side canyons & canyons of other rivers & all these have good though narrow roads which are really sometimes quite terrifying in an auto, for they climb to the summits & down again on zigzags of amazing boldness & sometimes on rocks which actually overhang the abysms by many feet. Our Grand Canyon has no road within it so it is closed to any but the young & hardy who can travel down the terrible mule paths which descend within it. We lived four days within as Le Moustier whence Mousterian period La Madeline (Magdalenian period) Cro-Magnon which has also given its name to a period &c &c. Charles Peabody is working not far away where other Clues promise interesting finds) To return to our itinerary after Figeac a most wonderful abbey at Conques with a treasure preserved by the Beaux Arts of the greatest interest & a stunning abbey church in a wild mountainous valley then Rodez a charming Cathedral town 3000 ft above the sea & beautiful views of mountains all around it, then Millau where the gorges of the Tarn begin. After these Mende another delightful hill city then through the great plateaux to Langogne & Le Puy, then on through mountains & vales to Clermont at the foot of the majestic Puy de Dôme

We are going tomorrow on a circular tour in the mountains to Mt. Dore La Bourboule & St. Nectaire all famous French mountain resorts then on to Nevers, Bourges, Tours, Le Mans Chartre & Paris. All this you may want to follow on a map but if it bores you skip it. All I can add is that it is the most wonderfully picturesque, artistic, grand & inspiring country I have ever seen. I never even suspected its beauty & my only wonder is that the whole world does not flock to it. I wish you could see it, you would enjoy it so much. With much love from Blanche & me always

Sincerely yours
Emile F. Williams

Aug 17. 1921

Dear Deane,

Have only a few minutes to thank you for your letter enclosing one of Ned's and a post card of his but as we are to sail on the 27th this will be a last word from this side of the water probably. Since my last Post card to you July 30th we have seen Mont Saint Michel et Chartres (see Henry Adams' book) and Rouen and such wonders I did not believe existed in this world. I'll try to inspire you when I get home with the glory of it and tempt you to trust yourself across the waters. It's so easy after all. We go to Verdun tomorrow A.M. for overnight and that I guess will finish our sight seeing for a season. I'm getting a little stale and long for the quiet and repose of 6 Lowell Street. I had a fine letter from Ware with yours & if you see him tell him I'll try to send him a real letter before I leave here. It was very nice of him to write to me for I had only sent him a post card as I did to over one hundred others, and it hardly called for a reply. It's fine to receive them however when far away and to feel there are some people in the world who care for you. The atmosphere of hotels is so sordid that all the attentions of maids & valets counts for naught in that way. I'm glad to hear you keep busy & well. Give our regards to Miss Brown and I'm sure will be very glad to greet you again in the flesh

Sincerely Yours

Emile F. Williams

recd Nov. 26

"CONTE VERDE,,

Th. Nov 6th 1924

Dear Walter,

Just a word to apologize for not seeing you again before our departure. That last week after the Union Club dinner was a hectic one and we had all we could do without calling on people we love to get off safely. Blanche was done up & she has been sleeping eighteen hours a day ever since we sailed. The Conte Verde is a marvel. The finest ship in every way I have ever been on...and to think an Italian Line should outdo the English, French, German & Dutch boats I know! I marvel at it every day & every time I go over the ship. The officers are just as nice as they can be and the cuisine is delicious - not a huge bill of fare as on the Dutch boats but everything of the choicest & beautifully cooked & served. The service too is of a kind we have not been used to at sea. The waiters take such interest in you and they are so willing and thoughtful it is a pleasure to go to meals. Needless to add we have delicate, delicious Italian wine for very moderate prices. Good bye my dear Walter, let me hear from you now & then, meanwhile Blanche and I send our love & also best remembrances to Miss Brown-

Sincerely yours

Emile F. Williams (over)

c/ Hottinguer et Cie, 36 Rue de Provence, Paris

We have the result of the election by wireless but if you should happen to have a paper giving the result by states and also a paper giving the details of the election in Massachusetts we should love to get it. I am sure we should not know about it otherwise. I hope Curley got a knockout.

Of course all we get is most general and only about the President.

Rec'd Dec. 15/1924

Hôtel Bond
Beaulieu sur Mer (A.M.)

Dec 1st 1924

Dear Walter,

It is just one month ago today that we sailed on the Conte Verde, a most beautiful staunch ship, the finest I ever was in. The elegance and roominess of the public rooms was unexpected, for it exceeded by far the beauty of even greater ships I know, and to think the Italians would outdo the English, French, Dutch & Germans is rather staggering but that seems to be the ruling ambition of the present day Italian who has dreams of resuscitating the greatness of Rome at the present day. We had a few hours at Naples which impressed me very highly. More so than in 1904. All the mountains about it, at Ischia, Capri, Sorrento and

every direction. It was probably worse when we were there for there was a cold snap and Genoa had to build fires to keep warm. We went from there by auto to Rapallo where the Carruths have been several times. The ride of twenty miles was along very steep mountains with numerous jutting points and it was most delightful. Even at this season the gardens are by no means devoid of flowers. Roses, geraniums, pinks, Narcissus are in bloom & a tree like shrub they call Arbutus was in flower + fruit, both the latter a round bright red strawberry looking fruit, tasting like a rather flat and insipid one. The persimmons introduced from Japan under the native name of Kaki are everywhere making wonderful color in gardens and the tree is entirely denuded of its leaves.

from there on to Vesuvius appeared double the height of my recollections. It was a wonderful spectacle entering the Bay of Naples at sunrise with the volcano smoking quietly as usual. I can't imagine a more beautiful port so different from those of our Atlantic seaboard. At Genoa we enjoyed the old part of the town most, a big quarter full of narrow streets scarcely eight feet wide with huge seven or eight storied houses on either side. Many of these must have been very rich in their day for finely sculptured doorways & windows abounded with an occasional fresco or scutcheon over the lintels The queer small trades carried on in little wee shops interested us very much and Esther Jackson was entranced and poked her nose into every barred window or cellar hole we came to. The grand streets of the old town are fifteen or eighteen feet wide and it is on these that the famous palaces of the old doges were erected, those of the Dorias the Grimaldis, Pallavicini, and many more, still great families in Italy. Modern Genoa is superbly built on the steep hills which rise sharply above the old town and it would put to shame most American cities Marble is used profusely in the building and even the poorhouse is a grand palace in a magnificent situation. The engineering which carried the streets with an easy grade up to altitudinous heights is most interesting. There is one drawback and that is the nasty smelling coal smoke which rises everywhere and obscures the beautiful views in tiled terrace whence we see the sea towards Monaco and the trees and heights of Cap Ferrat. The hotel is perfect, kept by a nice French couple. It is not dear either. At Monaco the hotel keeper was Swiss and the table mean and parsimonious though we paid more than here.

Altogether we have fallen on our two feet by coming here and we propose to spend two or three months. We have scarcely as yet established communications with Cambridge but we hope for mail tomorrow. We did get one letter from you which was very welcome.

Hoping you keep well and with our love to you & Miss Brown

Very sincerely
Emile F. Williams

2/ We stayed at Rapallo ten days which gave us a chance to explore most of the neighborhood accessible by carriage. We went to Chiavari, Sestri Levante, Portofino, San Maurizio, Santa Margherita & enjoyed it all hugely then we returned to Genoa where we spent a night in the grandest hotel we ever were in the Miramare – wonderfully comfortable and the next morning we started in a huge auto with our four trunks on top and room for six people within to drive the 112 miles to Menton in France. This trip which gave us a glimpse of the entire Italian Riviera was again a dream of beauty which we would have liked to prolong for several days. It is a sin to go fast through such wonderful scenery,

but the time of year is not propitious for stopping
anywhere except at well kept & especially well warmed
hotels. It is coolish when the sun does not shine and
frigid in unheated houses. The road winds & turns
unceasingly and it was a wonder our Chauffeur could
get the big car heavily loaded along the narrow roads
often blocked with country carts and sometimes dense
crowds of people. We passed through a market being
held at Cervo and how we escaped crushing booths,
babies and street stands I cannot see. The crowd was
dense and the street very narrow but we did it. Prospero
our chauffeur got his training driving armored cars in
the great war and nothing seemed to phase him. We
passed the Custom house into France with no difficulty,
only two pieces of hand luggage being examined and
arrived at Menton an hour after dark. We did not like
it at all for it is a veritable city of hotels & villas
The old town has some picturesque spots but not
much that is really old. The atmosphere of an Atlantic
City was to none of our tastes so we drove over
to Beaulieu and here we are. That drive too, through
Monaco and Monte Carlo was beautiful. Here while
there are still many hotels and villas there is much
real country and we do not have the feeling of being
shut in a city. Our windows open on a large marble

rec'd Jan 13, 1925

Bond's Hotel
Beaulieu sur Mer (A.M.)

Dec 29th 1924

Dear Walter,

I wrote you last on Dec 1st soon after our arrival at Beaulieu. We are still congratulating ourselves on the place and hotel where we are extremely comfortable. The food is excellent, the wine good & cheap. I get a bottle of pure nice claret for 24 1/3 cents. Nine days out of ten a beautiful warm sun shines through the day, the tenth a gentle rain washes every thing clean & lays the dust. I think I spoke of the flowers in my last letter. They continue a wonder — Some days ago we saw an orange tree in full bloom — think of it late in December. On every drive we discover new and wonderful plants in flower and every

England has had a navy. He was afraid that he would be the last but two nephews have just joined and will keep up the tradition. This goes pretty late to wish you a Happy New Year for the year will be old enough to go to High School before you get it but that is not too late I hope.

Blanche joins me in love to you and best regards also to Miss Brown.

Your letters of Nov 28th & 30th were most welcome and I was glad to get the election news which I had not been able to procure over here. It seems to me the Harvard Yard will be much congested by all those new buildings that are going up.

Very sincerely yours

Emile F. Williams

one tells us it is nt. a patch on what we shall see towards the end of January. Yesterday I watched from our balcony a hen in a near by yard with a brood of eight or ten chicks scratching away in the sun as if it were April. The coldest so far has been about 50° but this is low enough to make us appreciate a little open fire in our rooms to supplement the very moderate heat of the radiators. These keep the hotel at about 64° which is sufficient for the English but not enough to make Americans comfortable. I got a letter from Mr Addison our neighbor a day or two ago. He is at Hyeres at the other end of the Riviera and seems to be as comfortably established as he desires. I wish he were here for we do not find the people in the house interesting. They are mostly stodgy English and they do not seem to have any tastes in common with ours. I get on best with a retired Captain who has been every where and was in charge of naval aviation during the war. There is also a north of Ireland government official on his way home from India where he was way up in the civil service — member of the Council of State which is equal to the House of Lords in England. One gets something out of people like this by dint of assiduous pumping. The Captain is a good musician and full of anecdotes about the service. His name is Waymouth and there have always been Waymouths in the Navy ever since

Care Messrs. Hottinguer et Cie
38 Rue de Provence, Paris

Rec'd Feb. 6/25

Jan 25th 1925

Dear Walter,

I have before me your letter of Jan'y 4th. It will be as great a relief to you to relinquish the duties of the Shakespeare Club as it was for me to give up the secretaryship of the N.E.B.C. — Nay greater! for my service was 26 years, yours 42. As a past treasurer you will be able to figure out the proportion. There always mingles some regret in such a move but it is wise I think not to hold on too long. Things will not run as smoothly as they did in your day but they will get there somehow just the same. The eclipse occurred last evening in this part of the world and was only partial. It came just before sunset & clouds made it invisible. We are hoping you may have had a good day. I always think of the enthusiasm of Dr. Kennedy when eclipses occur. He saw two very remarkable ones, one in the South and the other in Burgos in Spain and they impressed him greatly. I am sorry we were not where it was total, for it has never been my fortune to witness one and I don't suppose I ever shall.

We are still at Bond's Hotel in Beaulieu and life has been rather quiet for me lately for I rather overdid ten days or two weeks ago & sent up my blood pressure a bit. Now I am coaxing it down by rest. I do not seem to be able to do any climbing whatever and as everything in this blooming country is up or down hundreds of steps it is not adapted to my needs. We are so comfortable however that we stay on though we are throwing out feelers towards new fields. Carruth and his wife sailed yesterday for Genoa & Rapallo but we shall not go to meet them. Railroad communications are very slow here, especially when a frontier has to be crossed. Two or three hours are consumed at the custom house passing baggage &c. We are enjoying very much the proximity of Prof Geo. W Pierce and his wife, who are at Nice with their car. They have taken us all to ride with them repeatedly and we have made some glorious expeditions which alas I cannot go on with. All the interest here is in the back country where the little towns are on peaked steep hills with streets so narrow that no vehicles could possibly pass. Lots of these streets break into stairs at intervals. Perhaps a mule might negotiate them but it is not easy to take one along with us in the automobile. Moreover as I have not ridden since I was fourteen years old my blood pressure would probably resent the method of exercise as much or more than if I walked. Give my best regards to Ware Robinson & Burton. If I get around I hope to writing to them some time but so far I have not been able to. With love from Blanche & me & kind remembrances to Miss Brown

Very sincerely yours

Emile F. Williams

Dear Walter, Some day I will write you a letter too! We think of you often. With love. Blanche

Care Mess. Hottinguer et Cie
38 Rue de Provence - Paris

Rec'd Apr. 13, 1925 -

Hôtel Gassion, Pau, France
Mar 29th 1925

Dear Walter,

We have just bidden farewell to the Jacksons pa, ma and Esther who leave early tomorrow for Poitiers on their way to England. Esther has been with us ever since we sailed from New York so it hard to part. I adopted her as my niece and am henceforth uncle Emile. She is a sweet & amiable girl and we shall miss her very much. I find I have not written you since Jan 25th but I have so many letters to write it has been impossible to find time. Besides I had a little set back which entailed rest. In visiting those old hill towns I did so much climbing of endless stairs & steep streets that it raised my blood pressure and it took weeks to bring it down again. It was a warning to avoid steep climbs which alas I must heed hereafter. Your letter of Feb 8th reached us duly and as always was most welcome. I am sorry I missed the eclipse which was very partial here, for I remember Dr Kennedy's enthusiasm about them & how he journeyed down south & to Burgos in Spain to view them. He told me of this one but I had forgotten all about it and now there will not be another in my life time anyhow. I hope Ned Rand's memorial by B. L. R. will appear in Rhodora. I don't get my Rhodoras over here but have them kept for me by

Carl, as well as my other magazines.

We finally left Beaulieu on March 9th after a stay of four months & ten days. I got absolutely fed up with it and was glad to get on the move. The trip to Marseille through the part of the Riviera we had not seen was very fine. After Nice and Cannes the train goes through the region of the Estérel mountains, bold hills of red sandstone which are very bold and picturesque but so terribly steep I thought it well we were going through by train instead of having tried to reside among them for a while as we had first planned. Then the train took us more inland through the mountains of the Chaîne des Maures, bleak barren hills of forbidding aspect and in terribly sterile country. We made the coast again as we were approaching Toulon and followed it to Marseille. It is tremendously rocky & hilly & very beautiful even beyond Marseille. There was a fierce mistral blowing (north wind) which lashed the sea to a lake of white foam and with really big furious waves & the few steamers we saw were having a rough time of it. In fact they were unable to make port for several days we heard, when we got to Marseille. We were at a good hotel but it was cold there till in a couple of days we were able to get a room with an open fireplace to supplement the inadequate "chauffage central". Notwithstanding the wind which blew for five days, out of the six we were there we saw a good deal of the city. A beautiful shore drive along the corniche road showed us the Château d'If where the "iron mask" was first imprisoned. We saw from a closed car all the city and were especially interested in the ancient abbey church of Saint Victor. There were many crypts there forty or fifty feet under ground which were the first worshipping places of the Christians of the first, second & third centuries extremely curious and interesting with roman columns and carvings on the rock. Mary Magdalen & Lazarus lived there in caves, and subterranean passages going long distances into the country have been discovered. The old cathedral too was fine & had some beautiful old carved monuments within it. Otherwise Marseille is mostly modern but with many beautiful villas, parks & boulevards, a fine Museum of fine arts & several others and an exquisite Collection in a private house which has been left to the city like the Gardner Museum in Boston. We went on from there on March 15th to Toulouse seeing Carcassonne again from the train and many other places we were familiar with since 1921, Montpelier, Béziers Narbonne &c. Toulouse was delightful, we were out of the range of the terrible mistral & though cool the hotel was well heated & very comfortable. We were here in 1912 and it was delightful to visit again St. Sernin, the cathedral, the Jacobins & the Museum which is one of the most interesting in France. I picked up a few very fine works on architecture in Marseille & Toulouse which you shall see when we get home. Blanche obtained permission to photograph in the museum and we secured in that way pictures of things we could not get & yet wanted very much, mediaeval capitals & statues of great interest mostly. The Jacksons joined us at Toulouse as also Mrs Wright & her daughter who had joined us at Marseille so we had a jolly party in the same hotel with us. On March 20th we went on to Pau passing by many interesting places and Lourdes which we saw plainly from the train, the Castle, the basilica and the grotto where the virgin appeared to Bernadette the peasant girl. We are at Pau in the palatial hotel Gassion, immensely comfortable in a well heated huge room 25 ft. square with a large private hallway & a big bathroom. The hotel is excellent and the situation superb but the weather is rainy & misty and we have seen the Pyrénées but one day since we came. A westerly wind blows in the mists of the Atlantic from the bay of Biscay and we long for the sun and settled weather. There is but little wind fortunately and the rain is very gentle but it obscures & shuts out the beautiful view. We find the town most entertaining and foreign to a degree and the going is quite level which suits me and enables me to get exercise without danger in all directions. I have done but little so far except about the old town but we have been twice to see the wonderful old XIth C. Churches of Lescar and Morlaas a short way out the town and we have driven some in the country to the north of us. I send a few postcards which may interest you It is more than bedtime so I must close with my love and Blanche's. Give our warmest regards to Miss Brown who I hope is well and you too.

Very sincerely yours
Emily F. Williams

We heard from the Carruths today. They were at Perugia where Annie has quite a hard time with one of those intestinal colds which have prevailed here this winter

We were most interested to hear of Dick Eaton's engagement to John Sturgis's daughter. The Pierces are at Florence & captivated by its museums and churches.

Dear Walter, I'll just add a line to send my love & wishes that you were here with us. You would love this old town with its quaint houses & charmingly graceful roofs, covered with slate. Tomorrow morning we are going to see a cattle market held somewhere on the outskirts of the town. When the sun shines we expect to take some drives up into the lovely mountain valleys. We hope that you keep well & that we shall be seeing you before many moons.

With best regards to Miss Brown,

Affectionately yours,

Blanche E. Williams

Royat May 25th 1925

Dear Walter,

I have just reread your letter of Apr 20th — Thanks very much for the Rand article by B.L.R. I wrote him a few words of congratulation and I believe credited him with sending it. He ought to have done so but I evidently owe it to you. It is a well balanced and well studied tribute but I do wish it had been a little more — human shall I say. It is too cold & precise & fails to convey the charm and buoyancy of Mr Rand's personality when he was at his best and before disease and affliction saddened him. B.L.R. seldom gets out of the professorial tone — he does it awfully well though & we must be thankful for what we have got. It's very interesting to get the bits you give about the Club. After such a long stay abroad as ours, one gets so out of touch with things at home, that correspondents seldom realize what pleasure they give when they let fall such choice bits as you weave into your letters. Keep on doing it —— Mrs Fairbanks wrote Blanche that she had seen the death in Milton of a Mrs. Kennedy & wondered if it were our friend — She unfortunately did not investigate further so we are in the dark. Could it be Hal Kennedy's wife? I wrote him in early April but have had no reply. My last letter to you was I believe on March 29th – Just after we had reached Pau. – We stayed there till April 28th almost six weeks (from Mar 20th) and during the whole time it rained almost incessantly. I dont believe we had six days of some sun and not over four without rain. This interfered a good deal with sight seeing yet as I look back I am surprised at how much we got in between showers or even in pouring showers. It was thus we went up to Luz St. Sauveur and to Eaux Chaudes & Eaux Bonnes. These are valleys running right up into the Pyrénées to passes which lead one into Spain. The snow mountains were beautiful and the cascades and waterfalls at their best and the valleys are so beautiful they are worth seeing in any old weather. We had better luck going to Oloron Ste. Marie and Mauléon and that day took in a number of other most interesting old towns in the Basque Country. Another wonderful drive with Blanches friend & daughter: Mrs Wright and Virginia (of Plymouth) was up another valley to the abbey of Saint Bertrand de Comminges. Never have I seen such wonderfully carved stalls & choir screen & altars as in this little out of the way place in the Pyrénées. It dates from 1535 – the church is older. We returned by way of Bagnères de Bigorre and Lourdes where we struck the river going to Pau – the Gave de Pau – and we followed it home through many old towns of Béarn, much the same

2 as in the days of the good king Henri IV _ At last on April 28th we left Pau going to Bordeaux. We left with the most glorious view of the mountains that we had at Pau. Before reaching Bordeaux it was raining - the hotel was cold & chilly and not a room to be had with a fire. The steam was out since April 1st and no amount of cold made that fool landlord relight his boiler - so we saw what we could of Bordeaux in a two hour trip in a taxi and the next day went to Brive where we were told by letter that they had a fireplace in every room. The steam of course was out when we got there & a feeble sun warmed us a little but the fireplaces which were there sure enough had been stopped up when the steam plant was introduced, so we spent there another chilly night & moved on to Clermont. Here the steam was out since Apr. 15th and the chimneys not having been used for ten years were considered unsafe to light a fire in. The next day we drove out to Royat & found at last a hotel with steam on & two rooms & bath one of which has a fireplace that "marches" I have a fire in it even today and it is still raining with rare days of sun at intervals. We are paying dearly for the fine sunny days we had in December & January and are beginning to fear that we shall see little

sunshine until we get back to America. When it sets in for rain over here it is not a matter of 3 or 4 days or a week but it rains right along for a month or more. I admire the endurance of the French for standing cold & I envy them but not having been brought up to face it I suffer & cuss most heartily and never if you please shall I ever attempt a winter again in Europe. There is no comfort to be had at that time of year except in exceptional places and one can't stay put happily anywhere but at home. Bordeaux is a beautiful city and there are fine old churches there as well as parks museums &c. &c. Brive is headquarters for lots of fascinating drives to old towns & abbeys so we missed a good deal by pushing on but we also missed pleurisy or pneumonia or both which was lucky. We came to Royat to see if the cure by baths & waters there would reduce my blood pressure — and it has. When I reached here it was pretty high 215 high + 120 low now it is 175 high and 90 low. I have still a few baths to take and treatment to follow so I may get it down still further. Meanwhile on my day of rest which comes every four or five days we make very fine trips by auto in this wonderful country of

3/ Auvergne. It is so beautiful that neither words nor photographs can describe it – it must be seen. Naturally it is now at its best with fruit trees blooming in all directions, vineyards sweet with delightful odors, the meadows alive with gay blossoms, the houses with vines creeping all over them & the most abundant clusters of wistaria literally covering them up. Great fields of Hungarian clover make a red blanket against hillsides mustard makes yellow patches and every where are tremendous hills, deep valleys and gorges, castles & ruins & picturesque little towns clinging to the steepest places imaginable. To the westward the Mt Dore mountains are covered with snow – It is beautiful!!! –

Before long we pack up & go on to Burgundy then Paris about July 1st & we sail for home July 29th in La France.

Good bye my dear Walter, Blanche & I send our love & a bunch of postcards which give but a feeble idea of what we see. Hope you and Miss Brown are well and preparing for Shelburne with high expectations

Affectionately Yours

Emile

Dear Walter. Emile has told you about all the news, but I'll add a line to fill in the chinks. We feel well repaid for coming to Royat, for Emile has certainly been benefitted & I have had a fine rest. My brother Alan & his family (from Newport) spent ten days with us here on their way north from Italy & we had a great time having them here. We have taken beautiful drives into the mountains & have seen many wonderful things in the little villages. It's quite thrilling to see houses that have been lived in since the XIII century & still going strong! Many towns about here have houses as old as that, & the streets are so narrow you can almost shake hands across them. Do write us soon again & tell us what you are doing & all about the numerous weddings that are taking place.

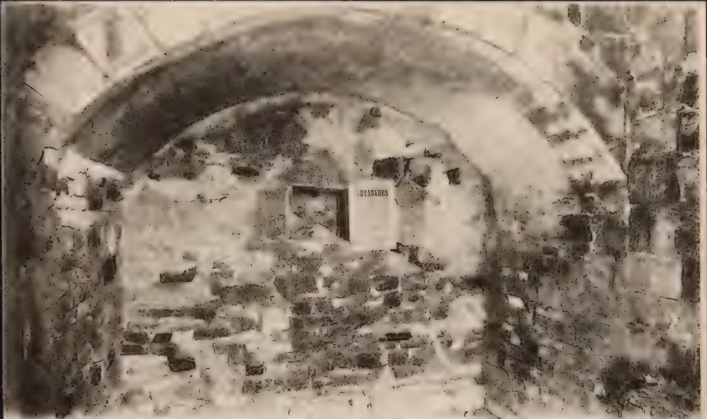
Before long now we shall be getting ready to sail for home. It seems a long time since we came over.

Please remember me to Miss Brown.

Affectionately yours,

Blanche E. Williams

The Carruths are in Italy. Sail for home June 20.



24 *FALAISE. — Chambre ou naquit Guillaume-le-Conquérant. — LL*

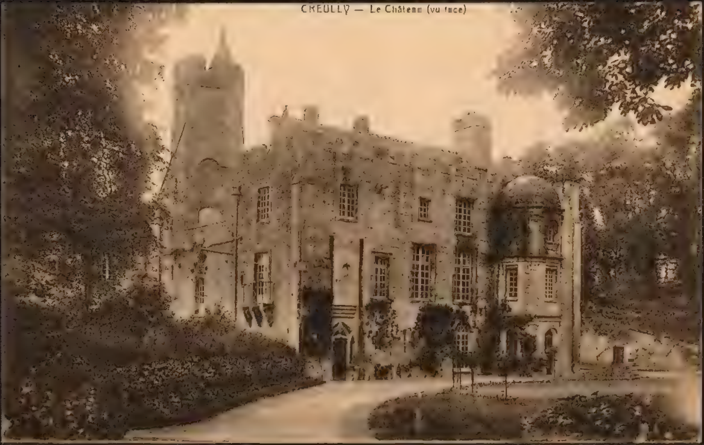
1 Dear Walter   Royat June 28. 1926

CORRESPONDANCE   ADRESSE

N'écrire que sur
le côté réservé à
la correspondance

I have been here since June 15th taking the baths with the former success. The blood pressure goes down steadily and I will stay till July 10th after which we are off for a motor trip through Central France. We had a very rough passage but the Belgenland is so big, 27000 tons that it did not feel it much. We landed at Cherbourg from where we motored by way of Saint Lô to Caen stopping on the way to see several

LÉVY ET NEURDEIN RÉUNIS, 44, RUE LETELLIER

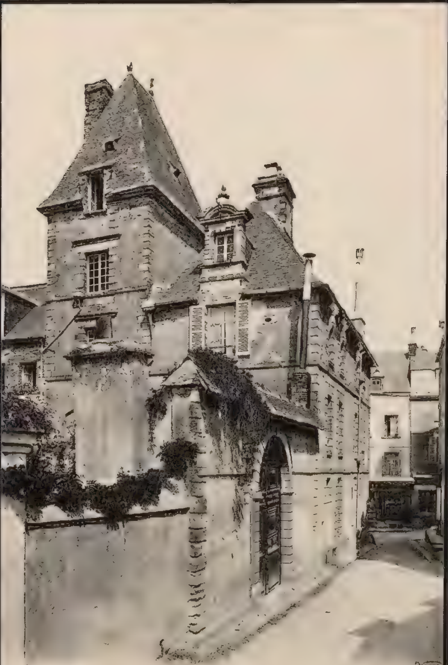


CREULLY — Le Château (vu face)

& delightful Churches & "Monuments Historiques," & At Caen we spent three nights visiting the environs by day. We went to Falaise, the William the Conqueror town which is extremely picturesque & interesting and a good many of the little towns along the coast every one of which has either a fine church or Château or both. The château de Creully was particularly interesting & we visited it from cellar to attic. What with the baths & sleep in the day time & social pursuits we have no time left idle on

PHOTOTYPIE
E. DESAIX
BRUXELLES

Edit. Lefèvre Creully



43 SAINT-LO. — Ancien Hôtel, Rue du Rouxelet. ND Phot

3 on our hands. We are at a much finer hotel

Carte Postale

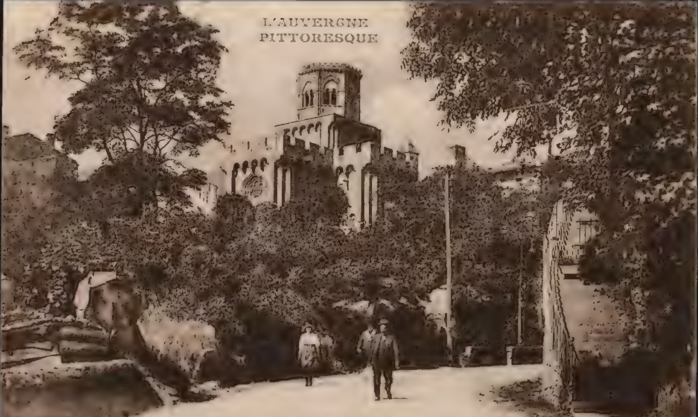
this year than last & correspondingly happier. The

Correspondance

Adresse

Cuisine is fine – too fine – for it is a struggle not to get fatter, but what we enjoy most is the very much more interesting company. It seems to consist of the very best society of France Belgium Scotland & Russia. There are few americans, these unfortunately Jews but lots of delightful other people. We are very chummy with a lady & her daughter who had vast possessions in

IMP. CRÉTÉ, -LCC PARIS-CORBEIL. C2


L'AUVERGNE
PITTORESQUE

1215. - ROYAT-les-BAINS. - L'Église (Style Roman)

CARTE POSTALE

4/ Ukraine. They are living now at Nice on the revenue from the only property left which is in Poland but even that may be taken away from them by the new government. You must be at Sketown by now & I hope all goes well with you & Miss Brown. Blanche joins me in lots of love to you. Remember me to our mutual friends whom you may see

Sincerely Yours

Emile F. Williams

Béguin, St-Gérand-le-Puy (Allier)

{May 24 1922}

HOTEL SAINTE ANNE
10, RUE SAINTE ANNE (Av. de l'Opera)
PARIS

TELEPHONES
LOUVRE 27-94
GUTENB 49-25

TELEGRAMMES
ANNOTEL-PARIS

Dear Mr. Deane,

Here are some postcards made from pictures of old Paris bridges. Perhaps you have them already, but we thought of you the other day when we saw these pictures at the Hotel Carnavalet, a museum of the history of Paris. France is treating us badly again in regard to weather

This is the third day of intense heat, really unprecedented in May, & we find it almost impossible to do anything but sit & gasp for breath. Except for the heat, the city is beautiful with all the horse-chestnuts, white & pink in full blossom.

We both send our best love to you & hope that you are well & enjoying the spring in Cambridge.

Affectionately yours,
Blanche E. Williams

Please remember us most kindly to Miss Brown

SUNSET FARM
SHELBURNE FALLS
MASSACHUSETTS

May 23rd 1925.

Dear Cousin Walter.

Thank you very much for returning the hawk pictures. A bill came from the New York taxidermist yesterday in which he calls one a Cooper's hawk and the other a red tail hawk. That was the noticeable thing about the second one – a reddish brown tail tipped with black or darker brown. We expect they will be here in a day or two and are very anxious to see them. The Cooper is being mounted to hang from the ceiling with wings outspread. Gug said last night that he is going to photograph them for you. Gug's mother and two brothers are here for a little visit. His older brother is an insurance man but loves to wield a paint brush, so when he leaves we expect to be resplendent and shining with fresh paint. The younger brother is an electrician and four weeks ago fell twelve stories down an elevator shaft. He caught the steel cable and thinks his hand must have become paralyzed with fright for from the moment he caught ~~it~~ he remembers

nothing and the hand was badly cut or bruised,
they call it. She injured one knee but
no bones were broken and no internal
injuries. it seems a miracle. She was
about to step in, had one foot on the floor
of the elevator when it went up, throwing
her back. She struck the floor and then
fell into the shaft. She is going to stay
with us several weeks - the doctor advising
a complete change of scene. Guy is
busy planting corn in two hours and
a half, after supper. Thursday night he
planted 8000 hills with a hand planter.
Talk about machinery - there is nothing
to equal the human machinery. Guy
earned fifty dollars in a few minutes

SUNSET FARM
SHELBURNE FALLS
MASSACHUSETTS

week before last. We heard dogs barking;
he rushed into the house for his gun,
ran up the hillside pasture adjoining
this farm and found two big "Blue Dogs"
with a ram down. He shot one and
the next day the owner shot the other.
The dogs had been busy all the afternoon
and ten of the flock of sheep were dead.
The farm is an exciting place! I tele-
phoned to May (Dexter) asking her to come up
this week (at the time I expected the
Manners family next week) and was much
disappointed that she couldn't make us
a little visit. We have been disappointed
about help for Mrs. Catten has been ill
with bronchitis and not able to sail.

They are neither of them really well and I think the anxiety over their affairs, poor dears, has a good deal to do with it. They made such a mistake in going over. Mrs. Catton says she shall kneel down and kiss the bricks of the ever dear Cambridge again. I must go back to my visitors. I do hope you and Brownie (she did send the sweetest Easter card) will have a perfectly lovely summer. Our wedding day is July 25th nine weeks from to-day. They had to wait till "after

Longing." Have you a lilac bush? Isn't it the sweetest odor in the world?

With love and a kiss

Grace.

I *thought* I was writing a very long letter — so many sheets!

34 Prospect St
Greenfield Mass
Oct. 19 1925.

Rec'd Oct 20

Dear Cousin Walter,

I hope you have not been wearing sack cloth and ashes ever since your tragic letter of September twelfth. Do lay them aside and let me tell you that any length of silence would never make us believe that we were forgotten or our affairs of any less interest to you. Of course we did notice that the weeks were slipping by and it must be

heater in the cellar which we turn up and down like a lamp for more heat or less as we like. After the days that we went to Mt. Desert for three weeks, going down by boat and coming home by automobile with friends. We have been back a month and find our time quite full, getting back into the old town life again. Guy and Rachel are very busy, of course with so much to do. Neighbors and we. Millie was up at the Farm yesterday and had a cordial greeting. It is sweet of you to want to give them something. I hope you and Miss Brown reached home safely and are not having any trouble about cooks as last year. Please be sure to tell me about Mrs. Dexter when you write. I hope she is better. Millie joins me in sending you a great deal of love, as always, Grace

Our love to Bonnie

"very nice to hear from Cousin Walter" left me, too, well busy and delighted that your distractions were even greater than mine. I wanted to send announcements to our friends but when I began to count up all the people to whom I had mentioned Guy, ~~and~~ all of them warm friends, and so many of them, I concluded not to try. There were a number sent but mostly to Guy's relatives, since only his father and brother came to the wedding. That was the only thing that marred the happiness of the occasion, the fact that his sister was ill with a rather mystifying fever. So, neither she, nor her mother, could come. It cast a gloom over the family at Sunset, but, by telephoning, we found she was gaining and so the wedding went on. The day was bright but not hot and everything went smoothly. It was a very happy little pair that left the house at two o'clock that July day for the lovely camp in Maine, to spend a long anticipated honeymoon. We had two weeks of returning, packing and cleaning, getting the big house in perfect order for the bride & groom. August eighth we moved to this charming little apartment. Everything about it is perfect, true to our ide-

P. S. Guy and Rachel have just spent the evening with us. It is the first opportunity I have had to read your letter to them. They were much touched and pleased to know of your interest in them and said to be sure and give you their love. I should have answered your letter sooner but Millie and I have been meaning to come to Boston for a little shopping and looked forward to seeing you all. Dentist appointments have rather interfered with our plans. However we shall manage it some day. I hope Cousin Mary and Cousin George are well

Aunt Lucia took supper with us Saturday night. She is eighty this month and very bright and cheerful.

Won't it seem queer to you not to have to start the Shakespeare Club!

G. D. W.

34 Prospect St
Greenfield -
Feb. 2. [illegible]

c/o Lieut Groves
702 Avenue St.
Galveston,
Texas.

Dear Cousin Walter,

I wonder if Cousin George has told you that Nellie and I are leaving Monday morning for New York and sail Wednesday on the Mallory Line for Galveston, Texas to visit our young friend Buddha Nelson (now Mrs Groves) whom you may

has been ordered off, "for three months" for work away from Galveston and as there is no post there Buddha is very lonely and delighted to have us coming for a month. How are you and Brunnie? I hope you are both very well. What a jolly call we had! Barbara Johnson found her bag in the refrigerator at home where she hid it just for a moment, to brush off the steps to the garage!

With lots of love to you both from
your still "skipping" relatives Grace & Nellie

remember singing to you. The first thing I shall put in my trunk is the picture of you and the humming bird! I wish we had a picture of Miss Brown to take, too. I am enclosing one of the little brides, Rachel Mannes. They didn't take a good picture that day being a little nervous, perhaps. Willie and I have just been up to Shelburne to keep house for a few days for Mr. Taylor and his son Elliot so his daughter could go to New York to spend the holiday with her fiancée. Mrs. Taylor, the sweetest woman that ever lived died the last year we were at Sunset — the family were our nearest neighbors. Now we are busy dress making and packing and looking forward to the big day voyage. Buddie's husband is in the engineer's corps and

Rachel Manners

[illegible] 6 1926

Greenfield Mass

F3

Rachel & Guy Manners,
June 1926.
[illegible] [illegible] -

HENRY M. WILLIAMS
HENRY H. FULLER

WALTER SHUEBRUK
DANA T. GALLUP
THEODORE E. STEVENSON

WILLIAMS & FULLER
COUNSELLORS AT LAW
10 STATE STREET
BOSTON

DEVONSHIRE BUILDING
TELEPHONE MAIN 288

5332

August 17, 1925

Harvard College Class of 1885

Mr. Walter Deane,
Philbrook Farm,
Shelburne, New Hampshire.

Dear Mr. Deane,

You are a trump to take so much pains in behalf of the class of '85, but I know you are glad to do it because of your feelings for the Larrabee family. Leonard Larrabee's letter covers the situation completely and enables me to put things just as I want. I hope the young man will be able to get his degree by passing off the divisional examinations which he refers to.

Trusting that you are enjoying your vacation in the delightful surroundings pictured on the letterhead on which you wrote,

Sincerely yours,
Henry M. Williams
Secretary '85.

HMW:R

Great Falls, Montana
March 9, 1889.

Walter Deane Esq.

Dear Sir,

Your letter regarding carices duly received. I have a few duplicates of C. Torreyi and some twenty-five or thirty others that I am willing to dispose of. I have never done any exchanging and don't know that I care to just at present, but I will send you specimens and will call upon you at some future time for exchanges or you can pay for them either. If you like I will send you a list of what I have for exchange at present or you might let me know what you particularly desire

Yours truly R. S. Williams

Great Falls, Mont. Ter.

March 25. 884.

W. Dean Esq.

Dear Sir.

I have made up a package of some thirty-six Carices which I send you. I have collected them all in this territory. Some ten or twelve other species and varieties make up my list so far, but I have no very [illegible] duplicates of these last. I have put in about all the C. Torreyi I can spare, although it need not count for more than one. I would take exchanges for these now, but am liable to be mooving about more or less, and am not very well prepared to take care of specimens. I have never collected or offered any specimens for sale or exchange. Perhaps ten cents apiece and postage would be about the thing, although whatever you are accustomed to pay for such specimens will be O.K. I hope the package will reach you in good condition

Yours truly,
R. S. Williams.

Great Falls, Montana.

April 18, 188

Walter Deane Esq.

Dear Sir

I have just had some labels printed and was about to fill them out for you but find I have not kept the dates of quite all. Some species I have collected on a number of different occasions, and where I sent you all of a certain date that I had on hand, I have kept no farther record of it. I will have to ask you to return the labels I sent with the plants. As yet I have none of my flowering plants mounted. I have collected some eighty species of grasses here. Is it customary to write their name in full on each label? The $3.30 for carices is satisfactory. I should have written you sooner had I thought of needing the labels

Yours truly R. S. Williams

Great Falls, Montana.
May 1. 1889.

Walter Deane Esq.

Dear Sir,

Your postal and letter containing labels received. I have filled out labels and return all to you. I have changed no. 468 and no. 793. in accordance with Bailey's Memoir. If I remember rightly no. 16. (of your marking) was young C. Raynoldsii.

I have a few duplicates of C. Douglasii, var. laxiflora, but they are not good specimens, except that they show mature perigynia. I can send you a few fragments if you wish.

Yours truly

R. S. Williams.

Great Falls, Montana.
May 19. 1889.

Walter Deane Esq.

Dear Sir.

Your letter of May 6, duly received, also the notice of Asa Gray, for which please accept my thanks. I enclose a bit of the carex that Prof. Bailey calls "C. Douglasii var.? laxiflora Bailey". If possible I will collect some good specimens of it this season. So far. I have obtained nothing new to my collection this year. The specimens sent were collected July 20, '88 near Utica in the Judith basin.

Yours truly

R. S. Williams

Great Falls, Montana.
Oct. 11, 1889.

Walter Deane Esq.

Dear Sir

The last season was so excessively dry out here that I did not give much attention to the plants, especially as I was not over any ground particularly new to me. The following is about everything I have added to my collection.

Carex flava (var?) x C. Hoodii. Alopecurus occidentalis, Scrib, Deschampsia danthonioides, Munro. Pyrola elliptica and two or three mosses. I was unable to obtain any more C. Douglasii laxiflora. I have sent specimens of the carices to Prof. Bailey but have not yet his judgements on them.

Yours truly

R. S. Williams

Great Falls, Montana.
Jan. 17, 1890.

Walter Deane Esqr.

Dear Sir

I was about to send you a few specimens of carices and grasses some two months ago when I rather unexpectedly had to pack up everything and move. Since then I have been quite sick and have been unable to look at my specimens till lately. The package I send includes the only new carices and grasses I collected this year, together with one or two others that may be of interest. I sent the two species of carex to Prof Bailey named as they are in the package and he accepted them without comment.

You need not bother to pay for the specimens. I will get something in exchange for them sometime

Yours truly
Robert S. Williams

Great Falls, Montana
Feb. 12, 1890.

Walter Deane Esqr.

Dear Sir

I enclose a photograph. I have no botanical album but will begin one by asking a photo. of yourself in exchange.

It must be a great deal of pleasure to be able to meet such men as Prof. Bailey. Of course one has no opportunities that way out here.

We are having another remarkably mild winter. Not a bad storm or scarcely any snow yet. High winds have been blowing for a day or two past sending clouds of dust through the streets. I am quite well again now and have been mounting some of my specimens lately

Very truly
R. S. Williams

Great Falls, Montana.
Feb. 26, 1890.

Walter Deane Esq.
Dear Sir,

Please accept my thanks for your picture. It doubtless represents just as good a looking individual as mine, which is probably quite flattering when compared with the genuine article. I was twenty eight when the picture was taken and look six or eight years older now, at least.

You certainly have a large collection of Carices. I have just been mounting a good many of my plants lately and have about eight-hundred species altogether, of the higher orders, that I have collected in Montana. Last night was the coldest we have had for two years -35° Far. There is more snow on the ground now, also, than any time before this winter.

Very truly R. S. Williams

rec'd Aug. 26

Petersham, Mass., August 25, 1922.

Mr. Deane,
Philbrook Farm,
Shelburne, N.H.

Dear Mr. Deane:

Yes, the days at the equator are always practically equal to the nights.

Refraction raises the sun at the horizon about two minutes so that we see it about 2 minutes before we should if there were no atmosphere; at sunset 2 minutes after we should lose sight of it if there were no atmosphere.

This applies to the centre. It takes about a minute more for the upper edge to set so that we get some light for about that amount of time at each end of the day--- a few seconds more on Jan. 1, than on July 1 because the sun is nearer on Jan 1, and its apparent diameter is greater.

Refraction always lengthens the day about 4 minutes and semidiameter about 2 minutes so that the day is about 12 hours and 6 minutes and the night 11 hours and 54 minutes.

I will explain in Cambridge and also tell you of the effects of parallax, a few seconds in diminishing the day; and the equation of time, also small and variable with the time of year.

Sincerely yours,

Robert W. Willson

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,
DIVISION OF AGROSTOLOGY,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

F. LAMSON-SCRIBNER,
AGROSTOLOGIST AND CHIEF OF DIVISION.
THOMAS A. WILLIAMS,
ASSISTANT CHIEF.

August 15, 1899.

Walter Deane Esq.,
9 Brewster St., Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Mr. Deane:-

I thank you very much indeed for a copy of the "Flora" which came safely to hand some days since. It will be of great value to me. Should you at any time have any notes which you should care to publish in the "Asa Gray Bulletin", we should be very glad indeed to receive them.

Wishing you a pleasant summer, I am,

Very sincerely yours, Thomas A. Williams

Has been in Washington about three years doing "grass" work for Uncle Sam.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

STUDENTS' ASTRONOMICAL LABORATORY
JARVIS STREET

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Oct. 22d, 1914.

My dear Mrs Deane

I am afraid you can not have that particular telescope as it belongs to the Laboratory.

It cost about $50 but I think that for $65 you could get a 3 inch telescope that would give you even more satisfaction than you have had with our little one.

There is no reason why you should not keep it till next summer and not have the trouble of sending it back, though it would be as well to have it boxed ready to have Mr Philbrook ship it in case it had to come back, a very unlikely contingency.

I think it would be better to wait till you come back to

Cambridge and we can go over the whole ground and see what you would like best to do

Sincerely yours

Robert W. Willson

I have been very much pleased by your pleasure in the telescope and I think you can count on something at least as good next year.

The Hollow
Petersham - Mass
July 28. 1925

Dear Mr Deane

I find that my eyes, although very much better, are not yet strong enough for me to use a telescope - so if you would like to use it the rest of the Summer I shall be very glad to have you do so.

I know how much you

have enjoyed it, and
how much pleasure you
have given.

Sincerely yours
Annie D. Willson

We had a fearful thunder
shower the other night =

(Fall of 1925
the telescope was
sent by W. Deans
from Shelburne NH)
is per order

The Hollow
Petersham. Mass.

Dear Mr Deans

Your letter of September 9 reached me yesterday forwarded from Cambridge. Please send the box to 64 Brattle Street - Cambridge by American Railway Express Co. I am writing the Express Co. to hold the box until I notify them that the house is open.

I am glad so many of your

friends enjoyed the telescope
I hope you have been well
all summer

Sincerely yours

David D. Willson

THE WILSON ORNITHOLOGICAL CHAPTER

OF THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.

LYNDS JONES, M. S., *Treasurer*

Oberlin, Ohio, Feb. 9, 1898.

Mr. Walter Deane,
29 Brewster St.,
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sir:-

Your card is at hand.

In regard to our publications, I have to say that some of the numbers are out of print, but all of the present series except the first three numbers are still available. These three were issued in a different form from the present Bulletin, and as they related purely to business, only a few copies were printed. However, calls for them have become so persistent that we have about decided to reprint the three under one cover, making the triple number conform to the present size and style. If your desiderata includes the old series, I would despair of securing them for you. I send you, under a separate cover, Bulletin No. [illegible], which contains a complete list of all our publications, with their contents, up to that number. We have just issued No. 18 of the present series. I shall take pleasure in quoting prices on any or all of the available numbers, and trust that you may desire to subscribe for 1898.

Yours truly,
Lynds Jones.

MUSEUM OF OBERLIN COLLEGE.

LYNDS JONES, M. S., *Assistant Curator.*

Oberlin, Ohio, Feb. 15, *1898.*

Mr. Walter Deane.
Cambridge, Mass.

My dear Sir:

Your kind letter of the 11th inst. is rec. I send by this mail the following:

Bulletin No. 4.	@ 25¢	=	.25
" " 5.	" 50¢	=	.50
" " 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 13, 14, 16, 17.		=	.75
Subscription for 1898.			.50
			$2.00

Bulletins 4 & 5, as you see, are "special" and have to be sold for more than the usual price. The two numbers which I have already sent I count it a privilege to present with my compliments.

I will let you have all the other available numbers for one dollar. There are five numbers, each of which is listed at 25¢, and two others of no practical value.

I am happy to say that your brother, Mr. Ruthven Deane, of Chicago, is now a subscriber.

Yours very truly
Lynds Jones.

New Bremen. O. July. 26th 1912

Received from Walter Drane the sum of one dollar being his assessment as an Active member of the Wilson Ornithological Club for the year 1912

W. F. Henninger
Treas.

Dear Mr. Drane:

Found your letter on my return home. The first assessment notices were mailed on January 4th and if did not reach you it must have been lost in the mails. Thanking you for check I am yours very truly

W. F. H.

NEW BREME
JUL
26
6 PM
1912
OHI

U.S. POSTAL CARD
1 1
ONE CENT
McKINLEY

THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY

Mr. Walter Deane.
29 Brewster Street.
Cambridge
Mass.

WINGS OF THE WIND

*1- Dr. A. C. Churchill,
32 Percival St.
Dorchester, Mass.

*2- Dr. Sonia Rapoport,
4 Hamond St.
Dorchester, Mass.

*3- Dr. Ružića Acimović,
Kralja Petra 101,
Bitolj,
Jugoslavia

*4- Stana Popovic Stayanovic,
50 Studenicka ul.
Mansarda 7,
Belgrade, Serbia,
Jugoslavia

5- Mr. C. J. Maynard,
457 Crafts St.
West Newton, Mass.

6- Mrs. C. M. Robinson,
Metcalf Hall,
Tufts College, Mass.

*7- Dr. L. H. Muir,
111 Metropolitan Ave.
Roslindale, Mass.

*8- Miss G. F. Frisbie,
200 Liberty St.
Lowell, Mass.

9- Mr. J. R. Churchill,
32 Percival St.
Dorchester, Mass.

*10- Fatma Reshid,
29 Tchorakli Sokak,
Carchou, Yaka,
Smyrna, Turkey

*11- Dr. Isabelle F. Borden,
12 Vine St.
Batavia, New York

*12- Dr. Louise Eisenhardt,
1651 Beacon St.
Brookline, Mass.

13- Miss Caroline S. Delano,
81 St. Botolph St.
Boston, Mass.

14- Miss Grace T. Delano,
81 St. Botolph St.
Boston, Mass.

15- Frau Marie Jensen,
Wunderburg, bei Harpstedt,
Prov. Hannover, Germany

16- Mrs. Jessy Wallis Heywood,
408 E. 13th St.
Indianapolis, Indiana

17- Mrs. Joseph R. Churchill,
32 Percival St.
Dorchester, Mass.

18- Mr. Walter Deane,
29 Brewster St.
Cambridge, Mass.

*19- Dr. Yien Yu Huang,
Women & Children's Hospital,
Chang-Hsu-Chin,
Kiangsi,
Via Nanchang, China

20- Mr. Dushan Stayanovitch,
50 Studenicka ul.
Mansarda 7,
Belgrade, Serbia,
Jugoslavia

*21- Miss Rebecca Cohen,
581 Lake Ave.
Manchester, New Hampshire

22- Mr. F. S. Mathews,
17 Frost St.
Cambridge, Mass.

23- Miss Helen A. Brooks,
92A Pinckney St.
Boston, Mass.

24- Rev. Lyman V. Rutledge,
22 Chestnut St.
Dedham, Mass.

25- Miss S. R. Davis,
Box 94,
Berkeley, California

26- Mrs. Bernice F. Smith,
200 Liberty St.
Lowell, Mass.

WINGS OF THE WIND (Continued)

27- Miss Harriette F. Abbott,
16 Franklin St.
Watertown, Mass.

28- Mr. Charles R. Goddard Jr.
121 East 236th St.
New York City, New York

29- Mr. Richard Harmon,
38 Percival St.
Dorchester, Mass.

30- Frau Leni Persson,
Osterdeich 102,
Bremen, Germany

*31- Mr. George E. Prevost,
29 St. Mary St.
St. Johnsbury, Vermont

*32- Mr. Eugene E. Allen,
Broad St.
Weymouth, Mass.

*33- Mr. Svend Hakon Host,
Vodrofvaj 55,
Copenhagen V, Denmark

*34- Mr. Alexander Philip Aitken,
6 Carson St.
Dorchester, Mass.

35- Mr. Louis Glickstein,
4 Esmond St.
Dorchester, Mass.

*36- Mr. John Arent,
897 East Broadway
South Boston, Mass.

* -- Wings of the Caduceus Branch of The Wings of the Wind.

12 April, 1928.

Copy

Cambridge
June 2. 92.

Dear Mr. Kelly, —

I send back the contract and specifications, because it has not that explicitness, which will preclude disputes, (in some respects) hereafter. You say in your note that the contract covers "Every thing except fireplace and mantel in the first story."

The figures, which you showed to me, came to $1200 and a little more, including the cost of the dining room ceiling; and the contract as drawn up calls for $1388, or about $175 more than were agreed upon.

At the time you showed me the figures ($1200+) you said it did not include 1. Face work in ~~the~~ fire places.
2. Mantel
3. Wall painting or paper.
4. Leaded glass for mullioned window
5 Gas fixtures.

There is nothing in the Contract or Specification to show that this $175 extra covers 3, 4, and 5, or any of them, though one would judge from your note that it did.

Your note is not of course a part of the Contract

Explicit statements in such matters in writing are the only things to avoid disagreeable diversities of opinion respecting what was understood.

There is to be no provision for bells. It would be well to have a written statement as to your own commission.

It is possible that some of the matters I am in doubt about may be in the plans; but I ~~have~~ am not furnished a set to go with Contract and Specifications.

If they are included it will be a satisfaction to know it

My object in returning the Contracts and Specifications, is to have the same changed to that agreed upon, if items 3, 4 and 5 are not included; or to have a written statement of these items inserted in the Specifications or Contract, if they are included or a sep. written statement upon ~~a little precaution beforehand in~~ business ~~matters, is desirable to~~ renders improbable if not impossible, later misunderstandings.

Very truly
Justin Winsor

Mr. James J. Kelly
57 Mt Vernon St.

23 Nov. 1912

1, HIGHLAND STREET,
CAMBRIDGE,
MASSACHUSETTS.

Dear Mr. Lane

Last winter you asked me for a signature of Mr. Winsor.

The other day in looking over some papers I found the enclosed which you can keep if you wish to do so.

Sincerely yours
James A. Noyes

32 HUBBARD PARK
CAMBRIDGE

Dear Mr. Deane,

I received the photograph of you with the humming bird. It is *very* interesting. Mother and father are delighted with it, and I am very pleased to put it on my dressing table. Thanking you again for all of us.

Affectionately,

Clark Hunter

March 11, 1926

7 West Madison Street
Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.

February 25th, 1924.

Mr. Walter Deane,

Cambridge, Mass.

Dr. Casey Wood, now in California, has asked me to send you the enclosed copy of a letter written to a few relatives and intimates, thinking you might be interested in some portions of this account of his recent wanderings. He has not had an opportunity to revise or correct his letter, which you will please not return but dispose of in any way you choose.

Very truly yours,

(Miss) Cora Raymond

Secretary.

Suva, Fiji Islands, Nov. 12, 1923.

Dear Folks:-

This is the proper time and place to apologize for the contents of the following epistle. You will, perchance, remember that in a letter I wrote last year from South America I explained that in my studies of the Eyes and Eyesight of Birds it is essential that I know something of general Ornithology - a task that may well engage the life-long activities of any man. I believed, and still think, that with a certain foundation of elementary information in Natural History one may, after a diligent pursuit of the subject for five or six years, familiarize oneself with the main facts of bird life - particularly if a reasonable part of the investigations is carried on in the native habitat of the feathered animals under observation. I am painfully aware that, owing chiefly to the brevity of human existence, only a very small percentage of the birds of the world can thus be studied by even the most active student, but if one cannot acquaint oneself with home life of say, 15,000 species, let him aspire to 1500!

Another apologia for this unconnected account of our wanderings is made by James Norman Hall, one of the authors of that charming book, "Faery Lands of the South Seas," who has stated the correct justification for setting down many things that are largely personal. It introduces one of his articles in the *Atlantic Monthly*:- "It has long seemed to me fitting that the nomads among men should give some account of their wanderings to the Spartan souls who carry on the world's work. This becomes almost an obligation on the part of those who wander from choice; for they enjoy the privilege only because most of their fellows forego it, that harvests may be gathered, wheels kept turning, and children born and reared in something better than gypsy fashion. Some attempt at a compensation must be made for the great boon of freedom, of foot-looseness. Wayfarers who return disillusioned from their travels should, whenever occasion offers, acknowledge the fact, to the end that those who have remained behind may be the more content with their home-keeping ways. As for the others who return refreshed in body and spirit -- well, this too, perhaps, should be as frankly admitted, if for no better reason than that the Spartan souls may have the sterner enjoyment of self-denial. Thus may all itinerants render some small service to Society, and-- those who will -- take the road light-heartedly again.

These reasons for a continued quest in general ornithology seemed to me, after sober thought, to be as insistent as ever. What do I actually know about the birds of Hawaii, of the South Sea Islands, of New Zealand and of Australia? In reality, little. Of course one may read, even study with diligence, such monographs as Wigglesworth's *Aves Polynesiae*, Buller's *Birds of New Zealand*, Leach's, Lucas and LeSouef's, Gould's or Mathews' *Birds of Australia* and Wilson's *Aves hawaiienses*, and compare the beautiful plates, that illustrate most of them, with bird-skins in many collections, but all that is only the beginning of wisdom. At least it is so in the case of an individual like myself, whose one-track mind demands that if the image of an animal is to be permanently impressed upon the memory - sheet it must be watched while going about its daily round and in its native neighborhood. Other and more fortunate observers possess a genius for acquiring this adhesive form of knowledge with less trouble, but for me, especially in this study of their vision, I must (appropriately, you may be tempted to interject) see as many birds as possible in the very act of seeing.

As a small part of this ambitious program, we decided to visit the following bird resorts: - Tahiti, in French Oceania; Raratonga, in the Cook Islands; the North and South Islands of New Zealand; a few localities on the Australian continent; the Fiji group; certain islands of the Tongan and Samoan groups, and finally, Hawaii. For particulers see the accompanying map. Of course, the time we could give to them would be all too short, but we came within an ace of not seeing them at all! -- as I shall now explain.

Doubtless you, as a consistent follower of Maud Adams, still believe in Fairies, but what do you think of the Parcae? If I were a true pagan I would quite likely describe what happened to E., in explanation of the postponement of our excursion across the Pacific, in some such fashion as this: Out of a bright heaven of hygienic blue came Clotho, and said to E., "A Right Merry Xmas. to You."

She, the youngest and best-looking of the Fates, appeared to have a divine sense of humor and a soupcon of jest in tone and look, as if she had, any time these million years, enjoyed the Perennial Jokes of the Universe, and especially those practised on or perpetrated at the expense of poor Humanity.

It was quite otherwise with Lachesis. The Dispenser of Gifts appeared so impassive, so unconcerned, even majestic -- and, I am convinced, was not intrinsically unkind. She never looked directly at E. at all, but gazed in the far distance -- across the lovely, glittering sands of the crescent Coronado beach, past the Mexican table-mountain, past Corpus Christi, lying low in the Californian sunlight, over the many-sounding, illimitable ocean as if searching for the dark entrance to Avernus, beyond which roll Acheron, and Phlegethon with its fiery flood and scorched banks, and the murky waters of Styx. The searching gaze of the Second Sister did not rest there but found, at last, a place where ------

"Avvegna che la subitana fuga
Dispergesse color per la campagna,
Rivolti al monte ove ragion ne fruga"

"Here, child, is a New Year's remembrance", and she touched E. ever so gently on the left eyebrow. ************** When my wife, after ten weeks struggle with the powers of darkness in the shape of an attack of herpes zoster ophthalmicus, a visitation as venomous as its name is long, recovered sufficiently to contemplate travel, we held a family council and decided that we would not abandon, but merely postpone our trip; we would even regard the hegira as a celebration of victory.

Because, as E. pointed out, it might have been worse. Oh, yes, of course. There is a Third Sister who, as Atropos the Inflexible, has through the ages done a thriving and, it must be noted, often beneficent business in the scissors line; her ministrations we have for the moment escaped. And so here we are.

Since everybody who visits Oceania must perforce say something about Captain Cook, the "Bounty" and the Southern Cross, let us refresh our memories of these three well-worn subjects.

Speaking of Captain Cook, I discovered that my recollections of his career were not as fresh as they ought to be for one who proposed to travel the quarter of the globe he so clearly described over a hundred years ago. Indeed, after the accounts given in his "Voyages" one feels that very little of importance has since been published touching the early history of the South Seas, many of whose islands he placed on the map. Certainly, since the publication of his reports we have not learned much more concerning the customs and lives of the natives. James Cook, son of a common agricultural laborer, was born in Yorkshire, October 27, 1728. His parents tried to fashion him into a haberdasher, but the lure of the ocean was too much for him and them and - an old, familiar British boy's tale -- he quit the trade and went to sea as a common sailor. After various adventures along the British coast and in the Baltic he volunteered as an able seaman in the Royal Navy, assisted at the capture of Quebec, charted the lower St. Lawrence and the shores of Newfoundland and succeeded in proving to his superiors that he was no idler in his chosen profession but aspired to the highest command possible to a self-taught mariner. When, in the year 1768, the government, at the suggestion of the Royal Society, decided to send an expedition to the South Seas for the purpose of observing the transit of Venus over the sun's disk, Lieut. Cook, then forty years of age and in the full possession of his powers, was placed in command. From that date the Pacific and its wonderful islands became his special domain and his accounts of his three voyages of observation and discovery make fascinating reading. It must be remembered that at least two of the adventures were undertaken in the company of well-trained naturalists, students of Linnaeus, who probably "checked up" most of the reports on animal life with which his pages are crowded. On June 25, 1776, Capt. Cook sailed on his last voyage - an expedition fitted out by the British government for the chief purpose of discovering a Northwest passage from the Pacific side - to do from the westward what Franklin and others were later to attempt from the east. On Valentine's Day 1779 he was clubbed to death by the natives of Hawaii with whom his men had an altercation - a most tragic end for a man who had uniformily treated the aboriginies of the lands he visited with humanity and tact and with such a just regard for their peculiar viewpoints.

His accounts abound with references to the abundant faunal, especially the avian, life of Polynesia. Listen, for example of this extract from his "First Voyage":- "Northward from Botany Bay *** we have for some days past, seen the sea-birds, called boobies, which from half an hour before sunrising, to half an hour after, were continually passing the ship in large flights; from which it was conjectured that there was a river or inlet of shallow water to the southward, where they went to feed in the day, returning in the evening to some islands to the northward." Of course these were not Sula bassana, that exclusive Atlantic bird, but the Booby Gannet - Sula leucogastra - seen on both sides of the American Continents. I am morally certain that it was some descendants of these same boobies that we saw as we sailed the same waters.

For his second voyage the government employed H.M. Barque "Endeavour", 370 tons, complement 84. With this equipment the transit was successfully witnessed (on Tahiti) and duly reported; and if you are specially interested in the astronomical portion of the expedition I refer you to the full account of it published in the Philosophical Transactions for the year 1771.

Several designations remain to mark this adventure: Two of these are, the group name, Society Islands, from the Royal Society; and Point Venus, about ten miles from Papeete, where the transit was observed. The British were so well pleased with Cook's part in this undertaking that they placed him in command of a second expedition to complete the discovery of another continent that most geographers believed existed in the southern hemisphere. Two ships were this time commissioned for the purpose, the "Resolution", 462 tons, and the "Adventure", 336 tons. They were well equipped and liberally provided with scientific apparatus and stores. As with the reports of the first voyage so is the second replete with clear descriptions of the fauna of the islands visited. As they sailed south from New Zealand, for instance, they fell in with several large islands and, at last, with a quantity of loose ice. Here they saw "gray albatrosses, blue peterels, pintadoes, and fulmers". Still later they got two of the antartic peterels. These are about the size of a large pigeon; the feathers of the head, back and part of the upper side of the wings are of a light brown the belly and under-side of the wings white; the tail feathers are also white, but tipped with brown. These birds are fuller of feathers than any we had hitherto seen; such care has nature taken to clothe them suitable to the climate in which they live." And the foregoing description has not since the days of Cook been much improved upon.

Probably Captain Cook's "blue peterels" were of the genus Prion - the small Dove Petrels, whose upper surface is ashy blue, with white below. They are only about 12 inches long, with a jet-black, pyramidal band stretching from one leg to the other across the rump, which shows very plainly during flight.

The "antarctic peterel" may be that allied species, Prion desolatus. This pretty Dove Petrel is seen in flocks, and flies and flies irregularly, like some land and shore birds, because of the alternate use of first one wing and then the other. They do not attend ships, being suspicious of man and all his works, but follow the whale and feed upon, not the crumbs but the more substantial fragments that fall from his ample maw. Hence their vulgar name of Whale Bird. I have never seen this species alive, but they are said to be nocturnal in their habits. The "pintado" is more certainly the pretty little Cape Petrel - Daption capensi or Cape Pigeon, so called from its superficial resemblance to a pigeon, with black head spotted with black and a pure white belly. This small petrel, well known to travellers in the South Pacific, eagerly feeds on scraps thrown from vessels, and even dives after them, like a duck. If caught, Daption, like others of his kind, tries to defend himself, by ejecting an offensive fluid at and over his captor. Although essentially an antarctic bird, it is occasionally seen as far north as Ceylon and California.

Although Captain Cook did not discover a Northwest passage even with the aid of his good ships "Resolution," of 462 tons, and "Discovery," 300 tons; yet he made for his government many other discoveries that were, perhaps of greater value; all of which is set down in the encyclopedias, so that he who is interested may read.

I do not believe it possible to write a letter from any place well within the tropcis without referring not only to the "doldrums" but to the Southern Cross, Strange association, is it not? Curious literary bedfellows! I tried to be an exception to the rule in my former screeds, but you must have a little patience with me this time, remembering that it is my first acquaintance south of the equator with the southern heavens.

Moreover, this urgent need or, better, fashion, of telling all about the latter subject was first set by an American. When Amerigo Vespucci, on his first voyage, saw the constellation he wrote in triumph that he had beheld the Cross - and Dante's "four stars." A friend has drawn my attention to the poet's description:-

> "To the right I turned and fixed my mind
> On the other pole attentive, where I saw
> Four stars ne'er seen before save by the ken
> Of our first parents.
> Heaven of their ray seemed joyous.
> O, thou northern site, bereft
> Indeed, and widowed, since of these deprived."

This quotation is from Canto I, of the "Purgatorio in Cary's translation.

The Cross lies directly south of the constellation Crater, and about 30 degrees of the pole. The Precession of the equinoxes is carrying the Cross steadily southward and it is said to be a fact that the constellation was last seen on the horizon in the latitude of Judea about the time of Christ's crucifixion. I remember that at the season of the year we were at Assouan the four stars (perhaps only two of them, really) were barely visible on the horizon, for a short time in the early evening. Strictly between ourselves, I do not agree with Pigafetta that it is such a Croce maravigliosa, but then I was more gradually introduced to it than he, and I didn't see it with his deeply religious and fervent eyes.

One loses much, I fear, if unable to view the universe with the eye of faith!

It must not be forgotten that Job saw it as a familiar heavenly series in his northern skies, as did many another ancient and reliable astronomer, and yet they were not much impressed by this kite-like group. Let me add that of the four stars that outline the cross the third largest (Gamma, at the top of the Cross) is orange-colored; the others are white.

The Breadfruit Tree, as I have seen it in the West Indies, South America and on these islands, is a very handsome ornament of the landscape. The common variety (Artocarpus incisa) may grow to a height of 50 feet and, with its long, dark, glossy leaves, at once attracts attention. The fruit is round-oval, is about the size of a child's head and is covered with lozenge-shaped elevations. The unripe fruit is green; yellow when mature. For cooking, it should be gathered before it is fully ripe.

The fruit is then baked and served with the rind, after the manner of our squash. Stones are heated in the usual Polynesian fashion (or a more up-to-date oven is used), the breadfruit is cut in three or four slices, and then alternate layers of hot stones, leaves and cut fruit are well covered with leaves and earth and left to cook in their own juices. Prepared in this fashion the pulpy interior is a faintly sweet, starchy substance suggesting the crumb of a wheaten loaf. I cannot say that I regard it as more than a poor substitute for our white bread, but -- de gustibus. However, Alfred R. Wallace, in his Malay Archipelago, rates its food-value very high, and says that with meat and gravy it seemed to him superior to any starchy product in any temperate or tropical country. He also draws attention to the delicious puddings that can be made from it - especially if one adds plenty of sugar, milk and butter! Perhaps the most important consideration, as Wallace also points out, is that a fair quality of flour can be manufactured from the dried fruit, available for a decent variety of bread and biscuits. I suppose there is no harm in adding that the bark, trunk and gum of this tree is (or was) used by the natives of Polynesia for making all sorts of things - canoes, baskets, etc.

For me the chief attraction of this subject lies in the fact that we have sailed relatively near the scene of the greatest breadfruit story in all history. I cannot, therefore, resist speaking about it, although it is to you a more than twice-told tale. I first ran across the story of the Pacific Breadfruit, when, as a small boy I was eagerly reading that wonderful story, more fascinating than any dime novel, the adventures of the crew of H.M.S! "Bounty". I owe my maternal grandfather, a naval captain, a considerable debt for passing on to me when I was still a boy a collection of books that included an account of this great adventure.

Much of it was devoted to the exploits of ships and sailormen that are the common heritage of all the Anglo-Saxon races.

In 1772, William Bligh, then only 18 years of age, accompanied Captain Cook on his second expedition to the South Seas (1772 - 1774) as sailing master of the "Resolution". The young man was greatly interested in the new world that was in this way opened up to him, and made a particular study of the Polynesian flora and fauna. When the expedition reached Otaheite (Tahiti) Bligh became acquainted with the wonderful Breadfruit, and talked and wrote so much about it that his fellow officers nicknamed him 'Breadfruit Bligh'. At the end of 1787 he was sent to Polynesia in command of H.M.S. "Bounty" to gather breadfruit and other plants for cultivation in the West Indies. The expedition gained Otaheite in the spring of 1783. What happened shortly afterwards is told by Lieut. Bligh in a small volume entitled "The Mutiny on Board "Bounty". - "We salied from Otaheite April 4, 1788, having on board 1015 fine breadfruit plants besides many other valuable fruits of that country which we had been collecting for three and twenty weeks, and which were in the highest state of perfection." Two weeks later he was seized in his cabin by the ship's master of arms and two others of the crew, pinioned and threatened with death if he made resistance. The crew also seized most of the other officers and gained control of the ship. The captain and 17 others were forced into the ship's longboat, 25 mutineers remaining on board. Lieut. Bligh and the seventeen, touching at several Islands by the way, finally reached Batavia and eventually England. The Mutineers sailed the "Bounty" to Tahiti, where most of them elected to remain. Six of these were later apprehended, taken to England, placed on trial and three were executed. Meantime, in 1790, Fletcher Christian, the leader of the mutiny, eight other Englishmen, six Polynesian men and twelve Polynesian women embarked on board the "Bounty" and, after cruising about the Paumotuas, took possession of Pitcairn on the outskirts of that archipelago. This island is a mountainous, volcanic uplift area about two square miles, with several fertile valleys. Here this curious colony, having burned the "Bounty", seems to have disappeared from the sight and knowledge of man. By the year 1800 all but one Englishman - Alexander Smith, who assumed the name of John Adams - had died. He appears to have been one of the few colonists to preserve a sense of responsibility, as he gained the respect of the natives and induced them to bring up their children in at least a semi-civilized fashion. It was not until 1808 that the lost colony was discovered - by an American vessel, the "Topaze". Later other ships touched at Pitcairn and brought news of the mutineers' descendants to the outside world. John Adams lived until 1829, and was succeeded by George Nobbs as Chief Magistrate. Through fear of drought, the whole colony were returned to Tahiti in 1830 on a British man-of-war, but they disliked the change, pined for their beloved Pitcairn and were sent back in 1831.

The Pitcainers thereafter had an up-and-down career for another 25 years, when, in 1856, 60 married and 134 youngsters, were again removed, this time to Norfolk Island. As time passed, a number (40) returned to Pitcairn, so that in 1895 the population was about 170 souls. The Pitcairn people continue to speak the patois, mostly composed of the Tahitian of the original Polynesian women, that arose out of the mixed races that migrated in the days of the "Bounty" and, although they show some of the signs of inbreeding consequent on their century of complete isolation, are, as a rule, intelligent and, for Polynesian half-breeds, are an active and virile race.

The romantic story of the "Bounty" excited much interest all over the world, and attracted the attention of Lord Byron, then approaching the end of his tragic career. He further immortalized the mutineers in a poem - the last long one from his pen - entitled "The Island", from which (Canto I) I quote a few lines:-

"Friendly Island for which the mutineer longed, and for which he risked his soul:
Wide o're the wave - away ! away ! away !.
Once more his eyes shall hail the welcome bay,
Once more the happy shores without a law
Receive the outlaws whom they lately saw;
Nature and Nature's Goddess - Woman - woos
To lands, save their conscience, none accuse;
Where all partake the earth without dispute,
And bread itself is gathered as a fruit
Where none control the fields, the woods, the streams:-
The goldless Age, where Gold disturbs no dreams,
Inhabits or inhabited the shore,
Till Europe taught them better than before;
Bestowed her customs and amended theirs,
But left her vices also to their heirs.
Away with this ! behold them as they were,
Do good with Nature or with Nature err.
"Huzza! for the Otaheite" was the cry
As stately swept the gallant vessel by."

It is due to the memory of Wm. Bligh, who rose to distinction and became an admiral in the British navy, that the mutiny on his ship was no fault of his rule, but was the outcome of relations established between members of the crew and the women of the enchanted isle of Otaheite, an attraction that seems to have retained much of its force since the day that Cook sailed into the lagoon - harbor of Papeete!

Several friends have asked me whether the descriptions of tropical scenery and of tropical life - human, floral and feral - that one reads as part of the voluminous literature of Polynesia, are not largely figments of the literary imagination? To this I answer; "generally speaking, no; but not infrequently, yes." After all, the verdict depends upon the individual. Some there are who see only the beauty and the romance that is Oceania, while others, following an identical itinerary see little that is satisfactory and learns only that Polynesian man is vile. Some are convinced that on these tropical islands "every prospect pleases" and that only the human element is objectionable; contrariwise, there are those who find all jungles and all atolls alike and that only the aboriginal or the "introduced" beach-comber is of interest. In all probability the truth lies mid-way. In any event I feel certain that the unprejudiced observer will always discover a continued charm in a country that is wholly new, remarkably varied as one travels from one island group to another and full of natural history wonders. Possibly the following descriptions, that I jotted down in my notebook from time to time may appear to be sentimental exaggerations and worthy of being classed with the productions of South Sea "fakirs," but they were, at the time of observation at least, genuine impressions:- One evening, half an hour before sunset, when E. and I were on the deck of our steamer then lying in the Papeete lagoon, she drew my attention to the fact that the two large islands, Tahiti and Moorea, the latter 20 miles distant, are admirably situated for displaying the wondrous magnificence of a tropical sunset. And so it proved on that occasion. Between the islands, in the roadstead, is a toy islet, with its quota of palms and other trees, that does duty as a quarantine station. Sometime after the mountain peaks of Moorea obscured the setting sun, the weird and loftier crags of Tahiti were brilliantly lighted by solar streamers that seem to stretch across from the sister island. As the sun sank below the true horizon and the shades of tropical evening deepened into night all our surroundings - ocean, sky, mountains and islet - became the scene of fairy-like, kaleidoscopic, color transformations that changed every minute, punctuated by the distant but regular roar of the breakers on the barrier reef and the cool "whiffs" of the delicious land breeze one may with confidence look for at nightfall in most of the southern tropics. We agreed that we had seen as lovely sunsets elsewhere, but none with such a remarkable environment.

Here is another note:- Last August (at the end of the Southern winter) I wished to study(in their wild state) the beautiful Fruit Pigeons of Fiji, and for that purpose took a native cutter bound for Kandavu, a mountainous, volcanic island, the most southerly of the Viti group; and in the fifties an American whaling station of sorts.

Kandavu is about 27 miles long, four wide, and lies 60 miles from Viti Levu. This charming volcanic uplift is practically shut off from the world. On it are only four or five white planters who have no telephones or telegraph stations, no roads and no post offices worth talking about. There is no communication with the other islands except by occasional-very occasional-Fijian craft. Now and then a native journeys from one village to another over ill-kept jungle trails, almost impassible to Europeans. My artist companion - a dextrous painter of animal life - and I put up at the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. M., educated English people and the only Europeans on the western end of the island. Their house was built on an eminence, itself surrounded by verdure-clad hills, except towards the northwest where an opening in the hilly amphitheatre furnished a view of a beautiful bay. In its turn the bay was protected and cut off from the ocean by a coral reef that continuously threw up a succession of many-sounding breakers whose outlines were plainly visible by contrast with the blue waters of the bay. Trees of every tropical variety, both wild and cultivated, covered the bowl of this ancient crater, while birds of many kinds - parrots, parakeets, sun birds, Fiji "robins", honeyeaters, fantails, pigeons, doves, hawks, gave additional color to the landscape and lent musical notes to the loud babbling of a brook that ran past the house on its way to the ocean.

As if to perfect this Fijian paradise, the white blossoms of several Frangipane trees blew their strong fragrance through our rooms day and night.

Unless I was too fatigued from tramping over hill and dale through the rather difficult jungle, I rose an hour before day-break that I might refresh myself (oh! the satisfaction of going abroad only in pajamas and slippers) by drinking in the glories of the starlight sky, much of which I had seen in 1923 for the first time. Standing well within the bowl of the long inactive crater, the oncoming dawn was an entirely new experience. As the eastern heavens lightened, the shadows of the valley beneath appeared to deepen, but at last the honeyeaters began their earliest notes, and with these matin songs the outlines of cocoa palms, breadfruit trees, mangoes, bananas and other plants assumed individuality until over the edges of the green-rimmed hills streamed the first rays of the morning sun. They fell upon the opposite slopes, bringing with them a perfumed atmosphere redolent of the ever-flowering trees, shrubs and vines that clothed the green hillsides to their very tops.

Of course, the wonders of rosy-fingered dawn have been celebrated in song, verse and prose many times these thousand years, but my contention is that when dark night rolls back into the ocean around wild Kandavu it does so in a fashion all its own.

Other sunrises may be as impressive and as beautiful, but when viewed from the Korolevu crater they have charms inherent in their environment -- charms due to just those every-day surroundings that are tropical life.

What is true of the scenery, the flora, the fauna and the meterology of Polynesia is also true of its human element. I am quite sure that while writers of Oceanic fiction often draw upon their boundless stories of pasteboard heroes and heroines for tales that are largely products of an excited imagination, there are many lives at this moment being lived on the islands of the South Seas that properly belong either to a century in advance or several hundred years behind our own times. I wish I had the space and the permission to relate the intimate histories of some waifs and strays as well as of some idealists whose acquaintance I made during my sojourn in Central Polynesia. The objection of publishing the recitals would be the raising of doubts as to their reality, whether such individuals live within the realms of fact or fiction. So, I would say, nothing any South Sea romancer may write is likely to transcend the limits of the possible so long as he deals with human beings!

Of course we were much interested in and always on the watch for a sight of an albatross. Ever since the days that we were set the task of 'learning by heart' the immortal "Rime" E. and I had him in mind, and now we were about to see him in the flesh! The Pacific coast is occasionally the resort of four humble members of the family, but not of "the bird that made the wind to blow." He, the Wandering Albatross (Diomedea exulans), is almost pure white; the back showing narrow, transverse, wavy dark lines, the quills of the wing feathers being black. Some writers probably exaggerate this bird's spread of wing; Ridgway says that it is about eleven feet (from 125 to 130 inches). The bill is yellow, becoming orange at the base.

Many are the descriptions of the wonderful powers of flight shown by this denizen of the southern ocean. For instance, Greenbie is moved to use the following language:- "But chill and melancholy as was that Southern sea, there hovered over it a creature whose call upon one's interest was more than compensating. Swooping with giant wings in careless ease, the albatrosses follow us day in and day out. Always on the wing, awake or asleep, in sunshine or in storm, the air his home as water is to fish, and earth to mammal. Even the ship was no lure to him by way of support. He followed it, accepted whatever was thrown him from it, but as for dependence upon it,-- no such weakness. Swift, huge, glorious, unconsciously majestic, he is indeed a bird of good omen. How he floats with never a sign of effort! How he glides atop the waves, skims them, yet is never reached by their flame-like leapings; simultates their motion without the exhaustion into which they sink incessantly. He does not gorge himself as does the sea-gull, nor is he ever heard to screech that selfish, hungry, insatiable screech. Silent, sadly voiceless, rhythmic, symbolic without being restrained by pride of art, he exemplifies right living. He is our link between shores, the one dream of reality on an ocean of opiate loveliness wherein there is little of earth's confusion and pain. For the traveller he keeps the balance between the deadly stability of land life and the dream-like mystery of the sea. But for him it were impossible to come so easily out of an experience of a long voyage. Away down there he is the only reminder of reality. Which explains the reverence sailors have for him and the superstitious dread of killing him. Land may be said to begin where the albatross is seen to depart. He knows, and off he swoops, ship or no ship to follow or to guide; back over the thousand miles of watery waste, to measure the infinite with his sixteen-foot (sic) wings, glide by glide, with the speed of a twin-screw turbine. Only when the female enters the breeding season does she seek a lost island to rear her young. Independent of the sea, these birds are utterly confined to it, a mystery floating within mystery."

Major Le Souef reports (Emu, p. 53, 1922) that during a recent trip to England from Sydney Diomedea exulans was much in evidence, and was a faithful follower of the ship. As soon, however, as the outside temperature rose above 70 degrees Fahr. at 4 o'clock P.M. the Wandering Albatross invariably left the track of the ship and flew southward in search of cooler weather. In other words, LeSouef thinks that temperature is an important factor in determining the range of this bird. He calculated the flight of these albatrosses at from 20 to 40 miles an hour. He also noticed that the Atlantic adults have more brown in their plumage than those he saw in the Indian ocean, the latter presenting beautiful, pure white wings whose silvery tones are heightened by their black tips.

I have also noticed the effect of temperature on range (and have reported it in the same journal) relative to the New Zealand albatross (Dionedea regia), that I regard as the most beautiful, although it is not the largest of the albatrosses.

While on the subject of the Albatross one ought, I suppose, to resist the temptation to quote part of Coleridge's great poem. Although it is hackneyed, oft-quoted and the chant of every school boy, it is, nevertheless, immortal. After ninety-nine per cent. of current verse, good, bad and indifferent, has been cast into the gehenna of forgetfulness, these deathless lines will appear as fresh and as popular as ever. Perhaps the explanation lies in the fact that this wondrous bird story furnishes a common ground - possibly the only neutral area - on which all the "doxies", ortho-and hetero, may meet in peace and concord - the tale of the sinner and his sin; his repentance, his penance and his final redemption.

"********** a great sea-bird, called the Albatross, came through the snow-fog, and was received with great joy and hospitality."

"And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!"

And now the grievous sin:-
"God save thee, ancient Mariner,
From the fiends that plague thee thus!--
Why look'st thou so?" -- "With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross."

****

"And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow".

Even when they changed their minds, the ship became becalmed, and the Albatross was avenged:-

"Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung."

But "by the light of the Moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great calm; their beauty and their happiness, and he blesseth them in his heart." The spell begins to break, and :-

"The self-same moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea" -- just the experience of Christian but with a different burden! And when he had been duly shriven "throughout his future life an agony constraineth him to travel from land to land" to teach the gentle doctrine, not without need in our own day, that

"He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.
He prayeth best, who lovest best
All things both great and small."

Finally, here is a fact worth remembering, especially if you are interested in early editions. The first printing of the Rime was made privately for the author; and the edition commonly accepted as first is not, as a matter of fact, actually the first - even if you are fortunate and rich enough to acquire a copy on any of the rare occasions when it is offered for sale, because, bearing the same date, is a smaller but infinitely scarcer 12mo, an example of which, I understand, is not in the library of the British Museum nor in most of the famous collections of English poetry, but just where it ought to be -- in the home of the albatross himself.

When we were in Wellington, N.Z., it was my privilege to be shown over the marvellous Alex. Turnbull collection, willed to the Dominion by the owner, who spent a large fortune and a lifetime in gathering it. Here is to be seen, among hundreds of rare bindings and still rarer manuscripts and books, every publication directly or indirectly bearing on Australasia and most of Polynesia. The log of the "Discovery" is there, so is the only known copy of the first print made in New Zealand - the Catechism in the Maori language, and here is to be seen the first edition, privately printed for the author of Coleridge's Rime of the Ancient Mariner.

Another bird I longed to see in the South Seas was Phaethon rubricaudus, the Red-tailed Tropic-bird, largest of the species. He derives his name from the bright crimson-red of his elongated and very attenuated retrices.

His mandibles are also red, and, when full-grown, his white plumage is tinted a deep roseate hue -- altogether a beautiful bird. I wrote from South America of my experiences with the Yellow-billed Tropic-bird (P. flavirostri), (called "long-tails" in Bermuda) and I was on tiptoe to see his relative flying about the southern ocean. Moreover, I hoped to see a young bird, with the black, arrow-head markings on its back. I also wondered whether those barbarians who shoot this lovely creature for the bright red feathers of his tail, (let us not forget those participipites criminis who wear them) are still at their nefarious work.

Stevenson, one of the most careful observers, several times speaks of the southern tropic bird. In one instance he makes, however, a mistake which is quite pardonable, and which has been made by others, in supposing that there is but one, and not two, long feathers in the bird's tail -- an error due to the fact that in moulting the feathers are renewed irregularly and, in consequence, one feather frequently projects much beyond its fellow and gives the appearance of a single plume. The paragraph referred to is from "The Ebb Tide", p. 130:-

> "******* around and about the schooner a tropic bird, white as a snowflake, hung and circled, and displayed, as it turned, the long vermilion feather in its tail."

When E. and I were climbing the long but beautifully shaded trail that zigzags the slopes of Mt. Vaea on our pilgrimage to Stevenson's tomb, we saw, sailing up and down the valley beneath us, a splendid red-tail, flying directly over Vailima. Perhaps he was a descendant of one of the poet's birds.

Mr. D. McDonald, Chief Officer of the S.S. "Tahiti", who for years has studied the oceanic life of Pheaethon rubricaudus, tells me that these birds come on board practically always at night; and when they do so it is not (or rarely) because of exhaustion or because they are blown aboard but because they are attracted by one or other of the ship' lights. They generally fly directly at the lantern, and are often stunned by the impact. They then fall onto the deck and, owing partly to the confusion produced by the blow, are unable to fly off again. Mr. McDonald does not think that the injury is alone responsible for their helplessness (that generally leads to their capture); in addition, they seem unable to get a grip on the smooth, often slippery, deck without which they cannot acquire the headway necessary for upward flight. Nor does he believe that, as may obtain in the case of insects, they are lured by the illuminated lantern as such, for no sea-bird would deliberately smash into an object, especially one so visible as a night-light unless he were deceived as to its solidarity. No; the fact is the bird thinks, so avers Mr. McDonald, that the lighted area of the lantern and its immediate surroundings constitutes an exit into daylight beyond. We all know that a bird in a darkened barn or other enclosure easily discovers and flies through a hole or other opening that gives on the daylight. It is not that he is attracted by the light-area of the exit, but he visualizes and seeks, by means of the opening, the free air of heaven beyond. Thus it is with certain birds at sea; they expect to fly through the light and not at it. The dark or dimly-lighted canopy of the night represents to them a sort of ante-chamber of the day; the light at the mast-head is one of, it may be, many openings through which the great, diurnal outdoors may be reached. Pensieri vani for the bird, you may say, but not more vain, is it, than the beliefs about the causes of daylight and darkness that were devoutly held by educated and polished races of mankind not so many years ago! I cannot recollect that Gaetke or any other observer of lighthouse tragedies has explained them in this fashion, but the Chief Officer's theory sounds feasible to me. At any rate I give it for what it may be worth.

Then, there is that other question in comparative psychology to answer:- Is there in this search for light, evidence of a superior of or an inferior avian intelligence? - because we know that there are sea-birds that follow or fly about ships, who are not attracted by lights in this manner - gulls, petrels, albatrosses, for example. The last is certainly no Ajax, although he is a faithful attendant upon the mariner. He cares not at all for the radiant circle about the ship's lantern. Either it arouses no longings in his breast for the coming day, or he knows that the light is a solid, impenetrable body, not to be trifled with. Or he is too wary and suspicious to take a chance; or he does not think about the matter at all. As for us - who are so profoundly certain that the whole universe was made for our convenience and delectation-what can we actually know about such mysteries?

What follows is more important; and it uniformly happens. When the Bosun Bird has had a good rest and has recovered from the insult of the lantern, the sailorman takes him, closed wings between kindly hands, and with a "ho-ye-ho" throws him well into the midair of the morning sunshine; and so, at last, Pheaethon, like his namesake, comes into his own.

Among the many Australasian avifauna that I was set upon seeing in their native surroundings if possible, was the Lyre Bird - familiar to every one who has read about the curiosities of the "Lonely Continent." It is only the full-grown male that has the wonderful tail -- composed of sixteen feathers, the two outer curved to form that remarkable lyre-shaped ornament that distinguishes it from any other species. The best known and the most highly ornamented species (Menura superba) is a native of New South Wales and southern Queensland. It is about as large as a small turkey.

The possession of this beautiful and wondrous tail is not, however, the only unusual quality that distinguishes this peculiar bird; he is a fine singer and peerless mimic. Just how he came to be included in the Pseudoscines, or False Song Birds, is difficult to understand, considering that his musical ability has been known and recognized from early Australian days. Another accomplishment is his well-developed powers of mimicry. This additional attainment was especially insisted upon by an Australian ornithologist, guest of the British Ornithologists' Club, when I was in London last summer. He claimed that the male Menura is unequalled in this respect; and we know that many other observers have recorded instances of this curious trait. One gentleman had a Lyre-Bird as a pet around his farm in Australia for a great many years. "There was nothing he could not imitate. The following are a few of his mimicries; the noise of a horse and dray moving slowly, with the play of the wheels in the axle-boxes, chains rattling, etc.; an occasional 'Gee up, Bess'; the sound of a violin, piano, cornet, cross-cut saw, and so on. All the more frequent noises heard about the farm the bird learnt to perfection, such as a pig being killed, a dog howling, child crying, cries of a flock of parrots, jackass laughing, and many calls of small birds."

It was a rare privilege for me to see in company with Dr. LeSouef, Director of the Sydney Zoo, and a number of other distinguished ornithologists, three of these remarkable birds in the National Park, exhibiting the best of their mimetic and other stunts. You can imagine how lucky I was when Gould relates that he was a year in Australia without seeing one, although he heard many!

I never see the name Norfolk Island (past which we sailed) without recalling the image of a transplanted but perfect example of its so-called Pine - the beautiful *Araucaria excelsa* - 60 feet high, delicate green, and straight as a die, that one may at any time see near the Hotel del Coronado. This symmetrical beauty performs the useful function, each holiday season of a live, outdoor Christmas tree. Bedight with colored electric lights from its spreading base to its conical top, it is easily the observed of all observers, and both day and night is a most attractive object. As if further to fit the purpose for which it is borrowed, the extreme apex of the tree terminates in a sort of Maltese cross, and forms a convenient and appropriate anchorage for the traditional Star of Bethlehem! It was Captain Cook who discovered and christened the island - after the ducal family of the same name. He says of the tree:-

"The chief produce is a sort of spruce pine, which grows in abundance and to a great size, many of the trees being as thick, breast high, as two men could fathom, and exceeding straight and tall. It resembles the Quebec pine" - and we must not forget that for several years the Captain cultivated the acquaintance of Lower Canadian timber.

There is, or rather *was* a beautiful Norfolk Island parrot of which not even a birdskin remains - only a single drawing to perpetuate its memory. And thus are passing many another species and race of Polynesian fauna.

It was reminiscent of home to find the *Marbled Godwit* in North New Zealand. The last place I saw this graceful bird was on the beach near San Diego, the end of February, 1923. I am also reminded that there is at least one compensation in visiting Australasia during the "off" season for birds; one sees some old friends in the shape of migrants who for reasons of their own fly across thousands of miles of ocean to spend the winter in that delectable land. It might be supposed that all birds that insist on breeding in countries with a snowy season would, after a dozen or two generations of experience, seek the nearest warm or moderate winter climate furnishing sufficient food. However, as every budding ornithologist knows, some do not, and perhaps not even the most erudite and experienced student of bird behavior knows always why. In any event, the attempted solution of this problem has added much literature to distributional ornithology, and it is still coming in. Speaking again of Godwit migration, at the northern extremity of North Island, New Zealand, is the Bay of Spirits - so called from the Maori belief that the souls of the dead take their flight into the other world from this locality. It is an uninhabited lonely coast, the last stepping-off place, as it were, and would appear to be appropriate for the purpose assigned to it by a barbaric but imaginative race. There is, however, another reason, probably *the* reason, for this tradition;- also at the northern tip of long and narrow New Zealand is the rockyyplateau where the Godwits assemble in thousands for their anual return to Siberia. It must be a wonderful and awe-inspiring sight. Even the matter-of-fact Buller (Manual, P. 56) is moved to these words:- "Rising from the beach in a long line and much clamour, they form into a broad semicircle, and mounting high in the air, generally take a course due north: sometimes they rise in a confused manner; and, after circling about at a considerable height, return to the beach to re-form, as it were, their ranks, and then make a fresh start on their distant

The departure from any fixed locality usually begins on almost the exact date year after year; and for a week or ten days after the migration has commenced fresh parties are constantly on the wing, the flight generally taking place about sunset, and sometimes after dark." Does it not seem likely that a people of our own Aryan stock might easily translate this truly wonder-working episode into the belief, so firmly held by most aboriginals, of a happy hunting ground to which journey the spirits of the dead when this fitful fever called life has run its course?

Not only is the Parson-bird (Prosthemaderma novae-zealandiae) or Tui, as he is called by the Maoris, one of the most striking but he is also among the most interesting of the New Zealand avifauna. Imagine a bird about the size and general appearance of our common crow, generally of a metallic bluish or greenish black, the upper part of his neck wearing a collar of gray, thread-like plumes with an outward curve. There is also a prominent white spot near each shoulder, and from the throat of the adult bird hang two tufts of white, curly feathers that look for all the world like the white bands of an ecclesiastic! Moreover this prominent "choker" can readily be seen as the bird flies about from tree to tree; and it is impossible to mistake him for any other species. In the Auckland district he is most likely to be found in the "ranges", so, one fine day, E. and I, accompanied by Mr. R. A. Falla, (R.A.O.U.) of Devonport made a field trip to these hills where we saw a number of Tuis, beautiful Pied Fantails (Rhipidura flabellifera), Silver Eyes, (Zosterops caerulescens), and many another beauty in the tree ferns, shrubs and other foliage; while, flying high in air, was a flock of Black Swans, a Hawk (probably Nesierax australis), a colony of Parrots - very likely of the introduced Rosella Parakeet - and a number of others. We took our luncheon on the slope of a gulley whose sides and bottom were covered with a wonderful array of Tree Ferns, while our table-cloth (rug) was spread on a bed of New Zealand bracken of sufficient thickness to raise it well above the level of our feet. Here, while we discussed our simple meal with an outdoor appetite, Falla, an experienced ornithologist, gave the Tui call and before long there was an answer from the depths of the forest. Then two birds came within plain sight, and after looking us over approached so that with our glasses we could study them in every detail, even to the whitish line that separates the nuchal feathers and the white spots on the wings.

Greenbie, (The Pacific Triangle - 1921 says of the Parson Bird:- "No sound of bird in any of the many countries I have been to has ever filled me with greater rapture than did this.

There are thousands of skylarks in New Zealand, brought from England, but had Shelley heard the Tui he might have written an ode more beautiful even than that to the "blithe spirit" he has immortalized." High praise that!

The same author also refers to the lamentable decrease and disappearance of most of the varieties of bird life in New Zealand which, by the way, seems to be true of almost every other country that civilized man has invaded.***** "the feathery folk have vastly decreased since the coming of the white man. No wonder that a Maori chief, in complaining of the decay of his race, said 'Formerly, when we went into the forest, and stood under a tree, we could not hear ourselves speak for the noise of the birds -- every tree was full of them. Now, many of the birds have died out". Do what we will, the ordinary and inevitable practices of civilized man in following what he is pleased to regard as sport, in cutting down the forests, in draining lands -- in his mere proximity -- are fatal to the existence of great numbers of our most desirable and useful species. Let us, then, do what little we can to conserve those that remain to us by the setting aside of sanctuaries and forest preserves, by judicious feeding and by the employment of all other means whereby the elimination of these attractive and useful elements in our daily lives can be arrested.

Buller (Manual, p. 10) remarks that "Owing to its excellent powers of mimicry, and the facility of rearing it in confinement, it is a favourite cage-bird, both with the natives and with the colonists. Although of very delicate constitution, it has been known to live in confinement for upwards of ten years. More frequently, however, it becomes the subject, after the first year, to convulsive fits, under which it ultimately succumbs. Cleanliness, a well-regulated diet and protection from extremes of temperature are the proper safeguards. Naturally of a sprightly disposition, it is cheerful and playful in captivity, incessantly flitting about in its cage and mimicking every sound within hearing. It will learn to articulate sentences of several words with clearness, and to imitate the barking of a dog to perfection. The Maoris appreciated the mocking powers of this bird, and devoted much time and patience to its instruction." Mr. Louis Griffin, of the Aukland Museum tells me that he once possessed a Tui, of whom he became very fond. This interesting animal not only reproduced many of the sounds he heard but repeated a number of short sentences appropriate to various occasions. He took a bath twice a day and on these occasions invariably dipped his head and white choker in the water as a first ablution. He then carefully preened himself drying and arranging his ecclesiastic insignia, afterwards taking a plunge that involved his whole body. Then, when the bath was fully concluded, he would fly to his master's hand, perch himself on it and repeat a portion of his conversational repertoire. Twice he escaped from the house and once he returned. On the second occasion, although he remained about the premises for a day or two and answered Mr. Griffin's call, it was the "time of the spring running" and he never came back. His former companion, as he looks at the distant ridges of the Auckland ranges, likes to believe that in some one of their mountain fastnesses his Parson Bird still lives the happy life.

The Pied Fantail must attract the pleased attention of every visitor to New Zealand, as it is to be seen almost everywhere on both Islands. It and its Australian cousin are among the most attractive of the small flycatchers.

They seem to be constantly on the wing, performing (with tail wide-spread) the most varied and fantastic evolutions in their pursuit of flies and gnats invisible to our dull eyes; in fact they hold the blue ribbon for artistic gymnastics. The New Zealand bird is facile princeps flycatcher of the world series.

There are many reasons why the word "gull", used as a synonym of "dupe" or "fool", is a misnomer. It is difficult to understand how this misapplication came about. I have made a study of gulls -- the birds, I mean -- for many years, and rank them high among the intelligent orders. In fact I regard them not only as types of avian grace and beauty but as examples of advanced intelligence; and in that respect I agree cordially with the views of the Finleys who, within the past year, have written a paper (see The Atlantic Monthly) on this selfsame subject. In my opinion and experience, gulls are by no means "gullible." Last summer we were staying for a short time at the Atlantic Hotel at Newquay; and, while at breakfast, we noticed a fullgrown Herring Gull fly from the seashore, a few hundred yards away, and light on the terrace close by the dining room. He was followed shortly by others and by still others until there were, perhaps fifty waiting about. My wonder at this strange phenomenon was soon satisfied; they, too, had come for breakfast. In a few minutes one of the hotel people arrived with a can of "leftovers", and it certainly was a sight to watch the array of heads, wings, feet and bodies that forthwith hid, as by a dense cloud, the scattered piles of food. It was especially interesting to watch the late arrivals, fearful of being excluded from the feast. They literally threw themselves, screaming, into the struggling mass of white, grey and black feathers. As the birds were perfectly tame and unafraid, there was a fair field for all, and I was sure no gull flew away without some scrap to satisfy appetite. I was informed that the bird feeding was held every morning at the same hour, and that the hotel guests regarded the ceremony as one of the attractions of the place.

When, more recently, E. and I came to Coronado, I began a similar practice, and soon had an expectant colony to feed on the sandy shore near our hotel. Quite a respectable collection of Western and other gulls gathered about 9:30 each morning, and when I appeared with a bag of "seconds", some twenty or thirty birds rose to meet me, and circled about my head until I arrived at the feeding ground. Then we had a sort of athletic "meet."

One of the first contesys was staged by throwing into their midst a large, hard, breakfast roll. This edible was forthwith seized by a gull, who, unable to swallow it, at once made off, followed by half a dozen others, in search of a place of safety. The pursued and the pursuers flew a fine aerial course, the bird with his mouth full of bread often rising high in air, swooped, dodged and doubled. Finally, he broke away in a much wider circle than usual, intent on tiring out his pursuers. However, all these manoeuvers ended the same way, in the dropping of the roll, to be caught up by a second gull and the continuation of the flight and pursuit. Eventually, some experienced bird would grasp the breakfast dainty and fly down the coast for half a mile or so until his pursuers abandoned the chase. But I noticed on these occasions that the successful bird did not return; his time for the subsequent half-hour was occupied in soaking the hard bread preparatory to tearing it in pieces small enough for deglutition. Occasionally we substituted for the roll a hard-boiled egg. This much-prized article was immediately caught up and passed from one gull to another by vigorous action until it was either smashed by falling on a rock or until some bird with an abnormally wide gullet managed to swallow it. To accomplish this latter feat while being chased at full speed seemed no easy task; it is possible that it was sometimes accomplished only by crushing the egg between the mandibles of a particularly powerful gull.

Another game we dubbed "gull baseball". We threw or bowled (as in ninepins) grapes along the hard, smooth sand into the expectant crowd of birds. Some of them, impelled by wing and leg power, ran after the rolling grape and, now and then, caught it "on the fly", others swooped down on it from above; but the gull that evoked our applause faced us and with outspread wings and open mouth, "short-stopped" the grape in the most approved fashion. Some birds became quite expert at this game and rarely failed to catch the small fruit as it skipped or jumped along the sands.

After a time we came to recognize individuals of the flock. One fat old bird, christened "Squawker". As soon as one of us appeared in sight this gull opened his mouth wide, emitted a series of loud, hoarse cries, and darting at the other gulls in his immediate vicinity proceeded to run amuck through the whole flock. This strategem, intended one may suppose, to intimidate the other feeders, he repeated every two or three minutes while the feast lasted. He rarely got anything to eat, however, unless food were thrown directly to him; he was so busily engaged in squawking, airing his importance and in assaulting the neighbors that the other gulls, meantime, had all the advantage and ate all the provender. I have been told that squawkers, their characters modified to suit a varying environment, exist among genera presumably higher than the Laridae, but that statement must surely be an error of observation.

Of the fifty species of Gulls found all over the world, at least thirty inhabit the Americas. It is difficult to explain their complete absence from the immense ocean area between the South American continent and Australasia. It seemed as if we had missed something when, after the crowds of gulls in San Francisco harbor and along the Pacific coast, we should have failed to see a single one during the long journey to New Zealand. I presume little of the food the birds crave is available in the lagoons and atolls of Polynesia.

Although I have studied these birds in many lands, I have never seen any of them catch fish after the manner of their cousins, the terns. On one occasion I thought I saw a Western Gull light on the water and pull out a fish, but of this I am by no means certain; the bird gave me little opportunity for investigation, as he swallowed his catch at once, without taking wing. Moreover the prey may have been a dead fish floating on or near the surface. I was, of course, fairly well acquainted with the hawking habit of our Laughing Gull (Larus atricilla), as well as the Franklin and other species, and have seen individuals of several of these hunting and catching insects and even field mice, swooping after them almost with the agility of sparrow hawks. In view of this lack of opportunity, I was much interested in the account furnished by a writer in the Contributor's Column of a recent Atlantic of gulls in South America that, unlike their northern relatives, dive to a considerable depth for fish:- "These birds are very similar to their cousins of the north; they are, though, less well groomed, and do not look as sleek and nice as their northern neighbors. The only noticeable difference is in the shape of the wing which has a decided break and not the even beautiful curve of the wing that the northern sea-gull has. From my home in Valparaiso I have watched these birds dive, and sometimes from a height of a hundred feet. It is a peculiar thing that they do this in flocks rather than singly. A most remarkable sight it is to watch - - to see a hundred or more birds turn, as if by one accord, close their wings and dive in after the fish. A beautiful sight it is, too, to see a flock of sea-gulls serenely circling above the waters dive, to catch for a moment the flash of the white feathers of their upturned wings in the sunlight, to see them strike the water, and again to see them bob up one by one. Of note is it that almost never did I see one return unrewarded."

Did you ever notice a colony of gulls sitting quietly in the open? If there is little or no wind, and the day is bright, they stand or lie, either in a long line or in closer formation, facing the sun. And, by the way, what a pretty sight - these smooth, well-groomed, statuesque, half-white bodies, bathed in sunshine and artistically posed, as if for our pleasure and admiration. If there is little sun and no wind, they face in various directions; there is no uniformity in their ranks. If there is a high wind, however, they turn towards the quarter whence it blows, probably to prevent ruffling of their feathers, and cooling of the skin surface.

There must be a considerable difference between the acuity of vision in gulls. I am not prepared at the moment to discus this matter, but I have never been able to repeat an experiment I made some years ago on the species -- L. ridibundus, I think, -- that is abundant on the Lake of Geneva. E. and I were visiting our niece Marjorie, then in school at Lausanne and during our excursions to Ouchy and other resorts along the lake shore it was my habit to carry with me a bag of grapes with which to feed the gulls. Parenthetically, all the gulls whose acquaintance I have made are very fond of grapes. I soon found that they would hawk the fruit when thrown one by one into the air. I then tried to find how small an object could be seen and caught in midair by these birds -- to discover that the smallest grape in my collection when tossed into the air was retrieved before it reached the water. I have not been able to repeat that little experiment with any of our Western or California Gulls.

Referring once more to the Black-headed gulls whose acquaintance I cultivated at Ouchy nearly twenty years ago, they must not be mistaken for our Black-headed or Laughing Gull (L. atricilla). Both are quite common birds within their respective ranges, but the Swiss species is much smaller and its plumage more charged with black than the American variety. Perhaps I was among the first of those to whom my former teacher in the London Hospital, Sir. Frederick Treves, refers in his charming book, "The Lake of Geneva," as visitors "who have so persistently fed these (Black-headed) gulls that they are demoralized, and will shortly become, like the pigeons of Venice, a company of tourist-supported idlers."

That comparative large objects can be seized by some Western Gulls before they reach the earth was demonstrated to my satisfaction by a certain picnic party -- let us believe they were half-breeds -- whom we encountered on the (Mexican) Coronado Islands. These uninhabited islets are the resorts and breeding places of thousands of sea birds, and are occasionally visited by pleasure parties from the mainland. On this particular occasion a friend and I were spending a few days on these "knife-blade" uplifts, studying their avifauna. It was in the middle of the breeding season and hundreds of nestlings were to be had for the taking. Evidently the "taking" had been excellent for three or four barbarian males in the party mentioned, because they had their pockets stuffed with live fledglings of several species and sizes, which they playfully threw, one by one, several hundred feet, to the boiling ocean beneath them. Few of the helpless victims of this savage form of sport ever reached the bottom; a gull, in every instance that I observed a Western Gull, caught them at some stage of the descent, and flew off to devour its prey, followed by one or more candidates for the feast. I draw the veil of decency over this gruesome incident; also over the threatening and winged words we spoke to the offenders. There was no more bird-throwing that day on the Coronados.

As every mother knows, the color of her infant's eyes undergoes changes, more or less marked, during the first year or two after birth; but these alterations are negligible when compared with the eyes of some birds. For example, the very pretty, and often very tame, little Red-billed Gull (in New

Zealand yclept the Mackerel Gull) or Larus scopulinus, is born with dark-brown, almost black eyes, and yet by the time it is a year old they have changed almost to a pure white. A similar alteration is noticeable in the iridic coloration of the larger but equally beautiful Southern Black-backed Gull (Larus dominicanus), that ranges the whole Southern Hemisphere. Both these birds are easily domesticated; they act as valuable scavengers and are devourers of caterpillars and other insect pests.

It is interesting to see them about Australasian harbors and fields, doing their useful work, unafraid of man.

The vulgar name, Bell-bird is given to many quite different species in various parts of the world, but in every instance it is applied because of the resemblance of the bird's call-note to the tolling of a bell. I have already spoken about the representative of these remarkable animals found in the northern parts of South America and I was naturally on the look-out for their Australasian congeners. The New Zealand bird is a Honey-Sucker -- Anthornis melanura -- alas, fast becoming extinct. It was this remarkable bird that attracted the attention of Captain Cook. On his second voyage, while his ship was lying in Queen Charlott's Sound, the crew heard bird-notes "like small bells most exquisitely tuned". On the Australian continent two species, one also a Honey-Sucker, Manorhina melanophrys, and another, a Shrike-like bird, are called Bell-birds. Of the former Buller says "Its notes, though simple, are varied and sweetly chimed, and as the bird is of social habits, the morning anthem, in which scores of the sylvan choristers perform together, is a concert of eccentric parts, producing a wild but pleasing melody. When alarmed or excited they utter a strain of notes which I can compare only to the sound produced by a policeman's rattle quickly revolved. This cry, or the bird-catcher's imitation of it, never fails to attract to the spot all the bell-birds within hearing."

One clear day I visited Quarantine Island, Auckland Harbour, as the guest of the Chief Engineer of the Harbour Board, Mr. W. H. Hamer, himself a keen and well-informed naturalist. We found there many birds that I had no expectation of seeing among them many Bell-birds. The ordinary song of the New Zealand species resembles that of the Parson Bird, and while we sat listening to what seemed to me to be a sustained song a discussion took place among the ornithologists present as to whether the avian music we were hearing was that of a Tui or not. A portion of the song certainly recalls the notes of a bell, and it has a metallic ring about it that serves to distinguish the call notes of the N. Z. Bell-bird from the sustained and softer song of the Tui, but neither of them in any respect suggests the solemn tolling of the South American Bird, with his single, though prolongued note. The Australian chorus of performers reminds one of a chime, or of several mingled chimes, of small, silver-tongued bells, while the New Zealand performers make one think of the rendering of a musical number by minor brass instruments. Anthornis melanura is smaller than our robin (male, length, 7.5 inches; female, 6.4 inches), color generally light yellowish-green in the case of the male bird, but this must be modified by stating that the head is steel-colored, while the tail is brownish black. The female is browner and less conspicuous, but both sexes are equally good singers.

To distinguish the two Australian varieties, Manorhina melanophrys is called Bell Miner. Unlike the nearly pure white Guiana Bell-Bird, it is of a beautiful golden green plumage, except the wings and tail, which are dark brown. The eyes are dark brown, the legs and feet a light orange. In the case of this bird the notes seemed to me a faint tinkle, like the sound of distant sheep-bells. I heard a flock of 50 of these remarkable birds give a charming concert about a little lake 20 miles from Melbourne.

Mr. H. R. Haeusler, (Emu, vol. 22, Jan. 1923) has had unusual opportunities to study the Kiwi (Apteryx mantelli), and finds his vision, during the day time at least, to be very poor. Chopped meat, worms, etc. placed in front of these wingless, nocturnal, New Zealand birds were apparently not preceived at all until they had been 'felt' by the super-sensitive terminals of their long mandibles. Both these articles of food as well as the entrances to worm holes were located by "tapping" about with their closed bills. Mr. Haeusler is convinced that in gathering food and for most other purposes involving localization, neither sight nor smell is to any extent relied upon; the bird locates objects mainly, and in many instances entirely by touch. Having found the entrance to a worm-hole, the Kiwi enlarges it to a funnel- shaped cavity and, after grasping the prey, pulls steadily upon the worm until the latter is tired out, looses its hold and is drawn to the surface. If alarmed, the Apteryx "plays 'possum" and with bill stuck into the ground keeps as still as death, its peculiar coloring making it difficult to see the bird as long as it does not move - the old story of protective coloration. From my own observations of this remarkable species I am convinced that its night vision is much better than its diurnal, as indicated by its liveliness at night and its pronounced orange-red fundus, which closely resembles that of the Owls. I had several opportunities of observing these birds and of examining their eyes in the London Zoo.

What human being is competent to interpret the workings of the unfettered avian mind? And yet the psychology of the wild (so-called) lower animal is much more definite and constant than that of domesticated and civilized man. The real meaning and vital relations of many acts performed by a wild bird are a closed book to us. It is true that we may now and then hazard a guess at what is going on within the brain (or other nerve centres) of our feathered relatives, and often we may think we have lifted the psychic veil, but a study of comparative psychology must soon reveal the almost insurmountable obstacles that lie in our path. Here is a minor problem - A delightful house in a certain California town where I was a guest, was set in a beautiful garden of five acres. About its centre was an artificial lilly-pond, the home of a pair of piniond mallards, raised in captivity from the nestling age. Although they were nearly a year old when I first saw them, they never became very tame, and would not allow a stranger to approach them. During the migration season their wild brethren visited them in small numbers, sometimes pausing a whole day on their long journey north or south. These incidents, combined with their comparative isolation, tended to keep them wary and suspicious. However, they always came to the call of the chauffeur and the master of the house, especially at meal time when they were fed with cracked corn, of which they were very fond.

One day, however, the chauffeur brought with him to the feast a very tall step-ladder, which he placed close to the feeding table. The female mallard -- the real head of the family -- inspected the strange contraption, suddenly turned tail, gave a succession of quacks, called to her companion and waddled off, down the lawn, into the water and sailed away, leaving the corn untouched. The chauffeur at once removed the ladder, but the ducks refused to come at his call and it was many days before he was able to bring them to his feet, call he ever so duck-like, or spread he an abundance of fodder. A trivial matter, you will properly say, but what reasoning by the ducks - or what instinct (if you prefer that word) - influenced them to take flight in apparent alarm? Possibly - for we can only speculate as to what boils and bubbles in the anatid brain - the two ducks had passed sentence on their one-time friend as a convicted traitor, who had tried to "double-cross" them by erecting some sort of blind, behimd which lurked an engine of death or danger of some kind, to them unknown.

Not for the purpose of bringing forward an argument in favor of the theory that birds and other animals reason and act, often as the result of a reasoned conclusion, but just to mention a rather amusing incident in the life of one of the most intelligent of birds - the Sulphur-crested Cockatoo- I wish to draw your attention to the fact that birds sometimes suffer quite as much as we do from several kinds of mosquitos. These irritating and occasionally dangerous little pests bite them on various parts of their exposed bodies, but particularly on and about the eyes, and unless the sufferer is able to twist his neck sufficiently to bury his head beneath the protecting feathers of the back, sleep may be out of the question. We were explaining to an intelligent lover of birds that in mosquito-ridden localities we always cover the cage of our John IIIrd with netting to defend him from attacks of the culex. "Oh, but my cockatoo has even a better plan than that; whenever the mosquitos bother him, and especially at night, he takes his large, tin drinking cup, empties out the water and puts it like a cap over his head! It fits quite snugly but does not interfere with his breathing. If we put him under a mosquito net he still goes to sleep with the cup over his head, but we hope to teach him that it is not then necessary." We would have doubted such a tale if told by some persons we have met, but we have every reason to believe this observer.

Many writers tell us all about the Polynesian Hermit Crab, and some of them speak as if he were peculiar to Oceania. As is well know, this comic and attractive animal is widely distributed over the earth's surface under the forbidding family names of Paguridae ana Parapaguridae; indeed, more than one (small) species is rather common along the Atlantic Coast.

The following is what one of our most reliable authors tells us about this creature:-

The hermit crab is the best bait for fishing in the waters of the South Sea islands. There must be several varieties. I have counted three already: the ordinary, small brown one called kakara, the huge red one found in deep water, and the black, hairy kind, whose pounded-up body is mixed with grated coconut to extract the oil. This latter is called unga: in the old days the lowest class of RAROTONGA society was known by the same name meaning, i.e., that all their property could be carried on their backs. The common variety is a good deal like the robber crab in habits; the natives go so far as to say that it is the same animal. The size of the kakara can be judged by the size of his shell, which may be as small as a thimble or as large as an orange. His soft and muscular body curls into the spiral of the shell and is securely anchored by a twist of the tail. The interior end reminds one of a tiny lobster; the same stalk eyes, same legs and strong claws. Maugre his name, he is gregarious." But let me tell you about a colony of Hermit land crabs I knew quite well in Fiji. One day I was patiently and vainly waiting to catch a glimpse of an exasperating lot of wild Jungle Fowl (near relatives of the ancestors of our farmyard rooster and hen) that I had heard cackling and crowing in the mountain forest of Beqa (or Mbenga, as the Admiralty charts prefer to spell it, so the stranger may correctly pronounce the name of this geographically important island) and had come to rest on a trail about a thousand feet above and overlooking the ocean. Beneath me a little native village, whose chief was our host, lay scattered along a coral beach for half a mile. Barely visible over the edge of the cliff was the Chief's guest house and a small weir in which was imprisoned a huge turtle for his chiefly table; turtle is taboo for any Fijian below the rank of Buli. Until the chief had, a few days previously, sent four as a present to the quadrennial Conference of Chiefs, the watery enclosure was pretty well filled with these ugly but toothsome chelonians. Beyond lay the bay and, basking in the sunshine on three native boats, sprawled a dozen or more sailors, among them two or three Solomon Islanders assisting the Fijians in a task in which the latter specialized, the South Seas form of the dolce far niente. The day was so beautiful that I forgot all about the "wild barnyard" I had come so far to see, and gave myself up to imitating and sympathizing with the Polynesians in and on the water below me. I happened to look at the partially covered path a few yards ahead of me and became aware dimly that the square of earth was moving ever so slowly down hill. A clearer view of this spot revealed a well packed array of shellfish of all sizes, big, little and smallest, the last less than half an inch, the first, four or five inches across. Evidently a number of gastropod families were on the move and headed down the trail. This guess proved correct so far as the exterior shell was concerned but the live interior turned out to be an equal number of crustaceans - a large colony of hermit crabs on the march. With a stick I touched several heads to see them withdrawn within the concha, and marvelled at the excellent choice these creatures had made of properly sized shells, how well they fitted, how nicely concealed was each interloping crab in his armored retreat, secure from outside enemies.

Engaged in these investigations, I did not notice, partly concealed as he was by the pathside vegetation, a figure that made me laugh and continue to laugh. As this, the largest of the crabs, crawled out of the herbage into the cleared trail I saw that he was not garbed in appropriate dress. Instead of the outworn shell affected by all his companions, he was girt about by a segment of cocoanut that covered only part of his body, much as the conventional, unclothed tramp is pictured as veiling his nakedness by means of a flour barrel. Indeed, the old crab looked like a disreputable "drunk", as he staggered along in his ancient, broken and weatherbeaten nut-shell. It was, of course, no fault of his that the mountain gastropods on Beqa did not grow large enough to furnish shelter and to meet the exigencies of adult fashion in dress.

However, he kept step with the moving ranks, the ill-clad hermit forming the rear guard, staggering along until he was the only crab in sight. Then with a final wave of his antennae, as if in jaunty adieu, he rolled his shabby old shell into the leafy debris of the forest and disappeared from my sight.

In the harbor of Apia lay H.M.S."Laburnum" of the New Zealand navy, and just before we sailed for Tonga there was transferred to us from her a more or less tame, immature, female Fregata aquila. The bird was destined to the Auckland Zoo, and the story ran that some officer on the warship had bought it, a captive of some months standing, from a native of Hull Island in the Phoenix group. My notes -- better skip them -- say that this Frigate Bird's general color is black-brown; upper parts dark brown; well-marked swallow-like, forked tail; upper mandible longer than the head, down-curved at the tip and slaty-gray; head and upper neck, cinnamon-buff; irides, dark brown; eyelids naked and provided with weak eyelashes; throat and about one-half of neck in front, deep red; gular pouch, if present, not marked; secondaries show feathers edged with white or gray; an irregular bar, two to three inches wide, runs through the center of the upper wing; abdomen, white.

Legs weak; tarsus partly feathered; feet incompletely webbed. By reflected light there is a metallic sheen on the black-brown feathers of the back.

He, or rather, if my guess should turn out to be correct, she soon became an object of considerable interest to the passengers. From her comparatively lofty perch on the gunwale of the life-boat that was set apart as her living room she gazed with unconcern at the admiring crowd below. Many times a day she scrambled from the depths of the life - boat to preen herself, expecially after a shower, and to dry and air her immense wings in the tropical sunshine. The ignominious part of the performance was that it was necessary to tie the bird by one leg to the thwarts, and the restraining rope embarrassed her efforts to perch and spread her wings, owing to her weak legs and her immense wings; and it certainly was a beautiful sight to see her magnificent wing-spread of not less than six feet. The officer who had new arrival in charge certainly did all he could to make Fregata comfortable, provided her with a box into which she retired whenever she wished, gave her all the fish she could eat and all the water she could drink. In deference to the positive statements of a passenger, who proclaimed himself an authority on Man-of-War Birds, she was provided daily with a can of sea water, that

being the proper drink for this ocean going fowl. As this dictum sounded much like the ancient belief that parrots should never be given water to drink - an obsession that has caused so much misery in the psittacine world - I determined to investigate it. And sooner than I expected the opportunity arrived, because shortly we had a tropical downpour that thoroughly drenched the bird and her surroundings. It was good to watch the Frigate for the half hour the storm lasted. She certainly enjoyed her bath, spreading wide her long, pointed pinions to allow the cool douche to reach the hot skin of her sides and underparts. Now and then she would flap her wings to shake off superfluous water, but she did not retire to her box or make any other effort to avoid a full bath. But the way in which that bird drank rain-water! For at least ten minutes she did nothing else - opening wide a capacious mouth to catch the drops that not only fell directly into the orifice but that ran down the sides of the mandibles. First she opened her beak, then pointed it aloft, as if trying to drink in as much of the falling water as possible, and when she had secured all her throat would hold, made evident swallowing movements. There could be no doubt that for this bird at least soft water was a desirable beverage; and I can redily believe that in the upper air, where her folks spend most of their time, this performance may go on without the necessity of resting on the waves or of roosting on dry land.

I never saw the Man-o'-War preen herself in the sense that so many other birds are wont to do. I have an idea that the very large birds do not, as a rule, indulge in that method of feather cleansing. I have noticed the large birds of prey, herons, anhingas, etc., proceed as our Frigate did, that is, shake their wings and body and then sit in the sun and dry themselves after a torrential shower-bath or plunge.

After this thorough wetting, Fregata seemed content to hold her wings semi-extended, to flap them now and then, and to shake herself, dog-like, every two or three minutes; and then to let the warm sun do the rest.

Every day I climbed to the bird's retreat, invariably to find that she appeared to have made herself entirely at home and was not at all alarmed by the approach of strangers. The most hostile act she was guilty of was to make a sort of grunting noise and open her beak at the intruder. As she was taken from the nest (probably, that is) and tamed by association with a native family, the chances of becoming reconciled to captivity in a public zoo are good; yet these birds make very poor cage birds, generally dying of homesickness, or the infections induced thereby, within a short time. The feathered animal whose home is the illimitable blue sky soon sickens even of the largest flight aviary and, though he may be only a robber and live by piracy, yet he prefers death to loss of freedom.

There are few or no monkeys (or for that matter few other mammals) in eastern Polynesia. Perhaps the earlier voyagers from the mainland had not learned to carry them as pets, like many other native tribes, on their long sea excursions, or they did not survive the exposure incident to canoe life. In any event, it is not until one reaches islands relatively near the Asiatic coast -- Borneo, New Guinea, Java, the Celebes -- that simian life becomes abundant. It is quite otherwise with the West Indies, where even to the present day monkeys are to be seen in the mountains and uplands of Dominica, St. Vincent. Nevis and other islands. In some of these localities it has occasionally been necessary to chase away troops of mountain marauders from the cane fields and other plantations, so widespread were their depredations.

Even in low-lying Barbados a few originally wild individuals still survive in the remoter wooded ravines. The Rector of one of the parishes of this colony, to whom I am much indebted for information regarding certain Barbadian birds, is an enthusiastic naturalist. Among other quests, he is always on the lookout for these rare species. His church, situated in the most hilly part of the island, overlooks a very pretty and romantic woodland.

One Sunday, in the midst of morning prayers, he happened to look out of the open window, and lo! just disappearing among the trees was the animal for which he had long been searching. It was a bitter moment; he could not run out, surplice-clad, and desert his sacred office; there was nothing to do but wait and live in the hope of seeing the animal on another and freer occasion. The incident must have rankled, however, because he said to me, "and that was not the first time I have been placed in a similar embarrassing position."

Speaking of similar embarrassments, surely no occupant of a pulpit passed through a more trying half-hour than did a certain popular Bishop who, visiting a friend, rector of a church on the Coast, accepted an invitation to preach the morning sermon. It was a fine warm, Spring day and through the open windows and doors were wafted the mingled odors of roses, eucalyptus, pittosporum acacia, sweet alyssum and other fragrant flowers. Even the Sexton's dog, a big mongrel -- half Newfoundland, half bull -- had settled himself for a peaceful nap, when Satan in the shape of a large mastiff walked leisurely into the church and wandered about as if he owned the place. Perhaps he might have got safely and quietly away if two or three worshippers had not tried to drive him out by subdued "hists" and "get outs". These sotto voce commands were just loud enough to wake up the home dog who, probably feeling that he was being called in an emergency, made one rush at the intruding stranger, and the fight was on. Up and down the aisles, in and out of pews, to the very steps of the alter these about equally matched brutes rolled, tumbled bit and growled.

For a short time the Bishop tried to ignore the incident, and proceeded with the sermon; then he stopped and waited, hoping that the excited sexton and a few volunteers might succeed in separating the contestants or be able to drag them outside the building. At the hazard of being themselves badly bitten, both methods were tried - and abandoned; the dogs were great, powerful animals enraged to the highest pitch of fury, and it would have been impossible for a dozen men either to separate or remove them by ordinary means. Meanwhile the thunders of the combat had reached the outside world, and to the rescue came a man with two pails of water and a determined look in his face. Despite the protests of some of the pew-holders in the immediate neighborhood, he dashed the cold water on the heads of the fighters -- with about as much effect as if he had thrown it on the nearest lamp post. By this time the whole church organization was disrupted; the organist descended from his lofty perch, the choir boys and most of the other choristers, seated on the backs of pews that gave them an unobstructed view of the canine entertainment, could not resist the temptation to lay bets on their favorite dog. Some of the irrepressible smaller boys of the congregation even encouraged one or the other of the combatants by expressions that proved that this was not the first dog fight they had attended. Finally the Bishop and his assistants, removing their vestments, added a semblance of order and respectability to the otherwise wild scene. Probably the duel would have continued until one or other of the dogs had been killed or totally disabled, had not some expert thought of a large square carpet in a house nearby. This was at last barrowed, brought to the church and with infinite difficulty and the combined efforts of several onlookers, the half-crazed animals were enveloped in it -- much as one makes a bundle with a bandana handkerchief. The two dogs, struggling for breath, yet biting, howling and half-suffocated, were at length dragged into the open, where they were finally torn apart. The visiting stranger limped off, and although the defender dog was so exhausted that he could not stand on his feet for some time it was found that he was less damaged than his opponent, owing probably to his armor of long, close, shaggy hair.

On their way home, after an abbreviated sermon and prayer, the episcopal party met a lady who apologized at length for her inability to attend the morning service. "Oh! the service," said the Bishop, "that did not amount to much, but you missed the finest dog-fight that has ever been pulled off in St. Paul's."

If you are not interested in flying-fish and their finny ways, just skip the next two or three pages. Not all these curious animals belong to the same genus or even to the same family. In one or other of their many forms they are found all over the oceanic world. The true flying-fish - perhaps we say true because it is the commonest Atlantic variety - is Exocoetus volitans.

Following the flag (I suppose), it is also to be seen volplaning in Hawaiian waters. In this species the pectoral fins are as long as its body, To round out the collection of American fliers, we have the largest of all the species, Exocoetes californicus (vel Cypselurus californicus) - the Great Flying-Fish, 18 inches long - inhabiting the coastal tides of California. It is also appropriate that the zoologist who knows most about these piscian wonders, should be Chancellor David Starr Jordan of Stanford University. The flight-mechanism and methods studied by him and his former assistants, Professors Gilbert and Evermann, are briefly as follows:- The flying fish of the open sea live in schools, and "fly"a distance of a few rods to an eighth of a mile, rarely rising more than three or four feet out of the water. Their movements in the water are very rapid, and from this alone do they gain the force that impels them through the water. The apparent vibration of the pectorals in the air does not to any appreciable extent aid their progress over the water. On rising from the surface the movements of the tail are continued until the whole body is out of the water. The vibration of the pectorals is not a truly flying movement, but is due to the resistance of the air itself. In the water both ventrals are folded; when in air both pectorals and ventrals are spread to act as parachutes or wings, to hold the body in air. When the fish begins to fall, and its tail touches the water, the tail again begins to move, enabling it once more to resume flight.

In full flight the fish takes advantage of the wind, turning about to fly with the favoring breeze." Although I have rather carefully watched flying-fish on several oceans and tidal rivers I have never been fortunate enough to see them "fly", i.e., use their lateral fins as a means of progression through the air.

Once I saw a school of freshwater flying-fish a100 miles up a tropical river but they belonged to a different genus, and perhaps order, than Exocoetus. During this journey into the interior of South America, my four companions and I watched and discussed the movements of these small, sunfish-shaped skimmers of the river surface. They did not "fly" in the air so much as they skipped over the calm water of the Potaro in a perfectly straight line for from 5 to 20 yards by a sculling motion of the tail. The fore part of the rounded abdomen also rested on the surface and seemed to furnish some support as the fish scudded along. Dr. Gifford, who watched many of these fish very critically, feels certain that he never saw one, on that journey, rise free of the water and actually "fly" through the air, like Exocoetus. On the other hand, he believes he has seen Cypselurus californicus use his pectorals, like a hugh dragon-fly, as an actual propellor.

He has not seen them fly more than 100 yards and then not more than two or three feet above the waves. I have discussed this matter with many observers, in particular with an old sea captain interested in natural history who had for hours at a time watched flying-fish all over the world. He placed the limit of flight in anv species he had seen at two hundred yards, and the highest point of their trajectory at four feet. Ault (Geographic Magazine, (Dec. 1922, p. 642) agrees with Gifford in believing that some of these fish are able to continue flight, changing direction and going much farther than momentum alone could carry them. He claims that the vibrations of the wing-fins have been seen frequently by several observers.

Another authority is Dr. Hankin, who is of opinion (Nature, Aug.18, 1921) that although at the beginning of their glide they may flap their large triangular pectorals a few times and though they vary the position and planes of part or the whole of their transport fins, as the soaring hawk curls and arranges his wings to take advantage of a favoring wind or air current, yet it is the propulsion out of the water and the succeeding glide that constitute the so-called flight of the flying-fish, they do not fly as birds do. The mechanism of this locomotion has, as every naturalist knows, been discussed innumerable times in literature like its analogous process the soaring of the hawk or vulture.

In Barbados I had an opportunity of seeing the fisherboys catch the variety that abounds on that island coast. They are a dark-backed, trout-like species about 10 inches in length, their pectorals attached to the bodies like the gossamer wings of hugh dragon-flies. They also gave one the impression of a folded fan with little rudder-like accessories. I saw how these fish are caught in that particular part of the island. They are first attracted by pieces of meat -- often distinctly odorous - enclosed in a wicker container which is "jiggled" up and down in the water from the stern of the fisherman's boat. The fish thus enticed are landed by means of a dip or other net.

Captain John Bollons, Master of the Govt. S. S. "Tutanaki," and a naturalist of local repute, told me that during his thirty years of service in the South Pacific he had made a considerable study of flying fishes, and that he had often seen the large Flying Fish (Cypselurus melanocercus) rise as much as six feet clear of the water and without again touching it volplane (the Captain would not say "fly") a quarter of a mile. On many occasions he had observed them "bank" and vary their direction as often as three times on each occasion and as much as 30-40 degrees during the flight.

An officer of the mercantile marine, whose powers of observation I regard as worthy of consideration, tells me that he has often caught one of the Pacific Flying Fishes on board his ship, and that they can fly to a deck even to ten feet from the water level. They usually "fly" on board at night, and he thinks they are attracted by the lights of the vessel. In proof of the latter statement he points to the method of catching them in Polynesia, by means of the flare on a canoe and a dip net. But why does the light attract the fish? Quien sabe?

Having quoted some recent literature on this apparently obscure subject, suppose we listen to what Adriaan van Beckel has to say about it. He sailed to South America from Holland nearly 250 years ago, and in his "American Voyages" tells many interesting stories about the flora and fauna he studied in his travels. Recently, my friend, Dr. Walter Roth, of Christianburg, British Cuiana, an author well-known to students of Indian folklore, translated this charming Dutch work, and the following quotation is from his original manuscript, which he was good enough to present to the writer. "As regards the Flying Fish, we saw various shoals raise themselves in flight to the height of about 8 or 10 feet, and cover 50 or 60 paces before they fell again into the water to moisten their wings, and acquire renewed strength against the Bonitos (implacable, cannibal fish that are always chasing the flying fish and driving them to seek refuge in aerial flights) who sometimes catch them as they fall, or spring out of the water and grab them as they fly. Besides bonitos, the flying fish have yet another enemy, being a certain kind of bird, which shoots down on them as they fly out of the water to save themselves from the bonitos. Our constable brought me the first flying fish which, followed by one of the said birds near by, happened to fall into our ship. It was of the shape, colour and size of a herring, the back a little bit thicker, and the extreme front of the head roundish, like a sea bream, with the wings above the belly -- very like a bat's."

But these controversial theorems were destined to be settled by an authority whose dictum we never questioned. Our table steward, although not permitted to take part at meals in the discussions that were continually going on, was always an interested listener. I generally retired to the dining room when I wished to read or write apart from the maddening crowd. It was on such occasions that I listened to the oracular wisdom of Zeke. "Now, Kunnel, bout dem flyin' fishes -- dey flies jest like any odder bud -- wid der wings. I offen see 'em do it." Then, doubtless as a concession to the opposed opinions of some of his "table folks", he added, after a thoughtful pause, "Anyways, dey'se mighty good eatin". Of which latter statement we had convincing proof at the very next dinner.

One of the most dramatic episodes of our trip was the interchange of mail matter between our steamer and the island of Niuafoou, which, by the way, has no harbor and few anchorages. It is a member of the Tongan Group, about 8 miles long and from 3 to 5 miles wide and has a population of 1,117, of whom two are whites. Practically, this island is the crater of an extinct volcano, enclosing - with some tropical vegetation - a lake, gaseous, metallic and non-drinkable, three miles long by one and a half wide. The soil is very fertile and produces the largest cocoanuts in the Pacific. To add to the peculiarities of this curious oceanic uplift, on one of the islets of the crater lake is a spring from which flows water that is sweet and potable. ** To return to the mail service, we did not reach Niuafoou until 10 p.m., and on a rainy and rather windy evening. First, the dark form of the mountainous island - how like Dominica it seemed! - loomed up through the mists of the gloomy night, and shortly afterwards we saw that a large bonfire had been built on shore; and still later we saw a small but clear light in the water as we approached the shore.

The engines were stopped, but the Captain did not dare to head in too close to that iron-bound coast; so we drifted along about six hundred yards from the island. In a short time the light on the water came bobbing along - nearer and nearer the steamer - until at last, within the area illuminated by the searchlight of the "Tofua", we made out five naked figures, each provided with a bamboo or cocoanut pole seven or eight feet long that served the double purpose of a float and as a prevention against being dashed against the sharp rocks on the return to shore. One man held aloft a lighted lantern tied to a bamboo stick; three others had, each, various small, oil-cloth-covered packages - mostly mail matter - tied to a cleft stick, which he held, like the lantern away from the water.

Number five served as a reserve, and took turns with the others in propelling shorewards a large, air-tight biscuit tin, bound around and reinforced with rope. This latter contained the mail addressed to Niuafoou, as well as a collection of magazines and newspapers for the benefit of the literates - the great majority of the Tongans, under the influence of compulsory education, belong to that class - and intended to serve until the next monthly distribution.

The steamer's search light showed these Tongans swimming about in the "spotlight" like frogs in an aquarium. When their cargo had been drawn on board, by means of buckets let down from the "Toufua's" upper deck, the large tin container was thrown overboard, to be pushed ashore by these wonderful Tongan swimmers. We watched them until they disappeared into the tropical night. Of course the value and purpose of the lantern was quite apparent, but the facetious Captain explained - for the benefit of some eager questioners - that it was intended to prevent him from "tangling up Tongans in his propeller blades, somebody having discovered that natives so treated were rarely as effective *after* as before such treatment . My share in this episode was to be the recipient of one of the cleft carrying-sticks, made of Fau wood, very tough but light, something like our Douglas fir, which I shall have made into a cane for the benefit of some collector of these objects. Surely it will be unique in *any* collection of canes.

For the naturalist, I imagine the chief attraction that Niuafoou holds in its "Malau", one of the several species of Megapodes that have preserved their reptilian habits to the extent of laying their eggs in the sand of the seashore and allowing the hot sun to do the hatching. When I was in Nukualofa, the capital of Tonga, Dr. C. M. Dawson, chief of the Medical Service and all-round scientist, gave me one of the eggs of this cruious bird - momento of a happy and, I trust, enduring friendship. This specimen is of a purple-brown color, and so large that it just fits into an empty Wills cigarette tin. Perhaps you don't think an egg twice as large as the average hen's egg a *large* egg, but when one realizes that the bird that laid it is *smaller* than the average hen, the subject becomes interesting. Of course I gathered all the information I could regarding the Tongan bird, and I think it must resemble very closely the Celebes species, so charmingly described by Alfred Wallace in his "Malay Archipelago." Of course, when I reach Honolulu or California, (within reach of a library), and am able to consult Finsch and Hartlaub, I may find that these authorities have already described the Central Polynesian Malau as a distinct species, but since the story told by Wallace closely fits the account given me by the most reliable of my informants, who has not only often visited Niuafoou, but has seen bird, burrows, eggs and nestlings, I venture to quote the description of the Celebes Maleo (*Megacephalon maleo*):- "It is in loose, hot, black sand that the Maleos deposit their eggs. In the months of August and September, when there is little or no rain, they come down in pairs from the interior to certain favorite spots, and scratch holes three or four feet deep, just above high-water mark, where the female deposits a single large egg, which she covers with about a foot of sand, and then returns to the forest. At the end of ten or twelve days she comes again to the same spot to lay another egg, and each female is supposed to lay six or eight eggs during the season. The male assists in making the hole, coming down and returning with her. The appearance of the bird when walking on the beach is very handsome. The glossy black and rosy white of the plumage, the helmeted head and elevated tail, like that of the common fowl, gives a striking character. **** The eggs are so large that it is not possible for the body of the bird to contain more than one fully developed egg at a time. After the eggs are deposited in the sand they are no further cared for by the mother. The young birds on breaking the shell work their way up through the sand and run off at once to the forest." Thus far Wallace Knowlton adds to the foregoing (Birds of the World, p. 270):- "That the nesting habits of these Megapodes are admirably adapted to the structure and present life of the birds is beyond question; but how these habits could have originated in the first place is difficult to understand. Under present conditions, if the birds were required to incubate their eggs, serious difficulties would arise. With an interval of ten or twelve days between the laying of each egg, a period of some two or three months would elapse between the first and the last egg. If the eggs were left until the last was laid, the first ones would be subject to climatic injuries as well as destruction by predatory animals; while if the female began incubation with the laying of the first egg, it would require her to remain sitting for three months, which would be impossible. It has been suggested that these nesting habits may be the survival of a habit enjoyed by a remote reptilian ancestor, but this is too improbable.

Others think that it arose by the birds covering up and concealing their eggs, which seems not unreasonable; yet if this is true, it is difficult to see how they could have become developed to the point where the young can fly from the time of exit from the shell." All of which proves that there are more things in Polynesis that are dreamed of in all our philosophies.

The principal defect in a mixed and fragmentary letter like this is that one generally omits the tales that ought to have been told, not to mention the inclusion of stories that might well have been left out. This is true of the Fiji Islands, where we spent six never-to-be forgotten months. At the request of the Colonial Secretary I wrote for the Government Handbook a brief account of the chief birds of that delectable Group. As few of my friends are likely to see this description, I shall quote here what I have said about the Fijian Parrots and the Fruit Pigeons:- The Parrots of Fiji are renowned among ornithologists and they have often been described in the literature of natural history, even if they are not quite as popular among colonial planters because of their love of such forbidden fruit as bananas, coconuts and pawpaws. Surely, however, something can be forgiven such lovely creatures. Perhaps the most elaborately decorated of them all is the Yellow-breasted Parrot (Pyrrhulopsis personatus), twenty-two inches in length. He is probably much rarer than he was twenty years ago.

The writer was unable to locate a single caged specimen among the hundreds of pet parrots to be found on the various islands, although he inserted a request in the Fiji Times and Herald asking owners of the Yellowbreast to allow him to see their pets. In several instances he discovered that this fine bird had been caught and tamed but had died after a caged or confined life varying from five to fifteen years. Their places were not filled because no young parrots were on the market. It is quite different with the Crimson-breasted species from Kandavu, a large island happily free of the mongoose and but little cultivated by whites. Here the beautiful Pyrrhulopsis splendens, although unprotected by law (on account of his fruit-eating propensities) easily holds his own in spite of the large numbers captured and sold by the natives to tourists and others.

Although not as elaborately decorated as the Yellowbreast, P. splendens, it is a very attractive species, whose length is 18 to 20 inches, with the head and all the upper surface crimson; across the nape a wide, deep-blue band; back, rump, upper-tail coverts and wings bright green; primaries and their coverts, as well as the outer secondary feathers, blue; lastly as a striking contrast, the eyes are deep orange. It is a question whether this species was not at one time confined to Kandavu and whether the individuals found on Viti Levu, for example, were not introduced from the former island. Be that as it may, wild examples are rare outside Kandavu. This one of the four Pyrrhulopses is the favourite cage-bird in the Colony, not only because of the abundant supply of young birds but because of their talking powers, their display of affection and intelligence and because they practically never scream nor make other disagreeable noises when in captivity. Although their rather shrill monotone is a common sound in the Kandavan forest, they seem to abandon loud notes when in captivity.

They are fair talkers and whistlers, but in exhibiting these accomplishments do not make themselves a nuisance to the neighborhood, as do some of the other large parrots. Some years ago the Samoans were in the habit of making excursions to Fiji to shoot "Kakas" and other birds of bright plumage, that they might weave the feathers into their mats. It is also said that they were not averse to trapping or buying live birds that they might pluck regular crops of feathers from the unfortunate parrots. This cruel practice continued until the arrival in the Colony, as Governor, of that sympathetic and well-known naturalist, Sir. Everard im Thurn, who put an end to the scandal. The large Fijian parrots build their nests in hallow trees, and generally 20 or 30 feet from the ground. The writer discovered one nest in a decayed stump less than five feet high. The central hole was eight inches across and the next was a very primitive affair, consisting only of the debris that had accumulated in the bottom of the excavation. There were three, nearly round, dirty-brown eggs which, when cleansed, became uniformly white. They measured one and three-sixteenths by one and three-eighths inches.

The other species of this interesting genus are peculiar to (or the types hail from) Taviuni, Vanua Levu and Koro respectively. They differ from the Kandavan variety mainly in the amount of blue on the nape of the neck, it being entirely absent in the first mentioned and seen only as an inconspicuous streak in the other two.

In about one percent. of the long-tailed Fijian parrots, cases of what is called heterochrosis occur; that is, the red, green and blue feathers in the birds' plumage to a greater or less extent change to yellow and white. Although this colour alteration is abnormal it frequently is seen in perfectly healthy subjects of great intelligence and vivacity. Moreover, the alternations often result in colour combinations far surpassing in attractiveness the plumage tints of the normal parrot.

The chief glory, however, of Fiji's avifauna is her wild Fruit Pigeons and Doves, several of which are found only on the islands of the Group. Limited space forbids more than a passing mention of two of the larger Pigeons - the Nutmeg Pigeon (so-called from its favorite diet, - Globieera Pacifica, with an iridescent, wine-colored plumage and a remarkable stomach lined with horny spines to grind off and pulpify the arillus or "mace" from the wild nutmegs on which he subsists; and the equally beautiful Chili Pigeon, or "Ruve" that flourishes on red-hot capsicums.

Of the wonderfully feathered little Fruit Doves much has been written; indeed it is quite impossible to describe their gorgeous coloring; they must be seen to be appreciated. Male and female are quite differently feathered in all the species, the male Golden Dove (Chrysoena lutevoirens) having an olive-yellow cap fringed with yellowish, the remainder of the body being mostly clothed in a covering of lovely, separated, glossy, lanceolated, golden feathers. He has a yellow-green tail; while the female is greenish throughout -- indeed, goes under the popular name of the Green Dove. Then, there is the Grimson-capped Dove (Ptilinopus perousei) that looks white as it flies, but is really a remarkable study in dark purple, bronze-green and white, the first and last colors predominating.

This beautiful dove sports a crimson cape over his shoulders and the white feathers of his breast are split at their ends, the resulting points being tipped with red. The female is less elaborately adorned but is yet extremely attractive. Still more wonderful in its truly flamboyant attire is the far-famed, though rare, Flame-coloured or Orange Dove (Chrysoena victor) whose flight through the forest has been aptly likened to "The passage of a rocket on a dark night." The male bird has a velvety, olive-coloured cap with a bright yellow border, the rest of the body-covering, both above and below, being composed of closely applied, hair-like feathers of a brilliant, glossy orange-red; "flame-coloured" describes it more accurately. The entire plumage of the female is rich green, yellowish-green on the head and throat. The writer has never seen a more impressive study in feathered monochrome than is presented by this beautiful little dove. Finally, one of the most attractive of these Columbidae is the Fijian Ground Dove (Phlogoenas stairi) intermediate in size and, perhaps, beauty between the smaller doves and the larger Pigeons. The general colouration of this species is dark brown with bronze and purple reflections. He has a genuine "coo" as his call note, and is still to be found in those localities that are free of the mongoose. In Viti Levu some individuals still survive. They have learned to avoid ground feeding as much as possible and to build on the small brances of high trees to which the enemy cannot climb. A noticeable character of some of these Fijian Columbidae is their "barking" notes. In the deep jungle one is often startled by a succession of clear or hoarse dog-like sounds, so familiar that, if one does not know their origin, they are readily attributed to a lot of dogs that have strayed from home.

As E. and I turn our faces northward towards home, and say farewell to the lands and peoples whose hospitality we have so much enjoyed during the past year, we cannot help thinking of the lines penned by John Kendrick Bangs:-

For-as-much as I do love the stretching sea,
 The heavens blue, the leaf of vine and tree,
The mountain and the valley and the plain,
 And find in desert places founts of gain;
And since I love the song birds and the flowers,
 The day, the night, the dark, the sunny hours,
And for my fellow man, whoe'er he be,
 Have feelings fond, and truly neighborly,
It matters little where I chance to roam--
 I'm never far from home.

THE
MORAINE
EUROPEAN PLAN
OPEN ALL THE YEAR

May 8.24
HIGHLAND PARK, ILLINOIS

Dear Mr Deane:-

In reply to your welcome letter, I am much pleased that you were interested in my "general letter" from the South Seas. My wife and I had a most enjoyable year in Oceania; and we like the tropics so much that we are now arranging to spend next winter in Ceylon & Southern India – probably from Oct. to May or June. We happen to know the Acting Governor of Ceylon, who has invited us to visit his attractive colony, & we anticipate a good deal of pleasure in studying its avifauna and — this may interest you — its flora. I have promised Dean Merrill of the University of California to do some botanical collecting for him, mostly by means of a native collector from the Colombo Museum, so my job is cut out for me! Your brother is ~~Izaak~~ Waltonizing up north and, I trust, having a good time. Hoping to meet you face to face before we are much older, I remain,

Very sincerely yours
Casey A. Wood

[illegible]

Oct. 30. 24

TELEPHONE,
VICTORIA 3160 (6 LINES)

TELEGRAMS "AZYRITES, LONDON."

AUTHORS' CLUB,
2, WHITEHALL COURT,
London, S. W. 1.

Dear Mr. Deane:—

Very glad to have your kind note of Oct. 13th. & I had some fun gathering the data set forth in my "general letter", and I am much pleased to know that you liked it. It is not always possible — as you know —

to feel certain that one's hobby may not be a bore to friends. ¶ My wife & I are leaving for India next week — to spend most of the winter & Spring in Ceylon. If I have any adventures or experiences that appeal to me, I *may* write another letter — in which event you shall certainly have a copy. ¶ Yes, Ruthven and I are old friends: *he* is of the salt of this earth!

With best regards

Sincerely yours

Casey A. Wood

ARTHUR B. WOODFORD
50 TRUMBULL STREET
NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

August 17, 1925.

Dear Mr. Deane,

I was and am very sorry that there should have been any misunderstanding about the time of our departure from Philbrook Farm, and the consequent failure to connect with you for a farewell. My feeling was that the rain interfered with out trip and that it probably had done so also with your coming down to the house before time for lunch.

We had our lunch that day in the same somewhat enlarged place in South Paris that we did two years ago, and then spent the night at the Lafayette in Portland, as the rain continued to fall and the fog to grow dense all of the afternoon. Pleasant days followed, however, and we reached my mother's all in good time, finding her rather feeble but in excellent spirits and quite contented to leave this world. She is eighty-five.

ARTHUR B. WOODFORD
50 TRUMBULL STREET
NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

We came through to New Haven in time for me to be heard and the matter is now in the hands of the Court for settlement as to the amount if any which we must pay. I insisted that he has already been overpaid, but the testimony was promptly ruled out by the Judge -- a somewhat intimate friend of mine rather than of the person bringing the suit for damages. We have, however, won out in three different courts, so that I hope the present decision will settle matters finally.

How late do you stay this year ? I ask bodause there is a possibility that we shall be through the mountains with friends late in September or early October.

Please give my remembrances to any and all inquiring friends and our best to you and Miss Brown.

Sincerely yours,

A. B. Woodford

1306 Pine Street, Phila
March 3rd 1900

My dear Professor Deane

It gave me much pleasure to receive your kind favor of Feby 26th and to learn that you had been so successfull in finding me a copy of the picture of my old an valued friend & distinguished naturalist Mr Thomas Nuttall with whome I had passed so many happy hours in former days. I have just written to your brother in Chicago. I hope this summer when on my way to the Coast of Maine with my family to see you Mr William Brewster & others with whome it gave me pleasure to meet at the A.O.U. Academy of Natural Sciences in Novr last, please present them my kind regards. With best wishes

I am
Sincerely Yours

S. W. Woodhouse M.D

1306 Pine Street Phila
March 11th 1900

My dear Mr Deane.

Many thanks for that most excellent photo of my old friend Mr Thos Nuttall.

How often has he spoken to me of his particular friend Prof. Asa Grey the great botanist. I can assure it will afford me great pleasure to meet Mrs Grey.

I have not a letter of Mr N. but I will try and procure one from the estate of George W. Carpenter as Mr C. attended to his business

I am out of photos of myself but will have some taken soon when I will send & your brother one. I regret to learn of Mr Brewster's indisposition, give

my kind regards, hoping tha
he has fully recovered.

I can assure you it will afford me much pleasure to meet again the gentlemen ~~again the gentlemen~~ of the A.O.U. I hope it will be this coming Summer.

My wife is quite sick in bed which confines me to the house

Please accept my kind regards
I am

Sincerely yours

S. W. Woodhouse

1306 Pine Street Phila
May 28th 1900

Mr Walter Deane,

I have just received from the Photographer copies of myself taken three weeks ago. According to promise I take the pleasure of sending you a copy by mail. I shall also send one to your brother, Ruthven in Chicago. I hope to have the pleasure of seeing and Mr Brewster about the middle of June when on the way to our Summer home on the Coast of Maine, with my wife & Daughter as we stop in Boston a few hours. when I shall be pleased to make the call.

With kind regards to you both.

I am Sincerely Yours

S. W. Woodhouse

To Mr Walter Deane
Cambridge
Mass

1306 Pine Street Phila.
June 17th 1900

Dear Mr Deane

According to promise I send a few lines to inform you that we start for our Summer home on Tuesday next via Fall River Line to Boston, where we expect to arrive about 9 A.M. Wednesday.

We go to the Thorndike Hotel to breakfast, where I shall leave my wife & daughter they having a little shopping to attend to to attend to. in the meantime say about 11 A.M., take the trolley for Cambridge to make a short visit to you Mr Brewster &

others with whom I had such an agreeable time last Novr. at the meeting of the A. O. Union at the Academy of Natural Sciences in this City.

Hoping that this will be agreeable to you.

I am

Sincerely Yours

S. W. Woodhouse

"Bryn Dur" Boothbay Maine
June 27th 1900

Dear Mr Deane,

We arrived at Bath on Thursday at 5 A.M. after a most delightfull passage from Boston. The steamer Minerva stopping at the different islands to Southport our stopping place. The morning was beautifull the air fresh and balmy. We enjoyed the trip much. Our boat was there waiting. In a few minutes we crossed to our place. In a short time had our breakfast which I can assure you we enjoyed having excellent appetites. The place looked beautifull every thing so fresh and green. We do not pretend to cultivate any portion, it is perfectly wild as nature intended covered with the natural growth of Fir, Birch, Pine and numerous species of shrubs, huckleberry, blueberries &c &c

Only write me a few days beforehand that I may meet you. Our address is Southport P.O. Maine,

With kind regards and best wishes to you & Mrs Deane
I am
Sincerely Yours
F. R. Waterhouse

To Mr Walter Deane
Cambridge
Mass

P.S. You can also come by The Maine Central R.R. to Bath connecting with Eastern S.S. Co for Southport. Leave Boston at 8 A.M. & arrive at Southport at 4 P.M.

I am however, disappointed in the Birds there is not the quantity or variety as found here in other seasons. I do not know how to account for it. heretofore the place has been perfectly alive with them. There are a number of Red squirrels about. Could they have destroyed their nests?

Now Mr Deane allow me to thank you for the kindness and attention shown me the few hours, I had the pleasure of being with you; I can never forget it; also that of the ladies. The Ornithological Collection of Mr Brewster is certainly the finest private collection I have ever seen I enjoyed it hugely. I only regret not having more time to have been with you all. It will give Mrs Woodhouse and myself much pleasure for you & Mrs Deane to visit us in our summer home & enjoy the delightfull fresh air of the Maine coast

Talladega Alabama
Jany. 4th 1903

Dear Mr. Deane

Many thanks for your Photo- which I received last evening with much pleasure it is certainly excellent. No doubt you will be astonished to find me here, but last November we determined to go South, my son being abroad, my wife, daughter & I determined to close our city home for the winter, stopping here first where I have some property which I thought I would look after and we have been here near two months expecting to leave in about ten days for Mobile, Biloxi and New Orleans then return to our city home in the spring

The weather has been quite changeable of late, cloudy and threatning rain, some some few warm delightfull days.

There has been a great scarcity of birds of birds. I hope to see more and greater variety in the Gulf country.

Wishing you & your good wife a Happy New Year at the same time not forgetting Mr & Mrs Brewster,

Believing me

Sincerely yours

S. W. Woodhouse

1316 Spruce Street Phila.
Decr. 29th/03

Dear Mr. Deane,

Thank you for your beautiful Christmas greeting. It was very kind of you to remember me. I missed you at the annual meeting of the American Ornithologists Union and was very sorry to hear from Mr. Brewster the cause of your absence. I trust you are all right now. The meetings were very enjoyable. I was pleased to meet Prof. Batchelder and several others who showed me marked attention. Remember me to Mr. & Mrs. Brewster. With all the good wishes a note can express for health and happiness in the New Year for you & your kind lady.

I remain

Sincerely yours

S. W. Woodhouse

ans

1316 Spruce Street Phila.
May 3rd 1904

Dear Mr. Deane,

I want to thank you for your extreme kindness and trust that I may be able to return it some day. Mr Howe did not have any real estate in that section so kindly recommended an other agent. I have written to him a Mr. Woodruff. Mr Howe asked me not to mention his name which I of course have not done.

To day is a beautiful spring spring day and as we have had so few we apreciate it when it comes. The season is fully a month later than last year.

Please present my kind regards to Mrs Deane at the same time to Mr & Mrs Brewster.

again thanking you I remain

Sincerely yours
S. M. Woodhouse

*

NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY
TWELVE STATE STREET
WORCESTER, MASS.

Wed. Nov. 24 / 1926.

ansd
Nov. 26

Mr. Walter Deane
29 Brewster Street
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Mr. Deane:-

Your letter of the 18th., reached me in due season. I wish to thank you very much for your very kind offer of a specimen of Campanula punctata Lam., but we limit our activities to collecting the flora of Worcester County, which now contains some 1500 named species and varieties.

During the Great War, many of our big Industrials maintained War gardens for their help, and some of them used sheep manure and wool waste, imported from various parts of the world. Following is a partial list of some of the more unusual plants which we collected during and after the war:-

Calotis cuneifolia R.Br.
Australia
Cephalaria tatarica Schrad.
Persia, Siberia, etc.
Chenopodium carinatum R.Br.
Australia, Tasmania, S.W. United States, etc.
Chenopodium graveolens L. & R.
New Mexico
Erigeron linifolius Willd.
Bermuda, Cent. America, Phillipines, etc.
(This is a first specimen for the Gray Herbarium)
Frankenia pulverulenta L.
Europe; a rare ballast weed in America.
Heterospermum pinnatum Cav.
New Mexico
Senecio multicapitulata Greenm.
New Mexico
Tagetes minuta ?
Temperate and tropical So. America
Xanthium ambrosioides Hook. & Arn.
Argentina
(Also a first specimen for The Gray Herb. in No. America

*

NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY
TWELVE STATE STREET
WORCESTER, MASS.

Mr. Walter Deane:-

All of these plants have been deposited at the Gray Herbarium, where they were sent for identification. Many of them were collected but once, and only a single plant. Tagetes has been recorded three times, but not since the 1920's.

Again I thank you for your kind offer of the rare Campanula; but as it does not come within our range, we will not trouble you to collect it for us.

Wishing you a very pleasant Thanksgiving Day, and a Merry Christmas, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

Norman P. Woodward

Yantic, Conn,
June 17. 1915

Dear Mr. Deane:—

My duplicates of the West Haven fruiting *Euphorbia Cyparissias* are at my home in New Haven, where I have plenty of them, and I should be glad to send you a specimen. I think I can send an entire plant. I may not be in New Haven for several weeks. I wish you could see the West Haven station. The Euphorbia occurs, on a level sandy tract, in innumerable colonies and about the middle of June these colonies are fairly loaded with fruit — an interesting and beautiful sight.

Sincerely yours
Richard W. Woodward

Yantic Conn
Nov 10 1915

Dear Mr. Deane:

At last I am sending you the specimens of *Euphorbia*! I believe I explained to you, when you wrote, that my duplicates of this species were in New Haven. I brought a few up here on a recent visit to New Haven. The plants shell badly and I therefore put the specimens into a box in order to protect them as much as possible. The station at New Haven is really much more extensive than indicated in my note in Rhodora, and the fruiting characteristic seems to be permanent, as I collected fruiting specimens there a number of years ago. Please remember me to Judge Churchill.

Sincerely yours,
Richard W. Woodward

P.S. Plants are sent by Mail

ans. Jan 26

22 College St
New Haven Conn
Jan 25 - 1921

Dear Mr. Deane:-

I have duplicates of Panicum albemarlense, and it would be a pleasure to send you specimens. The plant is abundant at the station mentioned, and I have seen it at other stations, always in dry sandy soil. It is perhaps too [illegible] to P. meridionale, but seems quite distinct in typical plants. The station is a remarkable gathering of Panicum species and there are intermediate forms which are difficult to place.

Have you P. philadelphicum as defined by Fernald? (Rhodora XXI - 112) I have duplicates of this from Franklin, the only known station in New England, except one in Rhode Island, which I stumbled upon on the field day of the New. England Bot. Club. I have also P. virgatum cubense from Westerly R. I. What else I may have in the way of duplicates of this genus, I cannot tell without looking the matter up, which I hope to do within a few days For several years past I have not collected many duplicates, and I have also formed the habit, perhaps not to be commended, of destroying what remains after I am through with mounting

"siccalum" is a printer's error. It was written "siccanum", but appeared as "siccalum" in the proof, where it was corrected, but the error slipped through

My early volumes of Rhodora (I — XI) are at my country home in Franklin, and I shall certainly look up your review on my return in the spring. yrs truly R. W. Woodward

Ans'd Feb. 11

22 College St.
New Haven Conn
Feb. 6. 1921

Dear Mr. Deane:

I sent you a few Panicums yesterday by Parcel Post. I am out of double-faced boards, and cannot procure any in New Haven, and was therefore obliged to make the bundle rather unwieldy for so small a number of plants. I do not happen to have duplicates of P. meridionale. The species is not rare in [illegible], where I spend the summer months.
A couple of sheets from the late O. D. Allen, are included. He was one of the keenest collectors that we have ever had in Connecticut, and I think you may like to incorporate these sheets in your herbarium, although the species represented are not of special interest. The legend on the sheets is in Mr. Allen's own hand and it is my habit to cut this out and paste it upon the mounted sheet beside the label. He sent me many choice specimens, all of which are mounted and only a few ordinary plants [illegible] in the original sheets.

P. philadelphicum is abundant at the [illegible] station. It is a late plant and makes hardly any showing till the latter part of August. I collected the same species at Hopkinton, Rhode Island. It was collected in a ~~pouring~~ pouring rain and but little was secured, and all, but enough for one sheet, was turned over to the Gray Herbarium.

I regret that my stock of Panicum duplicates is so low. I destroyed a great many about a year ago. Of course you have P. wrightianum and P. verrucosum from the Mary Dunn ponds on the Cape near Hyannis. That is a most interesting region. I saw quantities of

P. columbianum [illegible] there several years ago but unfortunately collected only enough for a couple of sheets

Your mention of Dr. Watson revives old memories, as I was chemist on Kings Rocky Mountain Survey, with which Dr. Watson was connected, and did practically all of the chemical work,

I appreciate your kindness very much in offering specimens from your own duplicates and if I were a younger man, I should be delighted to avail myself of the opportunity, but the truth is, my herbarium is already so large and unwieldy that I have already been obliged to restrict myself rigidly to certain lines.

Sincerely yours Robert W. Woodward

Woodward, R. W.

25 West 50th St.
New York
April 25th 1926.

Dear Mr. Deane
When reading about hiking clubs in the paper to-day I was reminded of the happy summer I spent in Shelburne & the delightful walks I had in the woods.
I have often thought of

you I intended to answer
your letter before this.
I suppose you will be off
to Shelburne before long
& I wish it were not so
far away. I'd like nothing
better than to show the
beautiful trails to my
husband who is also
fond of walking.
It would be such a
pleasure to see you
again Mr. Deane & talk
over old times.
Some day my husband
& I want to go to Boston
& we'll certainly run out
to Cambridge to see you. Just
think. I have never seen Boston!
It's time I did!
I am enclosing two pictures
of my husband's latest work,
reproductions of pieces in the
Metropolitan Museum. No
doubt there are lovely old chests
in Boston too. So far he has
all he can do but I suppose the
summer will be a slow season.
People who have seen his work
think that he has a lot of talent.

We have a beautiful new
wing in the Metropolitan
which has just been opened.
We have only been able to
glance at the Exhibits in
a general way but hope
to make many visits
there this spring.
I am glad to hear that
you keep well Mr. Deane.
Please remember me to
Miss Brown & with
cordial greetings to you
in which my husband
joins
Yours sincerely
Alice White Wright

Carved Oak Chest
Mass. 1675–1700
American Wing Metropolitan
Museum, New York

Reproduced by
Gerald W. Wright

1925.

Carved Oak Chest
Mass. 1675–1700
American Wing Metropolitan
Museum, New York

Reproduced by
Gerald W. Wright

1926

6
73